

15 Cts

August 1927

THE
RED BOOK
M N E

**FANNIE
HURST**

Discusses Women and Men

The Best Humorist in America

Sam Hellman
Starts a Series

**"Next to Myself
I Like
'B.V.D.' Best"**



© 1927 The B. V. D. Co. Inc.



**How to Be
Properly Fitted**

"B. V. D." Union Suits are made in over sixty sizes, to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—determine your proper size. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

**"B. V. D."
Union Suit
Men's \$1.50
Youths' 85c**

**"B. V. D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment**

Extra large sizes obtainable
at an additional charge

Good Fit and Good Feeling!

"B. V. D." feels so good because it fits so well.

And the good feeling that millions hold *toward* "B. V. D."—the good feeling behind years of world-leading popularity—shows how men value better fit, cooler comfort and longer wear.

The patented features of "B. V. D." Union Suits—the scientific design, correct drape, and finished tailoring of all "B. V. D." garments—assure a satisfaction obtainable in no other underwear.

GET THE UNDERWEAR YOU ASK FOR!

INSIST UPON THIS RED WOVEN LABEL



Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

The B. V. D. Company, Inc. New York
Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

This **SENSATIONAL* Tire -- the Dayton Stabilized Balloon -- -- smashes all Mileage Records -- -- Its Matchless Performance *outstrips* all expectations

YEARS before its appearance, Dayton's engineers and chemists heralded the introduction of the balloon by developing the Dayton Thorobred Cord—the pioneer low air pressure tire. And today the Dayton Stabilized Balloon—the product of these same engineers and chemists—is equally revolutionary.

Stabilized construction absorbs road shocks and distributes wear evenly. Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away" and perfect safety at all speeds.

Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw the center of tread parallel to center of rim, thus preventing "Shimmying." The rubber is especially compounded and tempered—by an exclusive Dayton process. It is strong and durable—and will outlast extra thousands of miles of toughest driving.

You can ride more miles, faster miles, cheaper miles and easier miles on Dayton Stabilized Balloons. Ask anyone who uses them and they will tell you this is true. Go to the Dayton dealer near you and examine a Dayton Stabilized Balloon. You'll see a truly great tire value!

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Dayton **STABILIZED* BALLOONS



ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is the pioneer low air pressure cord—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

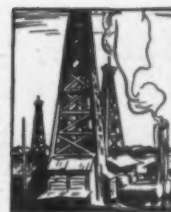


Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They will hold air.



Astor saw the trend in his day

Rockefeller saw the trend in his



What is the *one* most significant trend in business today?

SEVERAL million men worked hard in the day of John Jacob Astor and died poor. Astor saw the trend. A rapidly growing new country meant rapidly increasing land values. Land was the secret of fortune in that day.

Many million men worked hard in business in the days of John D. Rockefeller. He saw the trend. The development of the nation's natural resources was the secret of fortune in his day.

There is in business today a trend so pronounced, so self-evident that it is remarkable that anybody should fail to see it. Yet millions of men, doing their everyday work, are so close to business that they do not see.

A few will see and profit. This advertisement is addressed to the farsighted few.

What is the trend? It is definitely, irrevocably toward larger and larger business units. Toward consolidations, mergers, great institutions.

Two things have made this trend possible. One is transportation; the other is communication. One man, in an office in New York, can lift the telephone and project his personality into a dozen plants. He can step on a train at night and be in any one of the plants next day. Without communication and transportation there could be no big business.

With larger business units, consolidations and mergers, come bigger responsibilities, greater opportunities. They cannot be avoided. They must be met. But how?

When a business is small, one man can personally supervise all the various operations. But when the business becomes too large for him to do this, he must choose men to serve as his assistants, men who can take charge of whole departments, plants, districts. These men in turn must divide their responsibilities with carefully picked junior executives.

Who will be the Headliners in 1935?

And here is the challenge of modern business. Only men who know the principles that apply in all executive work can handle these jobs. They must be men who understand more than the routine of one department. They must be men who know the relations and functions of all departments; men with a knowledge of all the broad phases of business.

To men like these, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has a message of thrilling interest. In the last eighteen years the Institute, thru its famous Modern Business Course and Service, has prepared over 300,000 men to take advantage of these rich opportunities. It is a Course for two types of men—executives who need an authoritative business guide, and future executives who see the modern trend in business and are determined to prepare themselves for greater rewards.

MERLE THORPE, Editor of the "Nation's Business" magazine, who has himself read the Institute Course, summarizes the growing need for executives in these words:

"American business today needs men with executive training, men whose knowledge is broader than their own specialized positions.

"The president of one of the ten largest corporations said to me the other day: 'Somewhere my successor is in training now.' That situation is found in every successful business. Men are being studied as possible candidates to take the helm later on. No matter whether they are fifteen or forty years of age, office boy or vice-president, they are being sized up for bigger responsibilities.

"You are doing yeoman service in preparing men to carry on the bigger responsibilities of next year—and the next. Who will be the headliners in business in 1935—to take the places of the Schwabs, Chryslers, Filenes, Stetsons, Kreamers, Mitchells, and Willards? There is no question in my mind but that they will be numbered in the ranks of those who are applying themselves in the watches of the night to the study of these broad economic facts."

The fortunes of today and tomorrow are to be made in executive management. And they will be made by the men who have the knowledge that is in this Course. Whether you are one of them will depend entirely upon yourself.

If this plain statement of fact appeals to your judgment, we will count it a privilege to send you a very interesting and worthwhile book. Use the coupon below.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men



IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London
IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

926 Astor Place

New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature

Please write plainly

Business

Address

Business

Position

This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement, \$50.



HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices range from \$48 to \$57, with a particularly attractive group at

\$50

Accurate ~ ACCURATE ~ Accurate

The watch that times America's famous trains

WHENEVER you see some great train like the Broadway Limited or the Century, the Olympian or the Californian, start on its thunderous trip across the country, you may know that a dozen quietly ticking watches have confidently given the time to the dispatcher, the conductor, the engineer. And other watches, accurate to the second, will check and guide it in its onward way.

The watch so used by a large proportion of the men on the railroads throughout the country is the Hamilton Watch, for it is built with such

infinite precision, and regulated with such patient and exact care, that it has come to be called "the watch of railroad accuracy" by thousands of those whom it has steadfastly served. In a

watch there can be no substitute for accuracy—and none is recognized by those who make the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton accuracy is based upon right design. It is founded upon infinite accuracy in machining, upon skilful and delicate adjusting, upon exact timing and testing. Hamilton accuracy is built up in each watch, over months of time, until its dependability is established beyond question.

The Hamilton Watch is priced from \$48 to \$685 for pocket models; strap models \$50 to \$88; women's wrist models, \$48 to \$60.

We should be pleased to send you on request our two interesting booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Write for them to Hamilton Watch Company, 897 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.



The new Hamilton Frodsham model, exceedingly graceful in design—and offered in either filled or 14k gold, green or white. Price, depending upon movement, \$50 to \$150.



Hamilton Engraved Cushion-shaped Strap Watch—in green or white filled gold, \$52; or in 14-karat gold, \$77.

Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

The RED BOOK Magazine

SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

VOL. XLIX, No. 4

Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue.

AUGUST, 1927

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:
Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Table of Contents

ART SECTION—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Helene Chadwick, Elinor Fair, Eileen Cullen,
Kathryn Hamil, Nancy Nash, Dorothy Gulliver

SERIAL NOVELS

WOLF SONG—Hearts are high and arms are strong—romance of the old West. (With synopsis.)

Harvey Fergusson 52
Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

FALLEN ANGELS—The résumé instantly plunges you into a situation which will hold you.

Arthur Somers Roche 92
Illustrated by W. B. King

SHORT STORIES

AT SEA—A mystery in the marvelous "sundered world of a ship at sea."

F. Britten Austin 43
Illustrated by C. D. Williams

MOVIES MAKE THE MAN—A humorist has visited Hollywood.

Sam Hellman 48
Illustrated by Tony Sarg

THE EMERALDS OF BOGOTÁ—An American and a European woman in China.

Frederick O'Brien 63
Illustrated by Leslie Benson

CANNED GOODS—A comedy of bootlegging among the blacks of Alabama.

Arthur K. Akers 70
Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

THE DEVICES OF DESIRÉE—A rare bit of charm in a love story.

Zelda Sears 75
Illustrated by Lester Ralph

THE BROOM OF LIFE—A wife nurtured a purpose through the years.

Ernest Pascal 81
Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

ONE OF THE OUTFIT—You visit, in spirit, a cow-camp.

Ross Santee 90
Illustrated by the Author

THE WILL TO LOVE—Two men, and one woman, in a remarkable relationship.

Robert Welles Ritchie 98
Illustrated by David Hendrickson

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING—A dramatic meeting after many years.

Alma and Paul Ellerbe 103
Illustrated by J. W. Collins

THE REAL SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

YOUR PLACE AND YOU—An illuminating essay by a thoughtful writer.

Angelo Patri 37
Decoration by Franklin Booth

PREFERENCE—Gay verses by a master mariner on the high seas of poetry.

Berton Braley 38
Decoration by John Held, Jr.

WHERE TO START—Invaluable to the young man seeking a start—and to his father.

Bruce Barton 41

WHAT OF IT?—One of America's keenest minds appraises woman's freedom.

Fannie Hurst 60
With Portrait

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—With a few words to tell you why, particularly.

Illustrated with Photographs 68

THE NEW WOMAN

IN THE NEW WORLD—Mrs. J. Borden Harriman 86

A distinguished woman estimates her contemporaries—and their daughters.

Illustrated by Photographs

COVER DESIGN—Painted from life.

Edna Crompton



Photo © by Bechrsch

BARRY BENEFIELD

Two years ago a writer little known suddenly captivated readers and critics alike with a novel of unique charm under the strange title, "The Chicken Wagon Family." In the next, the September, number, this gifted author Barry Benefield begins a love story of Louisiana and Texas today—a story unlike any other you have ever read.

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamp of 2-cent denomination, and not by check, because of exchange charges.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 1st of the second preceding month (October forms close August 1st). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher, The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER
Vice-President

LOUIS ECKSTEIN
President

Office of the Advertising Director, 430 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1927, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

Copyright, 1927, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Dominion. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England

"Minds Grow Like Plants"

By STANWOOD COBB, A. M.

President, Progressive Education Association.

ONE of the chief glories of the human world as above the animal world lies in its extreme variability, biologically speaking. The educator should encourage, not discourage this. The progress of humanity consists in variation forward, not in repetition of a type. Those who insist on the latter cut at the very roots of the new race which is evolving.

The ideal school will allow for differences of personality, encourage them, and furnish a rich environment in which the native ability of each child may blossom and fructify.

All children need more than book-knowledge. They need that loving sympathy, understanding, and guidance which will give them confidence, courage, and inspiration to achieve those things for which Destiny has peculiarly endowed them.

Dr. Colin Scott, until his recent death, head of the Department of Education at Mt. Holyoke College, says in his book *Social Education*—"In the mind of one child no subject will ever be the same as in the mind of another. Minds grow like plants of different species. They may live in the same soil and air, but they select and use the nourishment at their disposal for different purposes."

Genius does not always manifest itself in childhood and youth along lines of academic progress. The reverse is often true, because genius rebels at system and regimentation. How many educational institutions in the past have turned from their doors, by a myopic lack of appreciation, youths of that creative order which we call genius; youths who later have achieved name and fame?

I should call that school ideal where there was such freedom for the expression of personality that the genius and the slow-minded child would feel equally at home. Here the gifted child and the wholesome, appealing, much-needed average child, would feel equally happy and become successful in proportion to their respective abilities.

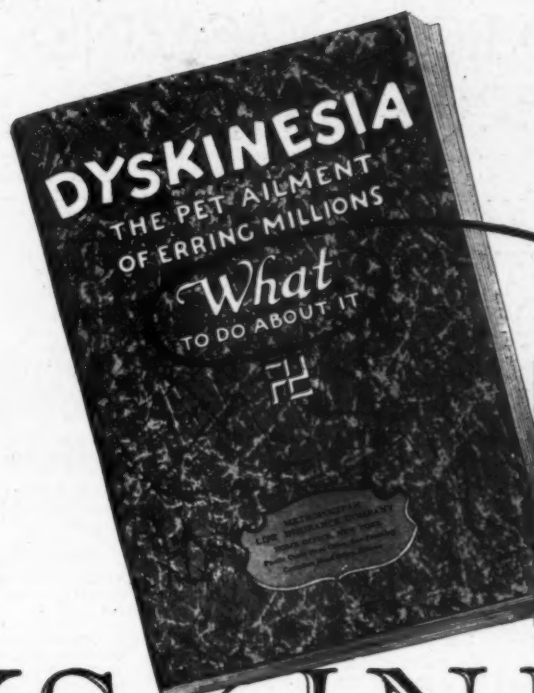
Is it not apparent that education, by its very aim and nature, must be individual? And that in so far as it fails of this it has failed of its essential mission?

The public schools, because of their obligation to give mass education, can only with great and almost insuperable difficulty recognize and adequately meet the needs of the individual child. It is here that the Private School fulfills a unique function. It can and should meet the needs of each individual student within its portals. That is its chief mission and achievement. With smaller classes and with teachers selected not only for academic ability but for richness of personality and grace of heart,—there is the possibility of developing children who shall be eager-minded, with scholarly interests and the power to initiate and carry on not only intellectual enterprises, but also artistic, practical and social affairs.

As for knowledge—"far from being imposed on children," as Sarah Clegborn says in a recent number of *Century*, "it ought to be a treasure which they find in their search after the wonderful and beautiful. We all expect the schools of the future to measure their success, as some do now, by the spiritual pleasure they give their children."

In many delightful private schools which I have visited I have found this "spiritual pleasure"—this atmosphere of hominess, of contentment, of earnest and worthwhile endeavor.

Stanwood Cobb



Send this coupon today

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Avenue
New York City

Please mail without cost to me a copy of the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which tells how to avoid and how to overcome intestinal sluggishness.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
Q-1

DYSKINESIA

IT is safe to say that Dyskinesia—pronounced Dis-kin-ees-ia—causes distress to more persons than any other physical ailment.

Dyskinesia makes people old before their time. It is a cause of dyspepsia, sick headaches, colds and inflammation of the intestines. When neglected it may induce or aggravate rheumatism, gall-bladder trouble, disease of the kidneys and other serious maladies.

For the millions of sufferers from this ailment here is good news—

Dyskinesia is both preventable and curable,

but not by drugs, many of which at first relieve but later make the condition worse than it was.

The successful treatment for Dyskinesia is based on an understanding of health habits that can easily be acquired by almost anybody. In its splendid fight for better health and less sickness, medical science can be given credit for another great victory.

Every family should send for a copy of the helpful booklet, "Dyskinesia". It tells in plain English how a vast amount of needless distress and serious illness can be prevented.

The booklet, "Dyskinesia", one of the latest printed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will probably be of value to more people than any booklet this Company has ever offered for free distribution.

The Metropolitan, since the inception of its welfare work, has printed and distributed more than 400,000,000 booklets and pamphlets dealing with the cause and prevention of most of

the common diseases which afflict the people of the United States and Canada. The free booklet service is an important part of Metropolitan work for the promotion of health and the reduction of mortality.

The Metropolitan strongly advises all readers of this announcement to send for a copy of "Dyskinesia". It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NEW ENGLAND STATES

FOR GIRLS

Following classes are admitted:

1. Students preparing for college. (Certificate.) Final year students will be admitted.
2. Students desiring to complete high school. (Diploma.)
3. Students who have completed high school or secondary school work, and desire Junior College Courses. A diploma will be given any student taking any of our two year courses. With the exception of English and Literature, these courses are elective.

Opportunities of Boston in Music, Art, historical associations: Voice, Piano, Violin, Harp, Organ, with eminent Boston masters. Students attend Boston historical churches—day demonstration. Christian Science students attend Mother Church every Sunday. Outdoor sports. Horseback Riding (our own stables), Golf, Tennis, Field Sports, Winter Sports, Gymnasium, 45 by 90 ft., Swimming Pool. Finely equipped school—11 buildings. Domestic Science, Elocution, Art. Excellent Secretarial Courses; Business Management, Junior College Courses. Some rooms with hot and cold water. Students for 1927-1928 are being accepted in the order of application.

Special cars leave Chicago September 27

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life 1678 Summit St., NEWTON, MASS.

Mount Ida School

and
Junior College
6 miles from Boston
Send for Catalogue



HOWARD

Where New England Traditions Count in the Girl's Education

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

A Variety of Outdoor Sports Meets the Needs of Modern Girls
Standard College Preparatory Course. Accredited.

One Year Intensive Course for college preparation. Post Graduate Course for older girls. Special Courses in Household Arts, Secretarial Science, Music, Expression, Art.

SEMINARY

For catalog address: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emerson, 30 Howard Avenue, West Bridgewater, Mass.

The ERSKINE SCHOOL

Academic and Technical Training for girls who are graduates of the leading schools. Four residence houses.

For catalog address the Director

EUPHEMIA McCLINTOCK, A. M.
129 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

MacDuffie School For Girls

Preparation for all colleges. One year review for College Board Examinations. General course, Art, Music, Housecraft, Gymnasium, Sports, Swimming, Riding. Dr. and Mrs. John MacDuffie, Box E, Springfield, Mass.

ROGERS HALL An Endowed School for Girls

College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two year Graduate Course, Gymnasium, Swimming-pool, Outdoor Sports. Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park. Twenty-six miles from Boston.

Miss Olive Sewall Parsons, Principal, Lowell, Mass.

CRESTALBAN

A school for little girls. 5 hours from New York. 20 minutes from Pittsfield. Invigorating air of the Berkshires. 200 acres, 3 buildings. Home Training, character development, Health. Open air classes. Outdoor sports.

Miss Margery Whiting, Prin., Berkshire, Mass.

THE LOVELAND SCHOOL

31st year. (Formerly the Bronson School.) A girls' school where the work is arranged to meet needs of the individual as she grows and develops. Nursery age through high school. Abbie Loveland Tuller, Ph. D., Director, 313 Hope Street, Providence, R. I.

SEA PINES School of Personality for Girls

Thomas Bickford, Founder

Outdoor life. Training in self-discovery and self-direction. Stimulating ideas of health, responsibility, Christian influence. Three hundred acres, pine groves, seashore. College Preparatory, Cultural, Secretarial, and Athletic courses. Arts, Crafts, Dramatics, Music, Corrective Gymnastics. Recreation Camp July and August. Summer courses and counselorship training for older girls and young women.

Write for illustrated booklets
Box B, Brewster, Mass.

THE WEYLISTER

A resident and day school for young women. 9 miles from New Haven. 1½ hours from New York. One-year, two-year courses. Collegiate, Secretarial. Mrs. Marian W. Skinner, M.A., Miss Louise H. Scott, Box E, The Weylister, Milford, Conn.

WHITTIER SCHOOL Merrimac, Mass.

34 Years a Girls School with Individuality. Fitting the Girl for what she is fit. College Preparatory and Elective Courses. Unequaled record for Good Health. Out door life. Senior and Junior Schools. For catalogue write to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Russell, Principals.

Miss Farmer's School OF COOKERY

Home of the Boston Cooking School Cook Book Training in cookery and household technique for home and vocation. Send for booklet. Miss Alice Bradley, Principal, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

NORMAL COURSES IN HOUSEHOLD ARTS AND SCIENCES

One and two years. Train for teachers of cookery, Sewing, Dietitians and Tea Room management. 30th year. Catalog. Worcester Domestic Science School, 110 Waban Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

HOUSE IN THE PINES

NORTON, MASS.

A country school for girls, near Boston. College preparatory courses with intensive work for examinations. Two year course for High School graduates. French House. Household Arts, Music, Art and Secretarial courses. Fields for all sports. 30 riding horses with trained instructors. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness. The Hedges—A school where the young girl enjoys a wholesome life of study and play. Illustrated booklets on request.

Miss GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, Principal



Index to this section will be found on page 18.



Lasell Seminary

HILL-CREST location in beautiful New England setting—ten miles from Boston.

Two-year courses for high school graduates. Strong Home Economic courses. Excellent opportunities in all departments of music, with concert work. Chorus, Glee Club and Orchestra.

College Preparatory, Secretarial, Art, and Dramatic Expression courses. Gymnasium, swimming pool, golf, tennis, skating, skiing, tobogganing, horseback riding. Delightful home life and friendly atmosphere. A separate school for younger girls. Catalogs on application.

GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
140 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.

HOWE-MAROT

Country Boarding School

College Preparation

MAROT JUNIOR COLLEGE

Two Year College Course

For catalog address

MARY L. MAROT, Principal
Thompson, Connecticut

COLLEGE PREPARATORY GENERAL COURSES

For Catalogue Address Box B
Miss Alice E. Reynolds, Principal
NEW HAVEN CONN

THE GATEWAY

GRAY COURT

On-the-Sound A School for ACCREDITED.

Wholesome at-mosphere. Age 15-21, Junior School (16-18 yrs.) All usual studies. Also: Secretarial, All Athletics.

Arts, Crafts, Music, Riding, Beach.
CATALOG. JESSE CALLAM GRAY,
Box N, STAMFORD, CONN.



A College for Women in Boston

Secretarial Science and Teacher-training Programs based upon foundation of general academic studies. 2 years for Certificate. 4 years for Degree. Dormitories.

DR. T. LAWRENCE DAVIS, Dean
27 Garrison Street, Boston

Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NEW ENGLAND STATES

TENACRE

*A Country School for Young Girls
From Ten to Fourteen Years of Age*

PREPARATORY to Dana Hall.
Fourteen miles from Boston. All
sports and athletics supervised and
adapted to the age of the pupil.
Excellent instruction, care and in-
fluence.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKE
Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Kendall Hall

For Girls

—Thorough college preparation.
—Excellent general course
—2 year course for graduates
On a country estate offering exceptional
outdoor life. 50 minutes from Boston.

ADDRESSES: MISS AND MRS. CHARLES F. KENDALL
BOX 18, PEEK'S CROSSING, MASSACHUSETTS

Bishop Hopkins Hall

School for girls on Lake Champlain. College
Preparatory, General Courses, Music and Art.
Small classes.
Large campus of 130 acres. All sports including
riding, tennis, skiing, tobogganing, skating, and
basketball.

Moderate tuition. Invigorating climate.
Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, President and Chaplain.

Brenda R. Cameron,
Principal
Burlington, Vt.

Stoneleigh By The Sea

College Preparatory and Junior College Courses.
The new home of the Elmhurst School for
Girls. Beautiful Estate. Attractive fireproof
mansion. Only 50 miles north of Boston.
All sports.

ISABEL CRESSLER **CAROLINE SUNNER**
Rye Beach Principals New Hampshire.

SCHOOLS FOR LITTLE GIRLS



NOBLE SCHOOL
Boarding School for GIRLS from 6 to 14
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK
Kathleen Noble Jerome, Manager

ROSE HAVEN

For thirty girls from 5 to 14 years.
Nicer, beautiful home life in a Christian school. Beautiful estate
extensively equipped. Eight miles from N. Y. C.
Box 17-B, Yonkers, N. Y., Joseph C. Birchard, Registrar.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES, NEW YORK AND VICINITY

A School of American Ideals in a Country of American Traditions

The KNOX School
for Girls

College Preparation
Cultural and Vocational Courses

Mrs. Russell Houghton, Box R Cooperstown, N.Y.

COLLEGE

MARYMOUNT

SCHOOL

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
40 Minutes from New York City.

Chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, with power to confer degrees.
Four years of College, Two-Year Finishing, Four-Year College Preparatory Course, Separate Buildings.
Secretarial and Domestic Science Courses, Music, Art, Elocution, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Outdoor
Sports and Riding for all Departments.

Branches: — Paris-Neully; New York, 1625 Fifth Avenue. For Catalogue D-1 apply to Reverend Mother.

**DWIGHT SCHOOL**
FOR GIRLS

Recommended by the Leading Colleges for

COLLEGE PREPARATION
SPECIAL FINISHING COURSES

Athletics, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding.
Spacious Grounds for Games

Alumnae cordially recommend Dwight because
of the spirit which it inculcates:
Frankness, Self-Control, Service.

Write for illustrated catalog telling of the life of the
school. References on request.

MISS E. S. CREIGHTON, Principal
ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Brantwood Hall

A Country School for girls in Westchester county. Twenty-eight
minutes from New York. College Preparatory, General Courses,
Music, Art, Dramatics. A modern school with high standards. Six
buildings. Twelve Acres.

MARY T. MAINE, BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

Flatbush Teacher Training School

Modern Progressive Training for Kindergarten and Primary Teach-
ing. Delightful school atmosphere. Co-operating with Teachers
Unions, Columbia. Moderate rates. State certificates. Public
and private school positions. Address
Deight R. Liffie, Principal, 1015 Hewitt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ladycliff Academy

Highland Falls, N. Y. Adjoining West Point
Chartered Regents School for Girls.

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL

College Preparatory, Cultural and
Special Courses. Outdoor Sports.

Address: Vice Principal, Orange, New Jersey.

Ossining School

For Girls
Ossining-on-Hudson, N.Y.

One Hour from New York. Junior College Depart-
ment, Upper and Lower Schools. Art, Music, Dra-
matics, Secretarial, Home-Making and Social
Service Courses. Catalogue, CLARA C. FULLER,
Prin., Box 5-K, Ossining-on-Hudson, New York

**HILLSIDE**

One hour from New York. Girls from all
parts of country. Four residences, schoolhouse,
gymnasium. Prepares for all col-
leges. Special courses. Diction and
Dramatics. Outdoor life. Catalog.

Margaret R. Brendlinger, A.B., Vassar
Vida Hunt Francis, A.B., Smith, Principals
Norwalk, Conn.

Glen Eden

50 Minutes from Fifth
Avenue, New York City

For high-school girls or graduates. Magnificent granite buildings,
12 acres, in a city by the sea. Superbly home-like. Choice of
studies. Social culture. Athletics. Immense gymnasium. Little
theatre. Club membership. \$150. For booklet and views address
PRECEPTRESS, GLEN EDEN, STAMFORD, CONN.

The Castle

Miss Mason's School
for Girls
Box 960 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

SCUDDER SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS
Day and Boarding. New York advantages.
HIGH SCHOOL POST GRADUATE COURSES: Sec-
retarial and Executive Training. Social Welfare
and Community Service.

Miss R. D. Scudder, 68 Fifth Avenue, New York City

SCOVILLE SCHOOL

A Distinctive Fifth Avenue School. Facing Central Park and the Art
Museum. Academic and Advanced Courses. Intensive College
Preparation. Address Miss Rosa B. Chiseman, Principal,
1006 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MISS SCHOONMAKER'S SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS
(New York Collegiate Institute)

High School and Elementary Departments. College preparation a
special feature. Thorough supervision of work by the principal.
Membership—University of the State of New York.

345 West End Avenue, (70th St.), N. Y. C.

Gardner School

11 East 51st St., New York

A thorough school with de-
lightful home life. College
preparatory, academic, secre-
tarial, post-graduate courses.
Music, Athletics. 70th year.

Miss Ettinge Principals
Miss Mealand

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES, NEW YORK AND VICINITY—CONTINUED**CENTENARY**
Collegiate
Institute

IN THE beautiful valley of the Musconetcong River, 57 miles from New York. An old-established institution with modern methods and equipment.

The school offers thorough college preparation, also five diploma courses, with a wide range of interesting elective studies. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Secretarial Courses. Close personal touch and instruction for each girl. Carefully planned meals of wholesome food, tastefully prepared.

The school is noted for its fine democratic spirit and happy school life. Gymnasium, swimming pool, motion picture equipment. Golf. 54th year. Write for catalog and views.

Robert J. Trevorrow, D.D., President
Box 97 Hackensack, N. J.

**OAK KNOLL**

SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD

A school for girls conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. Elementary and college preparatory courses. Resident and day pupils. Colleges and finishing schools at Rosemont, Pa., Oxford, Rome, Paris, Fribourg. Catalogue on request. Summit, New Jersey.

**GARRISON FOREST**
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

A Modern, Well Equipped School on a Country Estate, in the Beautiful Green-Spring Valley near Baltimore. Location favorable for Outdoor Sports and Horseback Riding.

Intermediate, College Preparatory, or General Courses including Music and Art.

Junior Department for Younger Girls. For Catalog and Views Address: MISS MARY MONCRIEFFE LIVINGSTON, PRINCIPAL, BOX R, GARRISON, MD.

Bishopthorpe Manor

CONGENIAL SCHOOL LIFE

Bishopthorpe girls enjoy profitable study and all those recreations that make school life really delightful—Riding, Tennis, Swimming in the School's own Pool, Dramatics, Proms, and occasional chaperoned trips to New York and Philadelphia, only two hours distant.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude N. Wyant, Principals



WORTHWHILE COURSES

Some girls elect the College Preparatory Course. Others take advantage of the unusual opportunity to study Home Economics, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Secretarial Work, Expression, Art, or Music.

Write for the new illustrated catalogue Box 247, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

MISS SAYWARD'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In Overbrook, a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia.

Individual attention to each girl.

Junior, College Preparatory, and Advanced Departments. Art, Music, Expression, Domestic Science, and Secretarial Courses.

All Outdoor Sports, Swimming, Horseback Riding.

For catalog address:

MISS S. JANET SAYWARD, Principal, Box R, Overbrook, Pa.



DARLINGTON

for GIRLS

College Preparation
Graduate Courses
Physical Education

For Catalog Address, John H. Bell, Headmaster, Box R, West Chester, Pa.

Highland Manor

Country Boarding School and Junior College for Girls—Non-Sectarian.

Ideally Located on the Hudson—near New York.

College Preparatory Course

High School, Junior College, Home-Making, Secretarial, Journalism, Kindergarten Training, Music and Art, Vacation Trips to Bermuda and Europe. Separate Cottage for Elementary School.

Associated with Highland Nature Camps, South Naples, Maine

EUGENE H. LEHMAN, DIRECTOR, Box 103, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

HIGH SCHOOL

Outstanding among the private High Schools for girls in this country is the Scudder School. College preparatory. Courses based on the syllabus of The New York State Department of Education. Regents examinations given at the school.

Special courses. Finishing school advantages. Small classes. Day and boarding. Address Miss R. B. Scudder, 45 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

The Scudder
School**Ursuline Academy**

Aims: To provide for its pupils such mother-care, guidance and protection as they would receive in the fondest and best regulated home. Social culture.

Courses: Elementary, college preparatory. Music, Secretarial, Horseback-riding, Swimming, Athletics. Also provides Special Vacation Schedules.

Address URSULINE SISTERS, Box R, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

**Penn Hall**

School for Girls, Chambersburg, Penna.
South in the Cumberland Valley—
A Little North of Dixie

A beautiful school, ideally situated. School plant entirely rebuilt since 1921. Modern in every respect. Rooms suites of two with bath. Campus twenty-five acres. Athletic field twenty acres. School farm adjoins campus.

Regular Courses: College Preparatory (Intensive work). Special training for College Board examinations. General Academic and Junior College. Thirty-three college and university trained teachers. Junior school for limited number.

Special courses: Music (Piano, Voice, Pipe Organ, Harp and Violin). Dramatics, Art, Home Economics and Secretarial.

Accredited Junior Conservatory of Music.

Sports and Recreation: Golf (9 holes), hockey, tennis, horseback riding, swimming, canoeing, track athletics. Swimming pool, unusual in its purity of water, light and ventilation.

School occupies Hotel Flanders, Ocean City, N. J., during the month of May. Unique plan, highly endorsed by present and former patrons. School work not interrupted.

Unsurpassed advantages. Moderate rates. Catalog and View Book upon request. Address Box E

FRANK S. MAGILL, A.M.

Headmaster

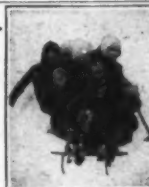
Birmingham
School

"The Mountain School"

A preparatory school for girls, renowned for its beauty of location and progressive educational methods. Superior musical advantages. Fine Arts. Domestic Science.

College entrance examinations held at school. Annual European tour (optional). New gymnasium and swimming pool. On main line P. R. R. Est. 1873. Catalog on request. Address Box 155, Birmingham, Pa.

Alvan R. Grier, A.M., Pres.

**HARCUM SCHOOL**

At Bryn Mawr, ten miles from Philadelphia

A suburban school with the advantages of out-door recreation and the opportunities of Philadelphia's best in Music, Art and Drama.

Thorough preparation for girls going to Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, and other colleges.

SPECIAL COURSES IN MUSIC, ART AND SECRETARIAL STUDIES

For Catalog address the Principal

Harcum School, Box R, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Mrs. EDITH HATCHER HARCUM, B.L.

HEAD OF SCHOOL. Pupil of Lehigh Valley

Mrs. L. MAY WILLIS, B.F., PRINCIPAL

DREW—The Carmel
School for Girls

On beautiful Lake Glenolde, near New York. College Preparatory, General and Special Courses. Small classes. Moderate rates. 6th year. Junior School.

Herbert E. Wright, D.O., Pres., Box R, Carmel, N. Y.

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage. Liberal Arts, Secretarial Work, Household Economics and Nursing. B.A. and B.S. Degrees. Address Secretary, Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y.

PUTNAM HALL

A College Preparatory School
ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B., Principal
Box 802 Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

St. FAITH'S SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls

College Preparatory, Home Science, Vocational Guidance, Music, Upper and Lower Schools, Athletics. Moderate Cost.

REV. CHARLES H. L. FORD, Box R, SARATOGA, NEW YORK

Miss Goldsmith's

WALLCOURT School for Girls

Prepares for all colleges. Secretarial Course, Music, Dramatics, Interpretive Dancing. Outdoor sports. Beautifully located in the heart of Finger Lake Region near Wells College. Catalog. Box J, Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y.

LINDEN HALL 120 GIRLS
161st YEAR

Large Campus, 4 Bldgs., New Gym and Pool. Endowment permits low tuition. Beautiful Location. Courses: Academic, Preparatory, Secretarial, Cultural, Music, Post Graduate. Separate Junior School. Attractive Home Life. Riding. All Sports. Catalog. 7, W. Seneca, R. D., Box 137, Littleton, Pa. (16 hrs. from Phila.)

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARYLAND COLLEGE

1853

1927



For Women

Advantages

60 minutes from Washington, near Baltimore. 500 ft. above sea. 13-acre wooded campus. Fireproof stone buildings. Private baths. Swimming pool. Sports, including riding. Trains for Carriers. National patronage. Demand for Graduates.

Courses

Literary Certificate
Domestic Science Certificate
Secretarial Certificate
Kindergarten or Play-ground Certificate
Physical Education Certificate
Music Certificate
Dramatic Certificate
B. A. Degree
B. S. Degree
B. O. Degree
B. Mus. Degree

For Catalog address: Box R
LUTHERVILLE, MARYLAND

HOOD COLLEGE

Accredited college for women. A. B., B. S. in Home Economics. B. M. in Music. Practical courses in Education, English Speech, and Art. Ten new buildings. 125 acres. Catalogue. Address: Registrar, Hood College, Box R, Frederick, Md.

Roberts Beach School for Girls
A country school, suburban to Baltimore. Special rate for pupils in work below last two years. College preparatory. General course: art, music. Individual attention to each girl's needs. Catalogue. Address: Miss Roberts or Miss Beach, Box 350, Catonsville, Md.

St. Mary's Hall

On the Delaware at Burlington, New Jersey
College preparatory and general courses with lower school for younger girls.

A school that aims to develop happy wholesome girlhood and to provide a thorough preparation for life. 91st year begins Sept. 28. Catalogue.

The Mary Lyon School

College preparatory, general, cultural, secretarial courses. Wildcat, 2-year graduate course. Seven grades, girls 6-12. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crist, Prins., Box 1532, Swarthmore, Pa.

Moravian Seminary

For girls. Rich in historic and educational traditions. Upper and Lower Schools. Health, character, scholarship. Experienced teachers. Est. 1742. Rate \$800. Address: MISS F. HARRAR, Box R, Bethlehem, Pa.

CEDAR CREST

A college for young women who appreciate life on a suburban campus, with modern equipment and commodious dormitories. Degree courses in Liberal Arts, Secretarial Science, Household Arts, Music and Expression. Exceptional Teacher Preparation. Address: Dr. Wm. C. Curtis, Pres., Box 6, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

IRVING College and Music Conservatory

72nd year September 21st. A. B. course. Pipe Organ, Piano, Violin, Voice, Mus. B., Pub. School Mus., Home Economics, Dramatic Art, Secretaryship, Swimming Pool. Near Harrisburg. Terms moderate. Box R, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

HIGHLAND HALL

College Preparatory and General Courses
Advanced Work
Music Art Domestic Science Secretarial
School Camp in the Allegheny Mts. for week-ends
Fine Horses, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool.
Catalogue.

Miss Maud van Woy, A.B., Principal
Box 900, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

BEAVER COLLEGE

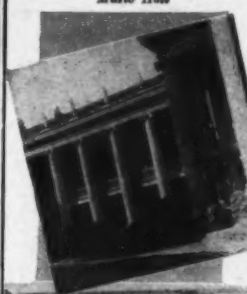
FOR WOMEN

A college of the cultural and practical
Continuing the work of BEECHWOOD. General and Junior College work, with diploma and degree courses in all departments. Teaching certificates. Music, Art, Expression, Illustration, Design, Interior Decoration, Physical Education, Kindergarten-Primary, Public School Music, Home Economics, Secretaryship, Journalism. New \$100,000 dormitory. Athletics. Full degree rights. Address Box R, Jenkintown, Pa.

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Music Hall

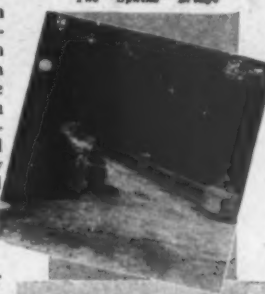


The truly educated woman reflects a culture and personality that bespeak an intimate association with the best in music and the fine arts, as well as a thorough training in academic studies. National Park Seminary abundantly supplies the contacts and advantages that are necessary to a broad liberal education.

Strong college preparatory courses. Two-year Junior College work. Special courses in Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Secretarial Work. Unsurpassed equipment for every academic and athletic need. Magnificent grounds extending over 90 acres. 32 beautiful buildings. Every sport the modern girl desires. References required. For catalog address the Registrar, Box 195, Forest Glen, Md.

JAMES E. ANENT, Ph.D., LL.D.
President

The "Sphinx" Bridge



Living Room

Ambulatory of Ball Room

St. Margaret's for Girls

A Home School at the Nation's Capital under the Personal Supervision of the Principal, College Preparatory, General, and Secretarial Courses and Junior College Courses. Educational Advantages of Washington fully used. Sports and Recreation. Moderate Cost.
Address Mrs. Frank A. Gallup, Principal
Washington, D.C. 2115-R California Street

The Misses Stone's School

College Preparatory, General Academic, and advanced Cultural Courses. Art, Music, Secretarial and Domestic Science. Preparation for Travel.
Isabelle Stone, Ph. D., and Harriet Stone, M. S.
1626 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Epiphany School for Girls

(Episcopal) College preparatory and General courses. All advantages of the Capital. Select. Rate \$650. Catalog. 3017 O St., Washington, D. C.

FAIRMONT

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

28th Year. Two Year JUNIOR COLLEGE and College Preparatory Courses.
Also COLLEGE COURSES in Secretarial Science, Domestic Science, Music, Art, Expression, Costume Design and Interior Decorating. Athletics. Educational Advantages of the Capital Utilized. Students from 45 States. For Catalog address 1711 A Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Arlington Hall

A Junior College for Girls

LOCATED in a beautiful woodland park of 100 acres in Old Virginia just 15 minutes drive from the White House. Standard four-year High School and the first two years of College. Elective courses in Music, Art, Expression, Dramatics, Home Economics, Secretarial work and Physical Education offer excellent opportunities to students who wish to specialize.

The buildings are new and modern. Every dormitory room has a connecting bath. The unusually extensive campus encourages much outdoor recreation and the quiet and seclusion it offers is essential to successful study. There are horseback riding and a new swimming pool. Students accompanied by teachers enjoy the unique cultural advantages of Washington. The school is non-sectarian but the atmosphere of a Christian home prevails. For catalog and views address W. E. MARTIN, Ph.D., President, Penna. Ave. Station, Box 818-R, Washington, D.C.

THE MARJORIE WEBSTER SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Accredited 2-year Normal courses, Physical Education and Expression. Fall term opens Sept. 26. Dormitories. Catalog. 1409-R Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Chevy Chase

Senior High School Junior College for Girls

Ideally located at the National Capital. Twelve-acre campus; country life.

For catalog address:

Frederic Ernest Farrington, Ph.D., Box R, Chevy Chase School, Washington, D.C.

Special emphasis on music, art, drama.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN
SOUTHERN STATES



FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

IN a charming environment of culture and education it affords exceptional facilities for a healthful and successful school life. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of Southern States.

The School has modern buildings and equipment, with spacious grounds. Also modern gymnasium and swimming pool.

WARD-BELMONT offers two years college, four years preparatory work to meet individual needs. Conservatory advantages in Music; Art, Expression, Physical Training, Home Economics and Secretarial Duties.

Sports including horseback riding, tennis, archery, and basket ball. Applications for 1927-28 should be made now.

References required. Write for "The Illustrated Story of Ward-Belmont."

WARD-BELMONT (Belmont Heights, Box 303) NASHVILLE, TENN.



Columbia Institute

A Distinguished School for Girls and Young Women

Episcopal. Four years high school followed by two years of college. Accredited. Music, Art, Secretarial and other special courses. Individual work. Fine climate and health record. For 92 years it has combined the charm and dignity of the South with the highest scholarship. Horseback riding, golf, swimming. Beautiful buildings newly equipped and remodeled. Rates \$600. For catalog address Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Pres.,

Box M, Columbia, Tennessee

Bethel Woman's College

A Junior College and Conservatory most happily located and with magnificent plant and equipment, reflecting "The charm of the Old South with the spirit of the New."

Two-year Junior College course and four years of High School. Teacher Training. Conservatory with unusual musical advantages (diploma).

Home Economics and Business courses.

Gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic field. Horseback riding. Basketball and tennis. Catalog. Box R, Hopkinsville, Ky.

J.W. Gaines, M.A., L.L.D. President

FASSIFERN

Girls' Preparatory School; Accredited

In the Land of the Sky. Music, Art, Expression. Home Economics. Individual attention. Physical Training, Riding, Golf. Enrollment limited. Catalog. J. R. SEVIER, D.D., Pres., Box C, Hendersonville, N.C.



MUSIC
FINE ARTS
LANGUAGES
SECRETARIAL
INTERIOR DECORATING
PRINCIPAL TRAINING
COMMERCIAL ART
FASHION DESIGN
DRAMATICS

Amidst the mountains of Old Virginia in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. State authorized Degrees, 3 courses. Combine Cultural and Vocational training. Demand for graduates. Also A. B. and B. Mus. Golf, Horseback riding, Swimming Pool, new brick buildings. Catalog (mention courses desired) address: Principal, Box R, College Park, Staunton, Va.

FOR GIRLS YOUNG WOMEN

ANDERSON COLLEGE for Women

Climate mild and invigorating. Outdoor sports all the year.

Traditional southern customs and culture. Bath attached to each room.

Beautiful 34 acre campus

Standard college curricula leading to degrees. Junior College Courses. Degrees in Expression, Art, Household Art, Violin, Piano, Voice, Organ, Secretarial, Physical Education.

Early registration advised.

Rate \$400.

For catalog address Registrar Box C, Anderson College, Anderson, S. C.

A College of the old South

ASHLEY HALL

An accredited girls' school offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation. Normal Kindergarten-Primary course with state license. Modern equipment. Swimming Pool. Mild climate. Address Mary V. McBe, M.A., Principal, Box R, Charleston, S. C.

HAMILTON COLLEGE

Four years college preparatory and two years Junior College work for young women. Art, Music, Expression, Secretarial and Home Economics courses. Athletics. Delightful home life. Emphasis on scholarship and culture. Dept. R, Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.

SCIENCE HILL SCHOOL

Founded 1825

A college preparatory school for girls. Strong general course. Piano, violin and voice instruction. Athletics, horseback riding, physical training. Mrs. W. T. Paynter, Principal, Box 7218, Shelbyville, Kentucky.

THE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In Orlando, in healthful central Florida. Primary to College entrance. State Accredited. Protestant Episcopal. Bishop Cameron Mann, President. Apply to Miss Clara Burton, Principal, Box R.

Greenbrier College

A Junior College Exclusively for Young Women

Near the famous "White Sulphur Springs" and "Virginia Hot Springs." Beautiful mountain location. At junction of several National automobile highways; U & O. Ky.

Over 100 years old. New fireproof building. Modern rooms and baths. Officially Recognized College Courses with last two years of high school. Social training. Ideal "Unselfish Service."

Conservatory advantages in Music, Art and Dramatics. Secretarial. Outdoor life, Horseback-riding, Swimming, Golf, Tennis, etc. Moderate rates.

For information, address: President French W. Thompson, Box R., Lewisburg, West Virginia

Southern Seminary
A School of Character



For girls. In the Blue Ridge Mountains. Home life is that of a fine old southern family. College preparatory, 4 years; Seminary and Collegiate, 2 years. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Physical Education and Commercial courses. The school is noted for its mental and physical health. All sports, including gaited saddle-horses. 60th year. Catalog. Address

ROBERT LEE DURHAM, President, Box 975, Buena Vista, Virginia.

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

RECENTLY ENDOWED

Noted for: select patronage 30 states; pleasant social life; location foot-hills Blue Ridge Mountains North of Atlanta. Standard A. B. course; special advantages in music; oratory, art, domestic science, physical culture. 31 buildings, outdoor sports; swimming, boating, horseback riding, etc.

Catalog and illustrated booklet. Address BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

Gulf Park

BY-THE-SEA

A Junior College for Girls

A NATIONALLY patronized school. Beautifully located on the Gulf, completely equipped, strong faculty. Four-year High School and two-year Junior College, both fully accredited. Art, Music, Expression, Home Economics, Secretarial Training, Physical Education. Year-round outdoor sports. Horseback riding. Catalog.

RICHARD G. COX, President
Box W Gulfport, Miss.

WHICH AND WHY?

We know the schools of today because our staff of college women have visited them every year for seven years. We are in touch with the latest developments in education.

We will be glad to help you select a boarding school for your son or daughter that is well suited to meet individual needs. Please write in detail both about the boy or girl and the type of education desired. Address your letter personally to:

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN
SOUTHERN STATES

Fairfax Hall

In the Blue Ridge Mountain region of the famous Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Four hours from Washington. Two main line railroads. Thorough college preparatory and elective courses, one year graduate work. Music, Art, Home Economics, Expression, Secretarial, Physical Education. Wholesome, gracious home-life. Healthful Lithia spring water. 50 acres, gaited riding horses, golf, all field sports. Beautiful open air and indoor Lithia pools. New \$50,000 Gymnasium and Recreation Building. Catalog.

John Noble
Maxwell, Pres.
Box R, Park
Station,
Waynesboro,
Virginia.



Martha Washington College

For young women. The school is located in a delightful southern climate at an elevation of 2200 feet. An accredited Junior College (2 years preparatory and 2 years college). Particularly strong departments in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education and Secretarial Science. New swimming pool. All sports. 74th year. References required. For catalog address
C. D. CURTIS, Pres., Box R, Abingdon, Va.



SULLINS COLLEGE FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

"VIRGINIA PARK"—overlooking the city of Bristol in the beautiful mountain climate of "Old Virginia." Courses: Accredited both College Preparatory and Junior College; Music, Art, Dramatics, Journalism, Secretarial, Domestic Science, Social Training, Character Development. Students from 40 states and foreign countries. References required. Early application advised.

57th year. Modern new buildings, every room has a bath attached. Health record unexcelled. Fine outdoor life. Horse-back riding. Swimming and Gymnasium. 100-acre campus with beautiful lake and water sports. Washington, D. C. advantages optional. For CATALOG and book of views address: W. E. Martin, Ph.D., Pres.
Box E, Bristol, Va.



Virginia College

FOR YOUNG WOMEN
One of the leading schools in the South. In the Valley of Virginia. Modern buildings; large campus. European and American instructors. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Accredited. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education, Secretarial, Journalism and Library Courses. Supervised athletics. Catalog.
Mattie P. Harris, Pres., Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-president, Box F, Roanoke, Virginia.



Virginia Intermont College

A Junior College and High School for young women founded in 1884 and accredited by the Southern Association. On a large Blue Grass campus in the mountains surrounding Bristol. Beautiful buildings express the finest traditions of the old South. College trained teachers of long and successful experience. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, and Secretarial courses. Select patronage from 30 states. Gym, pool.
H. G. Neffinger, President
Box 145, Bristol, Va.

SOUTHERN COLLEGE
IN THE HEART OF VIRGINIA

Est.
1863



Junior College, Preparatory, Finishing
Country Club Privileges—Historic Tours
One-year or two-year courses for High School graduates. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Basketball, Riding, Gym. Social Training, Dramatics, College Clubs. Fixed Rate.
Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., 240 College Pl., Petersburg, Va.

RANDOLPH-MACON SCHOOL

For Girls. College preparatory and special courses for High School graduates. Accredited. Separate Junior School. Limited to 100. Special advantages in Music, Art, Expression. Branch of Randolph-Macon system. Catalog.
John C. Simpson, A.M., Prin., Box R, Danville, Va.

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE and
MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

For Young Ladies. Established 1849. Shenandoah, Virginia. Term begins Sept. 16th. In Shenandoah Valley. Unsurpassed climate, modern equipment. Courses: College, 4 years, A. B. Degree; College-Preparatory, 6 years. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Athletics, Gymnasium and Field. Catalog.

Stuart Hall, Staunton, Virginia

Episcopal school for girls—Eighty-fourth Session. Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present. Thorough college preparation. Outdoor sports. Address Mrs. H. N. Hills, A.B. Box R.

Averett College for Young Women

Founded 1889. Junior College and the last three years of high school. Accredited. Attractive new buildings. Med. Equipment. Gym. Swimming Pool. Music, Commercial, Expression. Moderate Rates. Catalogs and View Book.

CHATHAM EPISCOPAL INSTITUTE

Box R. Chatham, Virginia
College preparatory school for girls. Certificate privileges. Advanced academic work. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics included in tuition. Modern equipment. 15 acre campus. Fuel, Golf, Tennis moderate. 5th session September 21, 1927. Bishop of Diocese of Southern Virginia—President of Board. For catalog address:
Mabel Eleanor Stone, Principal

418 Schools!

This is the Greatest Number Ever Published
in One Issue of Any Magazine

THIS great school directory is the result of seven years of constructive service in guiding the children of our readers to the right schools. If you wish help in finding the right school, give full details and address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

FRANCES SHIMER
School for Girls

For three-quarters of a century has fostered traditions of culture and Christian service. Four years academy and 2 years college. A picturesque campus of 15 acres; 11 modern buildings. High scholastic standards enable graduates to enter universities without examination. A school small enough to develop personality and individual talent. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. Fall term opens September 14. Golf, hockey and other sports. Catalog.
Wm. P. McKee, A.M., B.D., Pres., Box 653, Mt. Carroll, Ill.



Jennings Seminary

An accredited academy for girls, 37 miles from Chicago. Distinctly Christian atmosphere. Girls grouped in small classes under direction of college trained teachers. Four years of High School, preparing for College. Domestic Science, Expression, Piano, Voice, Bible. 4 acres of beautiful campus. Outdoor sports. Physical director. Low rate. For catalogue address
Bertha Annette Barber, Principal,
Box 597, Aurora, Illinois.



ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

A standard college. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Combined 5-year college and nurse-training course. Music, Art, Public Speaking, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Physical Education. Catalog. Address
Illinois Woman's College, Box D., Jacksonville, Ill.

Harcourt School for
Gambier, Ohio

College Preparatory, General Academic and Musical Courses.
Miss MARION ELOISE LARKE, Principals

PATON HALL

Junior and Senior High School, General and College Preparatory Courses. Boarding and Day students. Highest standard of Academic, Recreational and social advantages. Affiliated with CASEY INTERLOCKEN, Interlocking, Mich. For information address
Paton Hall, care of Mrs. P. O. Pennington
180 Tenth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

COLLEGE OF THE SISTERS OF BETHANY

Episcopal Accredited College Preparatory School, with two years' advanced work. General and special courses, art, expression, domestic science, music. All athletics. Est. 1861. For information address, Box 127, Mary E. Whitton, Principal, Topeka, Kansas.

NATIONAL
Kindergarten & Elementary
COLLEGE

A highly accredited college which has for forty years successfully trained young women in teaching and understanding little children. Strong, experienced faculty. Courses leading to diploma and degree open to graduates from accredited high schools. Advanced courses for teachers. Cultural courses. Fully accredited.

New completely equipped college and dormitory buildings are located in North Shore suburb of Chicago. Campus of 3 1/2 acres, two blocks from beautiful Lake Michigan, offers splendid opportunities for outdoor recreation. Splendid school spirit in student body of 500. Fall term September 9th. Mid-year term January 30th. For catalog address Edna Dean Baker, Pres.
Box 92, Evanston, Ill.

The Starrett School

for Girls Boarding and
Academic, college preparatory.

Advanced courses for high school graduates. Fully accredited. Co-operative with the University of Chicago. Prepares for all colleges and universities. Complete Conservatory of Music. Art, Home Economics, Dramatic Art. Secretarial Courses. All athletics. Horseback riding. Permanent buildings with ample grounds. 44th year.

Fall term begins September 21. Mr. and Mrs. Gerard T. Smith, principals. For catalog and Book of Views address
Box 24 - 4515 Drexel Boulevard - Chicago



ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

(Episcopal) Knoxville, Ill.

50th Year. Trains girls of all denominations 12 to 20. Accredited to Colleges. Music; Costume Design; Domestic Science; Secretarial; Collegiate Social Training. All athletics. Moderate rates. Also "St. Margaret's" for girls, 6 to 12. Also Summer Camp. Chicago Office: 1204 Stevens Bldg.
Request CATALOG desired of Dr. & Mrs. F. R. Darrington.



Ferry Hall


A distinguished college preparatory school for girls, in 12 wooded acres extending to Lake Michigan, suburban to Chicago. Advanced courses for High School graduates. Sports. Gymnasium, pool. 58th year. Catalog.
ELOISE R. TREMAIN, Prin., Box 331, Lake Forest, Ill.

St. George School for Girls and Small Children


4545 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ills.
Pre-kindergarten thru High. Boarding and Day. Good care. Home environment. Miss Grogan. New 100-room bldg., 22 Summer Camp. Gym, French, Music, Dramatic Art & Home Economics. Tuition \$600 to \$800 per year.
Mrs. M. Grogan, Prin.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN
WESTERN STATES


Lindenwood College
50 minutes from St. Louis



A PROGRESSIVE college for women with 100 years of fine traditions of educational accomplishment. 2 and 4 year degree courses. *Music School offering unequalled advantages.* Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Oratory, Journalism, Vocational courses, 138 acres. Athletics. Catalog, Box 1087, St. Charles, Mo. John L. Hoover, D. D., Pres.

100%  1927

Grafton Hall



A NATIONALLY patronized College Preparatory School and Junior College for girls, widely known for its high academic standards. Limited enrollment. Personal instruction. Exceptionally fine Music School. Students prepared to teach or for concert work. Expression, Home Economics and Secretaryship. Athletics. Winter sports. Address Grafton Hall, Box 37, Fond Du Lac, Wis. Under auspices Episcopal Church.

HILLCREST Miss Davison's School

For girls 6 to 14. Charming home life. Cultural atmosphere. Supervised study. Thoroughness in grade work. Music emphasized. Bird study, sewing, cooking, letter writing and drawing. Interpretive dancing. Outdoor games and activities. In healthful hill country. 18th year. Only normal, healthy children are accepted.

MISS SARAH M. DAVISON, Principal
Box 4-R Beaver Dam, Wisconsin

SAINT MARY'S HALL Faribault, Minnesota

Episcopal school for girls. New modern, fireproof building and gymnasium. Junior college, college preparatory and general courses. Advantages in music and art. Large campus for outdoor sports. Rt. Rev. F. A. McElwain, Rector, Amy Louise Lowry, Principal, Box R.

FAR WEST

EL PASO SCHOOL for Girls

College preparatory and general academic courses. Accredited by standard colleges. Fine musical advantages. Mild, dry climate with daily sunshine. Outdoor classes and exercises nearly all year. Moderate rate. Catalog, Miss Olga E. Taffel, Prin., Box R, El Paso, Texas.

Girls' Collegiate School
Glendora Foothills, California

A country school 30 miles from Los Angeles. Overlooks famous San Gabriel Valley. Charming buildings of Italian design. Orange groves, bridle paths on school's estate. Saddle horses. All sports. Outdoor life a reality. 7th grade to college entrance. General. Post-graduate and Special Courses. Accredited. 30th year begins Sept. 29th. Catalog and views. Miss Parsons and Miss Dennen, Principals

Marlborough School FOR GIRLS

A BOARDING and day school preparing for eastern colleges and accredited to western universities. Special advantages in Music, French, Art, Home Economics, etc. Five acres of ground. Riding and other outdoor sports. Established 1889. Ada S. Blake, A.B., Principal, 5629 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California.

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL

Upon the Scripps Foundation. Boarding and day school for girls. Forty minutes from San Diego. Intermediate School. Preparation for Eastern Colleges. Caroline Seely Cummins, Headmistress. The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, President, Board of Trustees. Box 18, La Jolla, California.

WESTLAKE SCHOOL for GIRLS

Junior College and Accredited College Preparation. Courses in Art, Music, Expression, Home Economics. Catalog of Junior Coll. or Coll. Prep. Courses on request. 333 So. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles, California

TUDOR HALL
School for Girls

26th year. Successful preparation for eastern College Entrance Board Examinations. Certificate admits to Universities. General Course.

Junior College Department
Art, Music, Expression, Modern Fireproof Buildings, Outdoor life; swimming pool; Riding.

Write for Catalog to

MISS FREDONIA ALLEN
INDIANAPOLIS



St. Mary's Academy - Notre Dame

An ideal school for girls, 80 miles from Chicago. Commissioned high school. Regular curriculum. Vocational courses in Music, Dramatic Art, Fine Arts, Home Economics, Commercial Subjects. Extensive campus. Physical training. Outdoor sports. Horseback riding. Catalog address: St. Mary's Academy, Box R, Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE REGISTRAR

St. Mary's College - Notre Dame

An accredited standard college for girls. Courses leading to Bachelor and Master Degrees. Cultural and professional education. Music, Art, Journalism, Science, Home Economics, Sociology, Teacher training. New buildings on extensive campus. Physical training. Outdoor sports. Horseback riding. For catalog address The Registrar, St. Mary's College, Box R, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Oak Hall SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

74th year. Boarding and Day College preparatory, general, domestic science courses. Music and dramatic arts. Skating, swimming, riding, tennis. Large gymnasium. Numbers limited. Attractive home life. Booklet, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Moore, Principals, 582 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

CHEVY CHASE COUNTRY SCHOOL

Children 4 to 14. Experienced, sympathetic care in home of directors. Ideal health conditions. Small classes. High standards. Summer camp in Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Starwood Cobb, Chevy Chase, Md.

MONTESSORI VILLAGE

Cottage plan. Co-educational. THREE TO TWELVE years. Exceptional clientele. References required. Mrs. Anna Paist Ryan Wycombe, Pa.

MERRICOURT Just the place for your children

A year-round school and home for little children 3 to 10. Outdoor life. Large play lawns. Supervised play, gardens, kindergarten, elementary grades. Tutoring. Parental care. Booklet. Rev. and Mrs. John H. Kingsbury, M.A., Berlin, Conn.

ST. ELIZABETH OF THE ROSES

A mother school for children 3 to 12. Episcopal. One hour from N. Y. C. One winter; outdoor sports. Summer Camp. Mrs. W. B. Stoddard, Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn. Phone 1771 Ring 4.

BURT'S SCHOOL FOR TINY TOTS 1-12

A Home-School for Children 1-12 Years
1120 Constant Ave. Peekskill, N. Y.
Phone: Peekskill 1133

BROOK LODGE SCHOOL

Children 4-14. 80 acres of lawns and woodlands. Cheerful, happy home. All winter and summer sports. Highest type of instruction. \$75.00 per month covers everything. Open all year. New Canaan, Conn. 40 miles from N. Y. C.

DEVITTE MILITARY SCHOOL

250. monthly. Boys 6 to 14. Modified military training, open 12 mos. 22 miles from N. Y. C. 60 acres, summer camp. Maj. L. DeVitte, Box H, Morganville, N. J.

MISS BEASLEY'S SCHOOL

Boys and Girls 4 to 10. Year round school. 20 miles from New York City. Tel. Summit 958. Summit, N. J. Summer address, Seaside Park, N. J.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

GEORGE SCHOOL
A Co-educational School for 300 Boys and Girls of High-School Age

THIRTY-THREE teachers. College preparation and broad cultural courses. Twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. Sixteen buildings on 277-acre estate in picturesque, open country. Boys and girls meet in classrooms, dining-room and supervised activities. Bible studies, elective courses in Quakerism. Manual training, Debating, Journalism, Household Arts. A liberal endowment makes possible a modest rate. All athletics. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Tobogganing. Write for catalogue.

GEORGE A. WALTON, A.M., Principal
Box 300 George School, Pa.

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY In Lake Region of New York

Near Lake Okauchena, noted for health. Elevation 1250 feet. Co-educational. College preparatory. Finishing Courses in Secretarial, Household Science, Music, Art and Oratory. Junior Pupils received. All athletics, winter sports. 108th year. Catalogue.

CHARLES E. HAMILTON, D.D., President
Box R, Cazenovia, N. Y.

The UNIVERSITY Preparatory SCHOOL

State Bank Bldg. New York City
Fifth Ave. at 115th St.,
REGENTS-COLLEGE ENTRANCE

Prominent in faculty, time saving in method; a keen school for those who want good teaching. Moderate fee. Catalogue upon request.

OAKWOOD SCHOOL

Seventy miles from New York City, overlooking Hudson Valley. Under Friendly management. Co-educational. General academic courses. A school of high ideals with teachers of Christian character and culture. 130th year. Very reasonable rates. Address WILLIAM J. REAGAN, A. M., Principal, Box 150, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

GENESEE WESLEYAN

Twenty specialists on staff. Prepares for all colleges, technical schools and life. Schools of Music, Oratory, Commerce, Art, Household Crafts. New \$10,000 organ. All equipment. Equal to any. Very moderate charge. Register now. 95th year. Begins Sept. 14th. For catalogue write Dr. Frank McDaniel, President, Box R, Lima, N. Y. (Near Rochester).

STARKEY SEMINARY

Co-educational. Endowed. Seventh grade and preparation for leading colleges and business. Advance work in art and music. Athletics. On Seneca Lake. Moderate rates. Address Marya Starkey, Ph.D., Principal, Box 107, Lakemont, New York.

DICKINSON SEMINARY

Coeducational. Prepares for college or life work. Music, Art and Expression. Business, Secretarial and Home Economics courses. New gymnasium, 60 ft. tiled pool. Strong athletic teams. Endowed. Moderate rates. Catalog. Address John W. Long, D. D., Pres., Box R, Williamsport, Penna.

SCHUYLKILL COLLEGE

Co-educational. B.A. and B.S. degrees. Special courses for teachers. Strong pre-medical and professional and cultural courses. New stadium. Interesting college life. Day and boarding students. Catalog. Box R, Reading, Pa.

Wyoming Seminary

A co-educational school, strong in character building. College preparation, Business, Music, Art, Oratory and Home Economics. Gymnasium and Athletic Field. 5th year. Plant \$1,000,000. Endowment \$1,000,000. Catalog.

L. L. SPRAGUE, D. D., L. H. D., Pres., Glasgow, Pennsylvania.

HEDLEY

THE "INDIVIDUAL" SCHOOL
Summer-Camp W-o-w-a-o-a
Academic, Industrial, Cultural
MRS. R. B. HEDLEY, J. E. HEDLEY, M.D., L.
Principal, Resident Physician
Glenade, Pa. (12 Miles from Philadelphia)

SOUTHERN STATES

THE ROUTH PINES SCHOOL

Samarand, N. C. (Near Rhodomet and Southern Pines) Home and school for children 5-14. Grade subjects, French, Music. Outdoor recreation emphasized. Personal supervision and youthful, happy atmosphere. For catalogue address Miss E. E. Morrow, Principal, Box R, Samarand, N. C.

TENNESSEE WESLEYAN COLLEGE Founded 1850

Coeducational Junior College with preparatory department. Highest Accredited standing. Special courses in music, art, business, pre-medical, pre-engineering, athletics; New gym. 20 acre campus. 8 buildings. Low rate. Catalog and view book on request. President James L. Robb, Box R, Athens, Tennessee

FAIRHOPE SCHOOL, Mobile Bay

Progressive. Different. Kindergarten through high school. No examinations, no fear, great joy in work, great physical and mental activity, folk singing and dancing, manual training, art and crafts. Self-promoted scholarship; sound scholarship. Accredited. Tuition \$1.00. For catalogue address School of Organic Education, Fairhope, Alabama

FLORIDA Southern College for Men and Women

An accredited college giving A. B. and B. S. degrees. Music. Art. Home Economics. Speech. Every course practical. Sea bathing and outdoor sports all year. Located in Southern Florida's mild sunshine and flowers. Linda M. Miller, Lakeland, Fla.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS
NEW ENGLAND STATES**Goddard Seminary**
Co-educational

An accredited school of the finest New England type, preparing for college or business. Goddard has an enviable record of graduates in prominent positions in the world today. Small classes, excellent faculty. Efficient Courses in Music. Stimulating climate in beautiful Vermont hills makes winter sports popular. Athletic field, gymnasium. Strong athletic teams. A unique plan of self-help for girls. Numerous scholarship awards. Rate \$500, no extras. Est. 1863. Catalog. Address: **W O A H VERNON BARKER, Principal,** Box E, Barre, Vermont.

BURR AND BURTON
A GREEN MOUNTAIN SCHOOL

For Boys and Girls. College preparatory, general, and business courses. Wholesome traditions. Gymnasium, Athletic Field, 40-acre Campus. Moderate rates. **F. D. Nich, Acting Principal,** Manchester, Vermont. (5 hours from New York on direct line).

PROCTOR ACADEMY
A Progressive Preparatory School in the Country

An old school with new ideas. Completely equipped. Beautifully situated. Thorough college preparation. All Sports. Address: **Headmaster, Andover, N. H.**

TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY
Co-ed'l. 93rd Year

College Preparatory, Music, Domestic Science, Commercial Courses, Separate Junior School, Gymnasium. Vermont Prep Football and Hockey State Champions. Past Year. Moderate rates. Catalog. Address: **Robert L. Thompson, D.D., Prin. Box R, Poultney, Vt.**

EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY

Co-educational. Founded 1882. 7 buildings. Large campus. 15 instructors. College preparatory with Entrance Certificate. Academic, Business, Music, Limited Junior School. Excellent gymnasium and athletic field. Christian ideal. **J. FRANCIS COOPER, D.D., Principal,** On Narragansett Bay, EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

Dean Academy, Franklin, Massachusetts

61st Year. Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms. \$475 to \$800 per year. Special course in domestic science. For more information, address: **ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Headmaster**

WESTERN STATES



offers Boys and Girls an opportunity of her finest Accredited Public High and Grammar School—constant supervision—dorm—campus—gym—plunge—crustic. Gallatin Rockies near Yellowstone Park. Camping, fishing, hunting, riding under guide in the Gallatin Wonderland Forests. A robust, physical, mental, cultural, upbuilding of youth. Booklet—**G. M. Campbell, Sup't.,** Manhattan Schools, Manhattan, Montana.

Wayland Academy

1855-1927

Primarily College Preparatory; also 8th grade. Limited enrollment. 75 boys, 65 girls. Faculty of 16. True home school with Christian atmosphere. 20-acre campus. 4-acre athletic field. Gymnasium. Music. Endowment makes possible 1650 rates. Catalog. Address: **Box RE, Edwin P. Brown, Principal,** Beaver Dam, Wis.

**GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE**

Ninety-seventh year. Prepares boys and girls for college and for useful, well rounded lives. Large endowment, splendidly equipped plant. Athletics carefully supervised. Strong departments in Music and Expression. Rates \$500. **Earl W. Hamblin, Principal,** Box L-3, Austinsburg, Ohio, near Ashtabula

School Information The Red Book Magazine is always glad to help its readers in the selection of the school suited to individual needs. We furnish first hand information collected by personal visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location, and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

Out of Step?

School Farm
All Sports
Manual Training
Horse-Back
Riding
41 miles from New York City in the beautiful hills of Westchester County.

Is your boy out of step with boys of his own age in and out of school? While he may now be able to stay in a regular school, it does not mean that he is progressing in the same ratio as other children and at fourteen everybody will know that he is "different."

While he is still young, why not give him the advantage of specialized schooling under educators who know how to deal with the basic handicaps that hold him back? A few years at our school may be all that he requires. For fifteen years, we have dealt with boys who are "out of step" and have enabled many to return to their normal place in life.

We offer all the usual advantages of a fine boarding school for boys, plus specialized education. For information write: **Rudolph S. Fried, Principal.**

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL, A Special School, Box M, Katonah, New York

Physical Education
Academic and
Industrial Arts
Courses



Three Separate
Schools for Boys,
Girls, and
Young Children

What Can I Do With This Unusual Child?

The boy or girl may be slightly retarded in school work, but otherwise normal—lacking in power to concentrate—a little difficult temperamentally, though in many ways bright—too easily disturbed—too shy—too egotistical—too fun loving—too serious—or in other ways not in his right element in the usual school.

The parents of such a child will find at the **DEVEREUX SCHOOLS**

skilled observation and scientific treatment. Modern facilities, expert faculty, and large country estates near Philadelphia. Craft Guilds in Printing, Photography, Furniture Making, Rug Work, Toy-Room and Gift Shops supplement academic work.

For Catalog Address—**DEVEREUX SCHOOLS** HELENA T. DEVEREUX, Box 8-R, BERWYN, PENNSYLVANIA

Nervous, backward and mental defectives

An ideal home school for children of all ages. Separate houses for boys and girls. Individual attention in studies, physical culture and manual training. \$75 a month and up.

The Binghamton Training School
Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Boldt, 116 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

SEGUIN SCHOOL

For Children who Deviate Mentally from the Normal
One of the oldest and best known schools. Expert training and intimate home care. For Illustrated Catalog address
Mrs. Elsie M. Seguin, Box R, Orange, N. J.

BANCROFT SCHOOL FOR RETARDED CHILDREN

Modern equipment. Resident Nurse and Physician. Home environment. Individual instruction. Summer camp in Maine. Est. 1888. Catalogue. Box 128, Haddonfield, New Jersey

SOUND VIEW SCHOOL

On the Old Simpson Estate, Scarsdale, N. Y.
For backward children, 6 to 16, who require individual care and training. Delightful home atmosphere. Summer School in Maine. Mrs. Anna L. Stewart, Director. Address: **R. F. D. 1, White Plains, N. Y. Tel. Scarsdale 668.**

COMPTON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

of slow development requiring special individual instruction and home care. Est. 1901. Miss Fanny A. Compton, Prin., 3809 Find Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

THE WOODS' SCHOOL

For Exceptional Children **Three Separate Schools**
LITTLE FOLKS
Camp with tutoring, June 15 to Sept. 15
Box 166, Langhorne, Pa.
Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

The Scientific Tutoring School

An exclusive boarding school for backward children. Individual instruction. Articulation, Physician's endorsement. **Marion Chamberlain Kelley, Gertrude A. Stewart, P. O. Box 197, Media, Pennsylvania.**

THE SANATORIUM SCHOOL

For treatment and instruction of physically defective and backward children. Expert care and training. Special attention given to Cerebral Hemorrhage, paralysis, speech disorders and birth injury victims. Also backward Deaf children. **Claudia Miner Redd, Lansdowne, Pa.**

The FREER SCHOOL

For Girls of Retarded Development
Limited enrollment permits intimate care. 8 miles from Boston. Miss Cora E. Morse, Principal, 31 Park Circle, Arlington Heights, Mass.

STANDISH MANOR SCHOOL

A special school for backward girls. Individual instruction. Experienced teachers. Happy home life. Healthful location. Out-door and water sports. 30-acre estate. **Alice M. Myers, Principal, Hazel G. Cullinford, Asst. Principal, Halifax, Mass.**

PERKINS SCHOOL OF ADJUSTMENT

For children requiring special training and education. Unsurpassed equipment on sixty-acre estate. Intimate home life. Experienced Staff. Medical direction. **Franklin H. Perkins, M.D., Box 12, Lancaster, Mass.**

Schermerhorn School

A Home and Training School for Exceptional Children who need Special Care and Training. Country Location makes possible moderate rates.
Box 1, Schermerhorn, Box-67 West End Station, Richmond, Va.

The Stewart Home Training School

A Private Home and School for Nervous and Backward Children. On a beautiful country estate in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For illustrated catalog address
Dr. John P. Stewart, Box P, Frankfort, Ky.

THE TROWBRIDGE TRAINING SCHOOL

A Home School for Nervous and Backward Children **THE BEST IN THE WEST**
Indorsed by Educators & Physicians. State Licensed
E. HAYDN TROWBRIDGE, M. D.
2829 Forest Avenue KANSAS CITY, Mo.

Parkside Home School

For the training of girls of retarded development, or nervous girls. Individual instruction. Special attention to speech defects. Moderate rates.
MARION MARSH, M.D., Principal
Muskegon, Mich.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
NEW ENGLAND STATESWhere Boys Experience
the Thrill of Achievement

WHERE a sportsmanlike, competitive spirit inspires a boy to "make something," an honor mark, a debating society, a glee club, an office, an athletic team.

WHERE experienced instructors, lasting friendships, a million dollar equipment await your boy.

WHERE vocational guidance and counsel is offered.

\$1000 a year

94th year opens September 20th
Illustrated catalog

SAMUEL F. HOLMES

Head Master

GEORGE D. CHURCH

Registrar

WORCESTER ACADEMY
Worcester Massachusetts

The **Allen School**
For Boys
TEMPLETON MASS.

Robert A. Patterson,
Headmaster

Scholarship
Character Building
Athletics

FOUNDED 1832

18 acres in the country, at 1200 feet altitude, between Mts. Wachusett and Monadnock.

11 acres devoted to athletics: 3 baseball fields, 3 football fields. Swimming in pond on school grounds. Artesian well water.

Junior and Senior schools.

Our Catalog is interesting. Address Box B, Templeton.

The **MILFORD**
COLLEGE PREPARATION **SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

Unusual success in preparing boys for the College Entrance Board examinations because we specialize in just this one thing—**COLLEGE PREPARATION.**

Usual two years' work in one year. Not a cramming school; it's progress made possible by tutorial methods, teaching boys "How to Study," and **CLASSES LIMITED TO FIVE.** Catalogues and examination record on request.

Write Box R, MILFORD, CONN.

NEWTOWN ACADEMY FOR BOYS
At foot of Berkshires
Certificate privileges. Small classes insure individual attention. Strong Junior School. Fireproof buildings. Swimming Pool. Elevation 1250 feet. 52 acres. Beautiful surroundings. (Also summer session.) Write for catalog. Headmaster, Newtown Academy, Newtown, Conn.

Stearns School

White Mt. region. Home life with personal supervision. Intensive preparation for secondary schools, colleges and scientific schools. Unusually rapid advancement. All year sports. Address

Arthur F. Stearns, Principal,
Mont Vernon, N. H.

TILTON Boys' College Preparatory
ENDOWED, progressive school, splendid traditions in scholarship, sports and athletics. Moderate rates. Separate Lower School. Catalogs on request.
George L. Plimpton, Headmaster, Box R, Tilton, N. H.
MONTPELIER SEMINARY
Established 1834

Over 200 Students. Endowment permits \$450 Tuition. Accredited College Preparation. General, Commercial, Music and Art Courses. Christian influences. Address John W. Hatch, M.S., D.D., Box B, Montpelier, Vt.

ROXBURY

A Special Type of Boarding School

Thorough College Preparation for the Individual—Sound Instruction by the Tutorial Method

Classes limited to five. One master to every six boys. High record of Efficiency in College Entrance Examinations.

All Field, Gymnasium and Track Sports under well-known coaches

Boys accepted at any time that vacancies occur

Fifteen miles north of New Haven; cement road. Visit the School or write for Illustrated Catalog or Booklets

A. R. SHERIFF, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

MITCHELL
A School for Boys

20 miles from Boston. All of the advantages of modern methods and complete equipment. Specially trained teachers. All athletic sports, horsemanship, gymnastics, boxing and fencing, tennis and track.

Campbell Hall
A separate school for younger boys.

Good fellowship and homelike atmosphere.

For catalog address

Alexander H. Mitchell

Box R, Billerica, Mass.



Receiving Award for Horsemanship

SUFFIELD 1927
AN ENDOWED SCHOOL

Rich in Traditions

Modern in Methods

Moderate in Cost

Health and physical education emphasized. Athletic sports for all under competent coaching. College Preparatory and General Courses. Special Junior School for Younger Boys. (Ask for booklet on Junior School.)

For catalog and athletic folder address:

Rev. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster
13 High Street, Suffield, Connecticut

NEW HAMPTON

A New Hampshire School for Boys

New Administration of Famous Old School Founded in 1831. Six Modern Buildings. Athletic Fields.

Thorough Preparation for College and Life.

One Year Intensive Course in Business Methods

Junior School for Younger Boys.

Sports and Athletics for Every Boy

Endowment Makes Possible Low Tuition

For Catalog Address Frederick Smith, A. M., Principal
Box 126, New Hampton, New Hampshire

Rippowam Boys' School

Most approved modern methods applied to every phase of boys' life. Strictly College Preparatory. Separate, Upper and Lower School. Carefully supervised Study and Athletics.

For catalog address: M. Gerald O'Neil

79 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn.

MOSES BROWN

A century-old school of distinctive character for boys. Strictly College Preparatory. Separate, Upper and Lower School. Carefully supervised Study and Athletics.

L. Halston Thomas, Principal, Providence, R. I.



RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL

An Accredited College Preparatory

School for 50 boys. Six forms. Un-

paralleled health record. In the foot-

hills of The Berkshires. Theodore C. Jes-

sop, Head Master, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

RECTORY SCHOOL

Episcopal school for boys 8 to 14. Each boy receives special attention in "How to Study." Supervised athletics. Home care. Illustrated Catalog.

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Bigelow, Pomfret, Conn.

Westminster

Prepares Boys for College

Upper and Lower School. Summer and Winter Sessions

Between Haverhill, Mass. and Newbury, Conn.

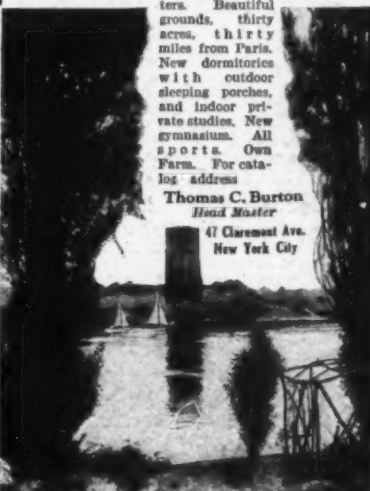
EUROPEAN BOYS' SCHOOL

CHATEAU DE BURES
par-Villennes
Seine-et-Oise
France

Prepare for College in Europe

An American School for Boys

Non-sectarian; scientific thoroughness; modern progressive methods. American and Foreign masters. Beautiful



grounds, thirty acres, thirty miles from Paris. New dormitories with outdoor sleeping porches, and indoor private studies. New gymnasium. All sports. Own Farm. For catalog address

Thomas C. Burton

Head Master

47 Claremont Ave.

New York City

TRAVEL

COLLEGE CRUISE
Round the World
FOR YOUNG MEN OVER 17 YRS. SECOND ANNUAL CRUISE SEPTEMBER TO MAY



Twenty-seven Countries Visited. Tropics in Winter, China, Japan in Fall and Europe in Spring. College, Graduate and Preparatory Courses. John Carleton Jones, Ph.D., LL.D., President. For Illustrated Booklet, Terms, Courses, Address: University Travel Association, Inc., 255 Madison Avenue, New York City.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

THE POND SCHOOL

Preparation for college by the Pond Method. Separate instruction. Supervised study under instructors. Training in methods of study and concentration.

W. McD. Peed, Director, 42 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass.

WILLISTON
An endowed school for boys whose parents desire the best in education and care at a reasonable cost. Preparation for all colleges. Junior School for young boys. Address ARCHIBALD V. GALBRAITH, Principal, Box R, Easthampton, Mass.

CUSHING
CHARACTER—SCHOLARSHIP
33rd Year
200 STUDENTS
Graduates in forty leading colleges. Endowment permits moderate cost. Modern equipment. College preparatory and general courses. For new catalog address: James W. Voss, Principal, Box 858, Ashburnham, Massachusetts.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist. Franklin T. Kurt, Principal. 357 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. (Copley Square)

LAWRENCE ACADEMY

College preparation for boys
GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS
134th Year New equipment \$900

DeWitt Hebbard School
Clinton for Boys

A College Preparatory Country Boarding School. For 25 Boys. Individual and expert tutoring methods. John B. Hebbard, A. M., Head Master, Newton, Mass.

Index to this section will be found on page 19.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES**PENNINGTON**
trains for MANHOOD

Character building is the first consideration at Pennington, aiming at making your boy into the kind of man you would like him to be—healthy, virile, reliable, cultured, manly. Separate instructor to every 10 boys; personal supervision. Preparation for business or college.

The School that boys LIKE

Character
First -
then
Culture!

10-acre athletic field, 60 ft. pool, modern gym. Literary, musical and social organizations. Separate Lower School with home care. 88 years of successful achievement. Plant entirely modernized. Centrally situated between New York and Philadelphia, 8 miles from Princeton. Moderate rates, no extras.

Send for fully descriptive catalogue

Francis Harvey Green, A.M., Litt. D., Headmaster
Box 20, Pennington, N. J.

**BORDENTOWN**
MILITARY INSTITUTE
43RD YEAR

PURPOSE: The individual development of a boy's character and scholarship for the work of the world in college, scientific school, business or national service. Thorough preparation for college.

INSTRUCTION: Small classes, individual attention. Each boy is taught how to study.

SCHOOL LIFE: High standard of social and moral student life. Supervised athletics, wholesome food, carefully regulated daily program of work and recreation and drill produce sound bodies, capable minds and cheerful dispositions. Enroll Now. For catalogue, address, Col. T. D. LANDON, Drawer C-28, Bordentown, N. J.

PEDDIE An endowed school for boys

Emphasis on preparation for College Entrance Board Examinations. Boys from 30 states. Graduates now in 26 colleges. 60-acre campus. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Athletics for every boy. Six Forms including two grammar grades. 62nd year. 9 miles from Princeton. Summer session July 11-August 27. Catalog. Address ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster Box 8-F Hightstown, N. J.



New Memorial Recitation Hall

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

On Chartered Foundation since 1788. Prepares boys for admission to college by examination or certificate. Graduates in 24 colleges. Gym., Golf, Swimming. All athletics. Catalog. William P. Kelly, Headmaster, Box R, New Brunswick, N. J.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

12 miles from Philadelphia. College entrance, business and special courses. Special Junior Department. Horseman under instructor of Equestrian. For catalog and view book, write to the Registrar. Box 404, Wenonah, N. J.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL Essex Falls, N. J.
Day and Boarding. College preparatory for boys. 22 miles from N. Y. Upper and Lower Schools. For catalog address: J. R. Campbell, A.M., Headmaster, Box R.

THE BERKELEY-IRVING School for Boys
47th year. Primary to College. Small classes. Junior dept. Swimming Pool, Gymnasium. School bus calls for boys. Catalog. (Reservations open now for next school year, beginning Sept. 25.) Tel. Endicott 5639. 311 W. 53rd St., New York City

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY for Boys

Conducted by the Marist Brothers
Admits Boarders—Day Boarders—Day Students. High School—Grammar—Primary. Latin, French, Spanish, Physical Training. Athletics. Catalog on request. Brother Director, 153 East 76th St., New York City.

MOHEGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Military. Prepares for College, Technical Schools or Business. Classes average 8 pupils. Physical training and athletics with expert supervision. Beautiful lake location. Catalog. Principal, Box 62, Mohegan Lake, Westchester Co., New York.

**THE MANLIUS SCHOOL****"Saint John's"**

A college preparatory school with high academic standards. Military discipline that fosters manliness and integrity. Masters and comrades inspire the highest ideals. A faculty of sympathetic and earnest educators. Graduates in 44 colleges.

Box 98

GENERAL WILLIAM VERBECK, President

Manlius, N. Y.

STONY BROOK SCHOOL
A school for boys Prepares for College Distinctively Christian

Stresses all-round development in a Christian environment. Intensive work under college trained teachers. Small classes. New \$100,000 administration building. Other modern buildings on thirty-five acre campus on the beautiful north shore of Long Island. Indoor and outdoor sports. Catalog. The Principal, Box R, Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y.

**New York Military Academy**

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
1889-1927

A School of Distinction

Where boys are taught self-reliance and self-control.

INFANTRY CADET BAND
CAVALRY R. O. T. C. UNIT

(A visit is cordially invited)

Milton J. Davis D. S. M.
Brigadier-General
Superintendent

Raymond Riordon School

Not merely a private school.

Primary thru College Preparatory.
Fully certified. Limited enrollment. Catalog.
Highland, Ulster County, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL ACADEMY

Founded 1833 Military since 1897

Graduates admitted to colleges without examination. Endowed. 4 modern fireproof buildings. New Gym. and Pool. Senior Upper-House. Separate school for younger boys. For catalog address: the Principals, Box R, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.



James H. Ford Recreation Building

Princeton Preparatory School
J. B. Fine, Headmaster

Preparation for all colleges. Rapid progress. Limited number of pupils and freedom from rigid class organization. Excellent equipment. Special attention to athletics and moral welfare. 54th year. For catalogue address the SECRETARY, Box 6, PRINCETON, N. J.

**DeMotte School**

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT (NEAR N. Y. C.)
Prepares Boys (8 to 16) for any college. Closest supervision & boys' thorough teaching. Complete plant in quiet country environment. Year round sports. Also Summer school.
CATALOG: LAURENCE WASHINGTON DEMOTTE, S. R., HEADMASTER.

REPTON SCHOOL

Meets the requirements of the young boy
For boys 6 to 14. English University Masters. Prepares for best college preparatory schools.
V. Woughley Barrett, Headmaster, Box R, Verrystown, N. Y.

SUMMER SCHOOLS**MT. PLEASANT HALL**

Summer Camp for Boys, 7-16.
Healthful location in beautiful Westchester County, one hour from New York City. Well planned and supervised recreation. Tutoring desired. Low rates.
Wm. F. Carrey, Director, Box R, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

LEYDON TUTORING SCHOOL

At Hanover, N. H. Summer session only, Aug. 1-Sept. 15. College preparation; special training for fall examinations. School delinquencies made up. Individual instruction by experienced teachers. Unique organization; not a camp. Inspiring atmosphere of college town. Opportunities for recreation. For folder, address (ill Aug. 1): F. B. Aldrich, Acting Director, 124 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

MAPLEWOOD near Phila.

64th year
Camp for young boys. Also all year round school. All sports, horseback rides, hikes, radio broadcasting, manual training. Good table. Tutoring.
J. C. Shortridge, A. B. Harvard, Director, Box 37, Chester Heights, Del. Co., Pa.

The young boys' school—7 to 15. Modified military training and discipline, just enough to inculcate habits of obedience,

FREEHOLD MILITARY SCHOOL

orderliness, cleanliness and self-reliance. The school with the personal touch. 42 miles from New York, 66 miles from Philadelphia. For catalog, address MAJOR CHAS. M. DUNCAN Box 818 Freehold, N. J.

COOK ACADEMY

A boys' school in the beautiful Finger Lake Region. Under Christian influence. Boys successful in 29 colleges. All athletics. 54th year. For catalog address PRINCIPAL Box R, Mantau Falls, New York.

IRVING SCHOOL for Boys

Successful preparation for college or business. All athletics. Winter sports. Upper and lower schools. Seventy-five minutes from N. Y. C. Catalog. J. R. Ryan, Box R, Monroe, N. Y.

KYLE SCHOOL

For 50 boys 6 to 16. Beautiful location, 22 miles from New York. 25th year. "Your school looks so homelike"—visitors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills.
DR. PAUL KYLE
Box 98, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

St John's School

For mostly boys. Modified military for orderly habits, mental alertness, physical training. College Prep., or Business. Individual instruction. (Gym, Pool, Athletics). Separate school for boys under 11. For catalog address WILLIAM ADDISON RANNEY, A. M., PRINCIPAL OSSINING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATESFRANKLIN AND MARSHALL
ACADEMY

A Widely Recognized,
Moderately Priced
Preparatory School.

1200 Boys prepared for college in last 30 years.

Wholesome school life and sports.

Unusual Equipment and Location. Experienced Masters. Full program of athletics, Junior School.

Catalog on request

E. M. Hartman, Ph.D., Principal, Box 420, Lancaster, Pa.

PERKIOMEN



FOR THE BOY WHO WANTS TO MAKE GOOD

Splendid Record of Graduates in College, Technical Schools and Life Occupations.

Extensive Campus and Equipment.

Gymnasium, Athletic Field, All Sports.

Wholesome Influence, Good Business Courses.

Moderate Rates

Separate Junior School with Home Care.

Illustrated Catalog on Request

OSCAR S. KRIEBEL, D.D., Principal

Box 129, Pennsburg, Pa.

An Episcopal School in the Blue Ridge foothills, near Baltimore and Washington.



DONALDSON

For Boys 10-18 years.

Preparation for all Colleges

High scholastic standing. 180 acres. Supervised athletics. New fireproof dormitory ready for fall. Reservations now being made.

Separate house for younger boys.

For new illustrated catalog address:

T. N. Denslow, B.A., Headmaster

Box 35,

Ilchester, Md.

SEVERN SCHOOL

A country boarding school for boys. Ideal location on Severn River near Annapolis. Prepares for College, West Point and Annapolis. Exceptionally thorough work given and demanded. Students taught how to study. Water sports and all athletics. Boarding students. Limited to fifty. Catalog.

Roland M. Tool, Ph.D., Principal, Severn Park, Md.

SWARTHMORE

College Preparation for Boys

An old School under New Management. Suburban to Philadelphia. Gymnasium, Pool, Track, Junior School. Write for catalog.

Edward R. Robbins, Head Master, Box 18, Swarthmore, Pa.

Trinity House School for Boys

Home School for small group of young boys preparing for secondary schools. Individual attention. In the beautiful Whitehall Valley near Philadelphia. Booklet on request.

W. Filler Lutz, M.A., Trinity House, Ambler, Pa.

KEYSTONE ACADEMY

1868 Thorough College Preparation. Small classes. Experienced men teachers. Wholesome School Atmosphere. Twenty acre campus in mountainous region near Berwyn. Coached athletic teams for all boys. Junior School offering 6th to 12th grade work. Address:

Curtis E. Coe, Principal, Box C, Factoryville, Pa.

CARSON LONG

How to learn, how to labor, how to live.

A Military School, 8th Grade to College. In the mountainous region between New York and Pittsburgh. Individual instruction. Enjoying now its greatest year. Box 10, New Bloomfield, Pa.

CHESTNUT HILL

A College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. In the open hill country, 11 Miles North of Philadelphia.

Complete equipment. Senior and Junior Schools.

T. R. HYDE, M.A. (Vale), Headmaster, Box R, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

WHAT About Your Boy?

Is he attending the very best school for him? That question should make you think. If you're in doubt, write for the "Kiski Plan." Write Dr. A. W. Wilson, Pres., Box 824, Gettysburg, Pa.

KISKIMINETAS SCHOOL FOR BOYS

GETTYSBURG ACADEMY

A school for 110 boys. Modern, homelike. Beautiful and healthful location near mountains. All athletics and sports. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Junior dormitory. \$475 to \$575. 101st year. Catalog.

Dr. C. H. Huber, Headmaster, Box K, Gettysburg, Pa.

BELLEFONTE ACADEMY

122nd year. Amidst hunting grounds and fishing streams. 11 teachers for 100 select boys. Champion athletic teams. Tennis, polo track. Golf links available. Concrete pool and skating pond. Catalog.

JAMES R. BUGHES, A.M., Principal '95, Headmaster, Box R, Bellefonte, Pa.

When You Are In New York

Let us welcome you to our School Department office in the Graybar Building, with an entrance right from the G and Central Terminal. A College Graduate is in charge who will gladly give you information on any school or type of school in the United States. The service is free for all who are interested in schools for themselves or their children. Our offices have long been the meeting place for parents, boys and girls and school heads and we mention it now because we have found that some of our readers and school friends do not know of this service.

If you are not contemplating a visit to New York and have some school problem to solve, we shall be glad to help you by letter. Write us full details as to age and previous education of boy or girl, type of school, location and amount of tuition so that our recommendation may be fully helpful. Address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

NAZARETH HALL

A Famous Old Military Academy, founded in 1743

Excellent Equipment. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Athletic Fields. Coached Athletics, Military Drill. Week in Camp in June.

Preparation for College and Business. Personal attention from experienced masters. Separate Junior School. Moderate rates.

Country location accessible from New York and Philadelphia

Address: Rev. A. D. Thaeler, D.D., Headmaster,

Box 90, Nazareth, Pa.

HARRISBURG ACADEMY 144th YEAR

Prepares for all colleges; experienced teachers; small classes; ideal location; new plant including Junior, Middler and Senior Depts. Sixteen acre campus, fine playing fields and courts.

Arthur E. Brown, Headmaster
Box R, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Oratory School

A Select School for Boys

Conducted by the Oratorian Fathers.

Lower and Upper School.

Apply to Headmaster, Dept. R, Summit, N. J.

The MOHONK SCHOOL

A boarding school for boys from 10 years to College age. College Preparatory, Technical and Business Courses. Health and Outdoor life stressed. For catalog address Jerome F. Kidder, Box R, Mohonk Lake, New York

WESTCHESTER MILITARY ACADEMY

Overlooking the Hudson River at a high elevation. Large Campus, all sports. Academic, preparatory and business courses. Excellent staff. Tuition moderate.

Box R JAMES NELSON McLUKE, Headmaster

Peekskill-on-Hudson New York

KOHUT

A Boarding School for boys, emphasizing character building, sound scholarship, physical development. 26th year. On Post Road, 22 miles from N. Y. City. Address H. J. Kugel, Prin., Harrison (Westchester Co.), New York.

The SWAVELY School for Boys



Twenty-five years of successful preparation of boys for college. Accredited. Our faculty is trained in the educational trend of the times. Small classes. One hour from Washington in historical section of Virginia. 65-acre campus. Horseback riding. Athletics that develop spirit of fair play and sportsmanship. Write for catalog.

E. Swavely, Headmaster, Box 57-R, Manassas, Va.

TOME A National Preparatory School

Over 200 Boys. Ideally located on the highlands overlooking the Susquehanna River, between Philadelphia and Baltimore.

One of the best equipped school estates in the country. Every facility for school work and recreation.

Supervised Athletics: Track, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Football, Baseball.

For catalog address: MURRAY P. BRUSH, Ph. D., Box 60, PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

A special technical school with concise but comprehensive course in Electrical Engineering designed to be completed in ONE COLLEGE YEAR. Non-essentials eliminated. Thorough knowledge of underlying principles emphasized. Theory and practice are closely interwoven in class-room and laboratory.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING



The course is designed for earnest, ambitious young men of limited time and means. Curriculum includes mathematics, mechanical drawing and intensive shop work. Students construct motors, install wiring, test electrical machines. Graduates are qualified to enter the electrical field at once.

Bliss men hold responsible positions throughout the world. Thoroughly equipped fireproof dormitories, dining hall, laboratories and shops. Prepare for your profession in the most interesting city in the world. School established 1893. Catalog on request. Address

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 208 Takoma Avenue

Washington, D. C.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SOUTHERN STATES

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

STAUNTON
MILITARY
ACADEMY

Boys from 44 States last session. One of the most distinguished schools in America. Boys from 12 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Separate building and special teachers for younger boys. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy sixty-seven years old. Complete plant, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Catalog free. Address

COL. THOS. H. RUSSELL, B.S., President
Box R, Cable Station, Staunton, Va.

Coral Gables MILITARY ACADEMY

Avoid the risk of harsh climate by choosing a high standard preparatory school where it is always June. All grades. Open-air sports. Box R, Coral Gables, Miami, Fla. J. R. Williams, Pres.

418

Schools which present their announcements in this August School Section. This is the most comprehensive and inclusive directory any magazine has ever been privileged to offer its readers. The number and variety represented is your assurance of finding a school or schools to meet practically every educational requirement.

The index printed below will help you find the school you are seeking. If you need assistance, the staff of our Department of Education will gladly help you without charge or obligation. We have visited schools in every part of the country and can furnish you with first-hand information. A call or a letter will be equally welcome. In writing us please give age, previous education, and religious affiliation of the boy or girl, type of school and location desired and approximate expenditure for board and tuition and address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Type of School	Pages	Type of School	Pages
Girls		Domestic Science	8
(Geographically arranged)	8-14	Dramatic Art	25-26
Backward Children	15	Universities	24
Boys		Engineering	23
(Geographically arranged)	16-24	Expression	25
Co-Educational	14-15	Foreign Schools	16
Young Children	14	Kindergartening	27
College Cruise	16	Laboratory Technique	26
Art	26	Mining	28
Business Schools	24	Music	25-26
Costume Design	28	Nursing	25-26
Dancing	25-26	Photography	27
Dentistry	27-28	Physical Educ'n	27
		Secretaryship	28, 24
		Social Work	27
		Stage Craft	25-26
		Summer Schools	17
		Miscellaneous	28

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.



LEADERSHIP

Your sons will be the leaders of the next generation. You must give them now, during their school days, the training that will make them strong, courageous and self-reliant leaders.

They should be strong to inspire loyalty and hold allegiance; courageous to meet and solve new problems in a changing world; self-reliant so that others may rely on them.

There is no better place for them to acquire these qualities than in a good military school where courage and loyalty are part of the creed of daily living, where ability to command is rooted in respect for authority and where the clear-cut and well-ordered regime develops straight thinking, a sense of organization and the confidence in self which is essential to successful leadership.

Published by

The Association of Military Colleges and Schools
of the United States

National Headquarters, 14 Stone Street, New York City

SOUTHERN STATES

MILITARY HARGRAVE ACADEMY

Not conducted for profit. Prepares for college and business life. Commercial courses. Junior Dept. for boys 10 to 14. Strong faculty. Splendid athletic equipment. Catalog. A. H. CAMDEN, A.S., Pres., Box R, Chatham, Va.

MASSANUTTEN

College preparatory for mainly boys. Small classes. Modified military training. In the Shenandoah Valley near Washington. Wholesome instruction. All athletics. For catalog address
Dr. Howard J. Benschoff, Headmaster, Box 45, Woodstock, Va.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

10th Year. Healthful Virginia location. 50 miles from Richmond. Prepares for college or business, with military training. Strong faculty of Christian ministers. New fireproof buildings. Aided and inspected by War Dept. R. O. T. C. All athletics. Catalog. Address
Col. N. J. Perkins, President, Box R, Fork Union, Va.

RANDOLPH-MACON
ACADEMY

A TRAINING school which teaches the boy to think consecutively and to lay a proper foundation for his life work. College preparation under the most wholesome influences. In the mountains. Perfectly appointed buildings. Liberal endowment permits unusually low rate. Randolph-Macon boys succeed—over 700 graduates of this school have received full college degrees or entered professions in the past 30 years. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. Sports. For catalog address
Col. Wm. R. Phelps, Principal, Box R, Bedford, Va.

DANVILLE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A preparatory school training for citizenship. Accredited. Military training. Fixed rate. In the Piedmont section. Catalog. Col. W. M. Kemper, Supt., Box R, Danville, Va.

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY

An accredited school preparing for leading colleges and universities. Perfect health record for 18 years. All branches of athletics. Member A.M.A. Military Schools and Colleges of U. S. Catalog. Address
Superintendent, Box R, Green Cove Springs, Florida.

FISHBURNE

Military School

LOCATED IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. 4th year, \$250.00. Fireproof equipment. THOROUGH PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE OR BUSINESS. The military training inculcates in the boy habits of self-restraint, respect, obedience, and later, command. Experienced instructors for every ten boys. Graduates enter leading colleges.

All sports. Swimmingpool. Ample recreation grounds. All boys are expertly coached. R. O. T. C. under War Dept. CATALOG. COLONEL MORGAN H. HUGGINS. BOX R, WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
SOUTHERN STATES

MILITARY GREENBRIER SCHOOL

115th Year
A HISTORIC SCHOOL IN THE "OLD VIRGINIA" TOWN OF LEWISBURG.
Healthful, mountain location (2300 ft.). The junction point of three National and State Auto roads. Near the Greenbrier White Sulphur and Virginia Hot Springs. C. & O. Railway. New, modern, fire-proof plant. Character building and sound Scholarship emphasized. **SYSTEM OF REWARDS IN DISCIPLINE AND FOR SUPERIOR WORK AROUSES AMBITION AND HENCE DEVELOPS HIGH-MINDED MANLY BOYS.** All Athletics. Every cadet in some athletic sport. Strong School Teams. Expertly Coached. Moderate rate.
FIVE COURSES lead to diploma, including business. Graduates admitted to colleges without examinations. Lower school. Supervised study-hall, sympathetic, experienced instructors. Spelling and penmanship required. **Nation-wide patronage.** Ages 8 to 20 years.
A year of post-graduate collegiate work, also advanced work for boys not going to college.
21 years under present management. R. O. T. C. Unit. Numbers limited to 300. Early application advised. Address
COL. H. B. MOORE, Supt.,
Box 11, Lewisburg, W. Va.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

Front Royal, Va. Military Training

The 1927-28 session of our school will open in new, modern, fire-proof buildings of the finest type.

A close study of the boy's peculiarities—his temperament—his ability—and his ambition enables Randolph-Macon to prepare him for his place in life.

Thorough preparation for college or scientific school. Intellectual and moral development combined with military training fit the boy for the needs of the time. Fine new gymnasium. Swimming pool. Summer Camp. 33rd session begins Sept. 20, 1927. A branch of the Randolph-Macon system. Write for catalog.

CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal
Box 425 Front Royal, Va.



An Historic School in an Historic City

PORTER ACADEMY

1867—1927

A Boarding School for Boys. Ideal winter climate. Prepares for the leading colleges. The military feature will be discontinued in order to raise scholastic standards and give boys more time for study and recreation. Send for catalogue.

Wm. S. Gaud, A.M., Rector, Charleston, S. C.

Gulf Coast Military Academy

Right on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Genial sunshine, salt breezes. Healthful and invigorating climate. Up-to-date equipment, high-class faculty of college graduates. Graduates accredited Eastern Colleges, West Point and Annapolis. Athletics, water sports, outdoor activities every day. Military discipline. Junior Unit R.O.T.C. Nonsectarian. Two departments—Junior, 7 to 14; Senior, 14 years and over. Open year-round. Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of U.S. Write for catalog. Gulf Coast Military Academy, Route 6, Gulfport, Miss.

Send Us The Boy And We Will Return You The MAN.

TUPELO MILITARY INSTITUTE

A select preparatory school in the hills of Northern Mississippi. Modern courses of study. Individual attention and ideal home environment. Junior department. Swimming pool, gymnasium, all athletics. Terms Moderate. Address **Gen. W. Chapman, A.M., Ph.D., Box 53, Tupelo, Miss.**

Enroll Now

In the school you wish to enter this fall. It is disappointing to be rejected by the school you have selected, merely because its application list is closed. Avoid this by enrolling now.

If you are having difficulty in selecting a school, our Department of Education will be glad to give you its assistance. Write at once, giving full details. Enclose stamped return envelope to

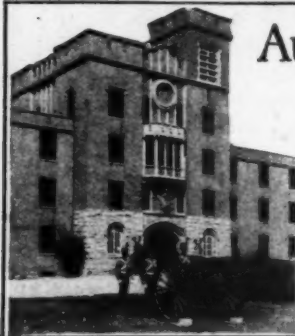
The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Augusta Military Academy

A college preparatory school for ambitious boys. The military training serves the purpose of developing self-reliance, virility and accuracy. Located in the proverbially healthful and beautiful Shenandoah Valley—1300 feet above sea level. Small classes under experienced teachers. Campus of 300 acres. Supervised athletics, 6 coaches. Enrollment from 23 states and 5 foreign countries. Professor of Military Science and Tactics detailed by the War Department supervises the R. O. T. C. 61st year. Catalog.

Col. T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Principals
Fort Defiance Virginia

Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States



LEE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

1600 acres in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, 15 miles from Asheville. Outdoor play the year round. College preparatory and courses fitting for business life. Understanding masters seek out each boy's talent. Beautiful, modern buildings. Gymnasium, swimming, all athletics. Catalogue and views on request. Headmaster, Box 1, Blue Ridge, N. C.

FLORIDA JUNIOR MILITARY ACADEMY

Only military school for small boys in Southeast. Ages 6 to 15. Excellent equipment. All outside rooms with private bath. Perfect health record. Supervised athletics. Catalog. Address Superintendent, Box D, Green Cove Springs, Florida.

BLUE RIDGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In picturesque "Land of the Sky." Accredited college preparatory school. Approved methods, experienced faculty. Junior Dept. Christian influences. Personal attention. **J. R. Sandifer, Headmaster,** Box 11, Hendersonville, N. C.

The Collegiate Institute

An old established school for boys; a 4 year preparatory course and two years of Junior College work. Military training. Est. 1904. Rate \$600. Address

S. F. McAllister, A.M., Principal, Box 11, Pleasant, N. C.

STUYVESANT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

College Preparation. Small Classes. Athletics. Fox Hunting. Week-end Camp. Write for Illustrated Catalog. **Edwin B. King, Headmaster,** Warrington, Va.

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY
NEAR ATLANTA

[Highly Rated by U.S. War Department]

Member Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the U. S. National Patronage. Near Atlanta the South's Historic, Educational, Industrial center, in Blue Ridge foothills about 1100 feet elevation, salubrious climate, mild winters. Classical, Engineering, Commercial courses. Graduates certificated to National Academies and Colleges. R. O. T. C. under U. S. Army Officers. Junior dept. for boys 9 to 13. Excellent fare, modern buildings. Special tutorial system, small classes. Spacious drill and athletic grounds. Military and Athletics wisely planned. Band and orchestra. One of the largest gyms in any American prep school with corrective exercises. Moderate charges.

For catalogues address **The President of G. M. A., Collette Park, Ga.**

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
SOUTHERN STATES**Branham & Hughes**
Military Academy**BUILDERS
of MEN for 34 years**

34 years of experience in training boys in moral and physical health and scholarship. Modern, complete equipment. R.O.T.C. under U. S. Army officers. Junior school in separate building. 70 acre campus with lake and golf course. 30 miles south of Nashville. For catalog, address:

COL. W. O. BATTS, Superintendent
Box E Spring Hill, Tenn.

Columbia
IN THE HEART OF DIXIE
Military Academy
and YOUR BOY

If you would have him trained and educated by skilled men in a school that builds strong characters and healthy bodies, send him to Columbia Military Academy.

PREPARES FOR COLLEGE, WEST POINT or ANNAPOLIS on CERTIFICATE

A faculty of college trained men. 67 acre campus, nine stone and brick buildings. All sports - golf and swimming pool. R.O.T.C. unit under army officers. For catalogue write BOX 604, COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE

KENTUCKY
MILITARY INSTITUTE

The Oldest Private Military School in America

Classical, scientific and commercial courses. A large percentage of our cadets prepare for college. College entrance standards. Military discipline employed as the finest method of preparing for the university and for life. A special study is made of each cadet. Supervised athletics for every boy. Junior R. O. T. C. unit. 11 miles from Louisville. Beautiful, modern, fire-proof buildings. References required. Write for catalog. Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Box R, Lynden, Ky.

MASSIE SCHOOL

Enrollment limited to 75 boys. Accredited by Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Course of study prescribed by College Entrance Examination Board.
R. K. Massie, Jr., M.A., Headmaster
Box 476, Vandalia, Kentucky

**College Entrance Board
Examinations**

We know the schools that are specializing in successful preparation for these examinations and will be glad to help you in selecting the best in any section of the country. Give essential facts and address:

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

RIVERSIDE

A military academy of the highest standards, with 400 cadets from 31 states. Located 50 miles north of Atlanta, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, 1400 feet above sea level.

THOROUGH preparation for Universities, Government Academies or Business. Strong faculty of experienced educators; small classes; close personal supervision; parental discipline; corrective gymnastics.

Junior unit R. O. T. C. directed by regular army officers.

Also the most modern and complete Junior School in the South for boys 10 to 14 years of age, with separate barracks, dining-room and class-rooms.

Campus in midst of 2,000 acres of forest park; large athletic fields; championship athletic teams; lake 300 feet wide and two miles long; boating; swimming; fishing; hunting; mountain-climbing; beautiful golf course; largest gymnasium in the South. Flat rate of \$944.00 covers every possible expense, including board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books, and a weekly spending allowance.

For catalogue, address

Colonel Sandy Beaver, President, Box R, Gainesville, Ga.
(Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the U. S.)

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY ACADEMY
*A school of distinction
and discriminating
patronage*



The South's most splendidly equipped school for boys. In historic town, 30 miles from Nashville, free from city distractions. Prepares for all colleges and universities. Junior R.O.T.C. All athletic facilities. Member Southern Ass'n Colleges and Secondary Schools. Also Am'n Military Schools and Colleges of U.S. Catalogue.

Supt., Lebanon, Tenn.

DARLINGTON

School
for Boys

Christian preparatory school, not run for profit. Day and boarding. Resident teacher for every 8 boarders. Intimate association. Fire-proof buildings. Supervised athletics. Non-military. Catalogue.
C. R. Wilcox, M.A., Pres., Box R, Rome, Georgia.

SEWANE
Military Academy

Aim—An Active Mind,
Sound Body, Clean Morals.

A college preparatory school with military discipline. Small classes make possible individual development. The school is situated in the Cumberland mountain region known the world over for unexcelled climate. An ideal boys' world of 10,000 acres of exploring and camping country. Coaches for all athletics. Catalogue. Box R, Sewanee, Tenn.

**JUNIOR**
MILITARY ACADEMY

Ages 5 to 14

Making Men of Small Boys

Open 12 months in year. On the Cumberland plateau, 83 miles east of Nashville, 1200 feet elevation. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Military training adapted to young boy needs—inculcates order, promptitude, obedience, manly bearing. Man-making sports. Enrollment limited to 100. Teacher for every eight boys. Supervised night-study period. Modern conveniences, mineral spring water, country environment. Real home-life for tiny boys in separate dormitory. Rates moderate. Write for catalog and particulars. Maj. Roy DeBerry, Headmaster; Col. L. L. Rice, President. Box R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

**MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE**

In the heart of the Bluegrass. 35th year. A fully accredited school preparing for college or life. Small classes. Thorough instruction. Excellent athletic coaches. Moderate rates. Catalogue address
Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 427, Millersburg, Ky.

ALABAMA
MILITARY INSTITUTE

The School with a Purpose

AN ENDOWED school that develops each individual boy; that places the welfare of the boy above any preconceived system. Located in one of the most cultured and charming towns in the south. 1050 feet above sea level. Modernly equipped and fully accredited. Distinctly Christian. For information address
COL. E. B. FISHBURNE, Superintendent
Box 246 Anniston, Ala.

**TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE**

A school distinguished by the record of its graduates in college—a distinction its undergraduates strive to maintain. Stimulates

good students to their best endeavors and ordinary students to higher and better achievement.

The T. M. I. graduate comes out clean morally, robust physically, alert mentally, and trained to habits of study and work which practically guarantee his success in college and in later life.

In healthful highlands of East Tennessee. Mild climate. Year-round outdoor drills and sports. Gymnasium, swimming pool, cinder track. All athletics. Unit R. O. T. C. 24th year. Satisfied patrons in 44 states.

For catalog address

COL. C. R. ENDSLEY, Superintendent, Box 182, Sweetwater, Tennessee

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
WESTERN STATES

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY, Non-Military

70th year

Governed by
Influential
Board of
TrusteesRecitation
Building

College Preparatory for Boys

DISTINCTIVELY EDUCATIONAL—College preparation as thorough as can be found East or West. Diploma admits without examinations to ALL certificate universities. Successful preparation for entrance examinations of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. *Individual attention.*

HONOR IDEALS—Only boys of good character accepted; clean living and training in character fundamental in the school life. Genuine co-operation and real friendship between faculty and boys fostered by Student Council—*non-military regime* and traditional spirit.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY LOCATION on Lake Michigan, one hour north of Chicago. Modern buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool and facilities for ALL athletics. *Expert coaches. Physical training for all.*

Endowed—not maintained for profit. Request CATALOG of: JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster, Box 156, Lake Forest, Illinois.



MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee

BACK of everything at Culver stands the Culver spirit, back of the magnificent dormitories and study halls, the gymnasium, the riding hall; back of the athletic fields, the lake, the rustling woods. It's not something to see or touch—but it's part of every one of Culver's seven hundred cadets.

It penetrates every boy's soul and molds him into a well-dressed, clean-minded, fine-bodied Culver cadet. It becomes part of his character. It gives him keenness for study; love of fair play; respect for authority; generosity to his associates; initiative for action; uprightness through life.

In the beautifully illustrated literature are detailed the exceptional scholastic, athletic, military and social activities of Culver cadets. And you will find more—much more—if you sense the Culver spirit in back of it all. Address

The Dean's Office, Culver, Indiana

WENTWORTH
MILITARY ACADEMY

No TIME wasted here. From reveille to taps every hour in the day is utilized in interesting work or valuable recreation. A strong, substantial and reliable school with 47 years of service in training American youth. Located in the beautiful and historic town of Lexington, on the bluffs of the Missouri River, 43 miles from Kansas City.

Junior and Senior High Schools (7th to 12th grades). Junior College (2 years) accredited.

The oldest military school west of the Mississippi River. 50-acre campus. All athletics planned to develop every student. Indoor swimming pool with heated and filtered water. For the boy with musical talent, band, orchestra and glee club. Government supervision. R. O. T. C. Write for catalogue.

COL. SANDFORD SELLERS, President
Box R Lexington, Missouri
Member Ass'n of Military Schools and Colleges of U. S.

HOWE

A Clean Mind in a Sound Body

Every Boy Reaches Every Lesson Every Day

Planned for thorough college preparation in an atmosphere of honor, scholarship and Christian ideals. Military training, 40-acre campus and nearby lakes afford every opportunity for a beneficial outdoor life and all athletics. Separate school for smaller boys in new building especially designed for this purpose. Summer school. Rev. Charles Herbert Young, S.T.D., Rector. For illustrated catalog and additional information address

The Business Office, Howe, Indiana



KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

A SCHOOL for the making of virile, aggressive men. Kemper instills into its sons the spirit to go forth and win. Its boys are taught to be neat, alert, clear thinking, resourceful and self-reliant. Qualities of leadership are the ripe fruits of the Kemper system. Kemper offers High School and Junior College courses. The discipline and physical development of its thorough military training are an asset to graduates all through life. One of the largest and finest gymnasiums in the U. S. Unsurpassed facilities for indoor and outdoor sports. Write for catalog.

COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supr.

754 Third St., Boonville, Mo.



Boys taught "How-to-Study"

"Western" emphasizes teaching boys "how to study." Extra help periods, small classes, daily study supervision. The result is a boy learns more in a term—and learns it thoroughly. Graduates enter College without examination, and enter life with superior habits and character. "Business Course" included.

49th year. Ages: 12 to 20. Fireproof buildings; modern Gymnasium and pool—all located in the hills near Alton. R. O. T. C. The Military Department and all athletics, including Riding, insure a proper physical foundation and teach boys leadership. "For the HONOR of the Corps"—builds Character. Early application necessary. CATALOG—address: The President, Box R,

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY
ALTON, ILL.



MISSOURI

MILITARY ACADEMY

For Boys from 8 to 20 years of age.
Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

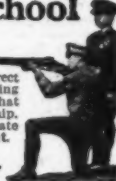
Affectionately known as M. M. A. Builds a clean mind in a sound body, and develops initiative and individualism. "Big Brother Plan" of government gives close personal touch between cadets and instructors, encouraging friendships. Privilege system insures a contented student body and enthusiastic school spirit. R. O. T. C. unit with Army Officers. Directed Athletics, reaching every cadet. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Separate Lower School for younger boys. Faculty and equipment exceptional. Capacity taxed annually. Early enrollment necessary. Catalog. Address

COL. E. Y. BURTON, President
Box 124 Mexico, Mo.

ILLINOIS
Military School

From reveille to taps—school days of earnest study and healthful outdoor sports. Prepare for college and gain a manly, erect bearing through a military training under real leaders. Strong teams that instill the spirit of true sportsmanship. Special courses for young boys. Rates \$650. Junior College Department. For catalog address

Col. Clyde R. Terry, President,
Box 13, Alton, Illinois.

MORGAN PARK
MILITARY ACADEMY

EACH boy at Morgan Park is given individual guidance by outstanding teachers. He lives with wholesome companions in modern buildings on a 20-acre campus in a suburban Beverly Hills. He receives thorough preparation for college and technical schools. His character and physique are developed by supervised athletics. Separate Lower School. 54th year. Summer Camp in Michigan. Catalog. Col. H. D. Abells, Box 1827, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.



DAKOTAH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A school in the country for boys under 15 where each boy receives the sympathetic care of college-trained teachers. Dakota boys enjoy the advantages of a well-regulated home and are always happy in their work and play. Healthful location 100 miles northwest of Chicago. Rates \$600 to \$650. For catalog address

Mr. H. K. Baltzer, Box 116
Dakota School for Boys, Dakota, Ill.

Of Interest to Parents

Guide to Private Schools

A Personal Service for Parents

This booklet will be sent free to our readers. Address

Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

429 Lexington Avenue New York City

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN
WESTERN STATES**Northwestern Military and Naval Academy**

70 miles from Chicago. An Endowed College Preparatory School and Junior College. Its distinctive advantages will interest discriminating parents and appeal to the tireless American boy who enjoys athletics, outdoor life, etc. Beautiful, new, modern buildings with every known improvement in heating, lighting, sanitation, etc. Fireproof. A visit to the school while in session is necessary to appreciate its superior location, equipment and student spirit. Catalog and information on request.

COL. R. F. DAVIDSON, Superintendent
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

**Shattuck School**

A college preparatory school with a record for sound scholarship, many character and high ideals.

Military training under experts detailed by U. S. War Dept. All athletics under 8 coaches—16 buildings, 340 acres. Business course, 67th year. Summer School. Catalog. Address: C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box R, Faribault, Minn.

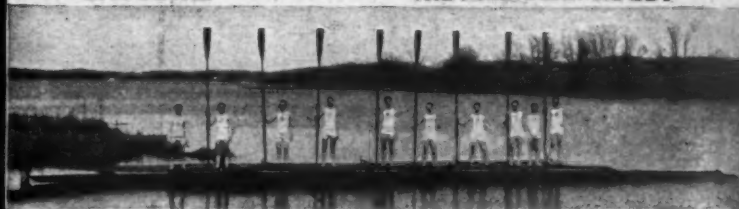
PILLSBURY ACADEMY

An endowed military school for boys. 80% of graduates go to college. Individual instruction. Supervised dormitories, 18 acres of well-kept lawn and noble shade trees. 7 buildings. Unusual facilities for athletics, including swimming, tennis, track and field sports. Rate \$700, 51st year. For illustrated catalog address: MILO B. PRICE, Ph.D., Principal, Box 397-C, Owatonna, Minn.

**Maine to California**

The Department of Education of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for a number of years has devoted the time of its college trained staff to visiting and reporting upon Private Residential Schools throughout the country from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. We have data on good schools of every type for every type of pupil. We are glad to assist our readers, without charge, in the selection of a school. If you do not find a school which seems to meet your needs among the many investigated schools listed in these pages, write us giving age, previous education, and religious affiliation of the boy or girl, type of school, location and tuition rate desired. Write today to

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Ave., New York City

St. John's Military Academy
EPISCOPAL THE AMERICAN RUGBY

ABOVE is the victorious St. John's crew just after a grilling race. Note their condition. No weakness there. No exhaustion. No faintness.

These lads have benefited by St. John's training. They are sturdy and resilient. They have abounding health and the endurance of iron.

But St. John's training is comprehensive. It develops characters along with sturdy bodies. It is man training, and the lad who places himself in harmony with St. John's methods is equipping himself for success in after-life.

If you want to know more about St. John's methods, and about the forceful and experienced men who administer them, send for catalog.

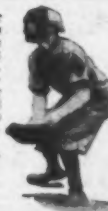
ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY, Box 16-H, Delafield, Waukesha County, Wis.

MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE

Member Association
Military Colleges and Schools of U. S.

GERMANTOWN, OHIO

A SCHOOL where cadets are placed on their honor and are thoroughly prepared for college or equipped for business life. Junior College courses offered. In the valley of the Great Miami River, 14 miles from Dayton. The military training is used as an inspirational form of outdoor exercise. Gym, athletic field, parade ground, 2 baseball diamonds, 2 football fields, and billiard rooms. Social ease developed at school functions. Modern fireproof buildings. School band and orchestra. Catalog. Col. Orson Graff Brown, Pres., Box 273.

**EPWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY**

A Military School giving individual attention. Upper and Lower Schools. Commercial and College Preparatory Courses. We develop morals, intellect and body. Terms moderate. For catalog address: Col. A. S. Watson, Epworth, Iowa.

ELGIN ACADEMY
72nd Year

Begins with first year high school. 90% of graduates enter college. All succeed. Athletics for every boy. Swimming pool. Fine playing fields. Endowment permits \$750 tuition. Address: Karl R. Stouffer, Dean, Box B, Elgin, Ill.

THORPE for BOYS

—5 to 15. "ACCREDITED" ACADEMY. Tutoring without added cost. On Lake—Chicago suburb. Military. Athletics. Character. First. Catalog: Box R, Lake Forest, Ill.

TODD For Young Boys
80th Year

Located in hill country of Illinois. One hour from Chicago. Ideal home and school life. Ask about Camp Towson. Address: Noble Hill, Principal, Woodstock, Illinois.

CARRINGTON HALL

School for boys in the grades. Individual attention; sympathetic encouragement. Best of equipment. Half usual rate. Every boy on some athletic team. Near Chicago. Catalog: Box R, KNOXVILLE, ILL.

ONARGA Military School

ACCREDITED. Trains for character, 4 modernly equipped buildings, 35 miles south of Chicago. Endowed—benches moderate expense. Catalog: COL. J. R. BITTINGER, Supt., Dept. R., ONARGA, ILL.

New Mexico Military Institute
In the Sunshine State

A school of distinction offering exceptional High School and Junior College work under the most favorable conditions. Balanced program of academic, military and physical training. All sports, including polo and swimming. R. O. T. C. Altitude 3700 feet. Outdoor life the year round. Bracing air, dry climate. A cavalry school. Every boy rides. Moderate rates.

COL. D. C. PEARSON, Supt., Box S, Roswell, New Mexico

**OHIO Military Institute**

Organization—94th year. College preparatory and academic. Small classes. Lower school for younger boys. Athletics—Gymnasium, Swimming pool. All indoor and outdoor sports. Recreation—Many diversions afforded for entertainment of cadets. Location—Suburban to Cincinnati. Write for catalogue. A. M. HENSHAW, Supt. Box 27, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio

ST. JAMES SCHOOL For boys of 9th year. Episcopal. 120 acre estate—ideal surroundings, perfect care. Limit 60. Individual attention, small classes. Modified military for discipline and physical values. High standards. All sports. Graduates at Shattuck, Andover, etc. National patronage. Few openings available this fall. For color catalog address: F. E. Jenkins, Headmaster, Box C, Faribault, Minn.

Aspen Ranch School

An out-door school in the Rockies near Santa Fe—land of the cliff-dwellers and old Spanish conquerors. Booklet. Address, Prof. N. R. Appleton, M. A., Director, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

The VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL Valley, Wyoming via Cody

Thorough Eastern Preparatory School training combined with supervised Western Ranch outdoor life. Christian. Limited. Catalog. Address: Valley Ranch Eastern Office, 70 East 45th St., New York.


COLORADO UNIVERSITY PARK MILITARY ACADEMY
Denver, Colo.

For many boys of all ages in the healthy, invigorating air of the Rocky Mountains. Outdoor sports all the year round. George H. Newman, M.A., Principal, 1804 St. Columbine St.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

FAR WEST

PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY



A big school for little boys. Page stands in a class by itself as a military school for little boys. Sound training in the essential branches with military training adapted to young boy needs. Parents appreciate the atmosphere of understanding and encouragement. Largest school of its kind in America. Write for the catalog. Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster, 1211 Cochran Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.


SAN RAFAEL MILITARY ACADEMY
California

In delightful Tamalpais region, one hour from San Francisco. A school for boys from 6 years of age. Co-ordinating university-accredited scholarship with a balanced athletic program. Fall term opens Sept. 6th. Distinct Junior-College Department. A. L. STEWART, Superintendent, San Rafael, Calif.

CALIFORNIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL

A boys' school with every climatic advantage and modern, well-appointed buildings. Prepares for universities, East and West. Accredited. Also prepares for business life. General and elective courses. Thoroughness in essentials is stressed. Advantages in music, horsemanship and large outdoor activities. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Junior School, grades 5 to 8. Christian influences. For catalog address C. M. Wood, Supt., Box 9, Covina, Cal.

MORAN



Foremost Preparatory and Junior College of the West! Nationally accredited. Near Seattle. For BOOKLET write Frank G. Moran, M.A., Headmaster, Box R, Moran School, Wash. U.S.A.

PALO ALTO Military Academy
For junior boys. Primary and Grammar grades. Home-like atmosphere. Boys treated as men in the making. Swimming and other sports. Bicycle club. Open 12 months in year. Summer Camp. Col. R. F. Kelly, Supt. Box 506-R, Palo Alto, Cal.

BELMONT SCHOOL for BOYS
Founded, 1888. COLLEGE PREPARATION Especially for the sons of Catholic families. Beautifully situated 21 miles south of San Francisco. Military drill, athletics for all, swimming. For catalog address Reverend John M. Ryan, Head Master, Belmont, Calif.

URBAN MILITARY ACADEMY
The great outdoor school at foot of Hollywood Mountains. Primary thru College Preparation. Corrective Physical Education. Small classes. Million Dollar plant. Swimming Pool. Cavalry. Summer Camp — 24th year. Write Registrar, 637 North Wilcox, Los Angeles, Cal.

Harvard School CALIFORNIA

The leading school for boys on the Pacific Coast. Day and boarding. Prepares for college and business life. Fully accredited. Member R.O.T.C. For catalog and particulars address: Rev. R. H. Gooden, D.D., Headmaster, Box 11.

Pacific Coast Military Academy
Primary and Grammar Grades only—Highest scholastic standing. A select private school for young boys from 5 to 14 years of age. Summer term and camp. Information on request. Major R. W. Park (West Point Graduate) President. Box 611-R At Laurel Court Menlo Park, Calif.

San Diego Army and Navy Academy
"The coming West Point of the West" Univ. of California's highest scholastic rating. Christian influences. Land and water sports all year. Summer Session, July 1-Sept. 1. Catalogue. Address Col. Thos. A. Davis, Box R, Pacific Beach Sta., San Diego, Cal.

WEST COAST MILITARY ACADEMY
Primary and Grammar Grades. Refined homelike atmosphere. Small classes, careful supervision. Riding, swimming and outdoor sports. Summer Camp, 5000 feet above sea level. For catalogue write. Major Douglas Francis, Box 931R, Palo Alto, Calif.

UNIVERSITY VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

Forty-four Miles from Chicago
Sixty-fifth Year Begins Sept. 12
CURRICULA: Arts and Science, Business Administration, Education, Engineering, Home Economics, Law, Music, Pharmacy, Pre-Medical.

Co-Educational
A University dedicated to the best interests of serious students.
Moderate Living Costs
Address Registrar for FREE Catalog
VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY
Dept. D. Valparaiso, Ind.

COMMERCE AND BUSINESS

RIDER COLLEGE
FINANCE AND BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

62 YEARS NATION'S FOREMOST PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL
Intensive courses for college men and graduates of Prep. and High Schools who wish to become expert Accountants (C. P. A.), Commercial Teachers, Managers or Executive Secretaries.
Lecture method supplemented by laboratory practice to develop talents, field, financial and business acumen. Half Million Dollar Equipment.
4-YEAR COLLEGE WORK AND DEGREE EARNED ON A 2-YEAR SCHEDULE
Exceptional conditions for graduates. For 600 catalog WHITE DIRECTOR, RIDER COLLEGE, TRENTON, N. J.



PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
Founded 1853



General Business and Secretarial courses, advertising, salesmanship, accounting, shorthand, typewriting. Co-educational, for students of college and high school grade. Registered, University of the State of New York. Small classes, individual advancement. Graduates in demand.
For catalog address Secretary, 253 Lexington Ave., New York City

BURDETT COLLEGE
BOSTON

Two-Year Business Courses of College Grade

BUSINESS Administration—Accounting—and Salesmanship Courses especially designed for young men. Secretarial and shorter courses intended for young women. All except shorter courses require two years and the content is of the same grade as the usual four-year college course. Actual practice features emphasized. Individual attention and progress. Faculty noted for achievement and personal interest in students. Send for catalog to I. L. Lindabury, Vice President.

GREGG School

Prepares young men and women for stenographic, secretarial, and accounting positions. 28 years unduplicated leadership. Every graduate a leader. Write for Free Book of Facts. Address Gregg School, Dept. R. B., 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

BRYANT STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Special secretarial courses prepare for the positions.
Start in co-operation with...
Bryant & Stratton Business College, Box R, 105 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
Business administration course 72 weeks. Degrees B.C.S. Tuition \$50 for 12 weeks. No other fees. Living cost low. Fall term October 3. Box R-87, Angola, Indiana

The Bentley School

An exceptional school for men who wish to qualify as specialists in accounting and finance. The short cut to an executive position is through the accounting department. This school has a reputation for turning out an exceptional product.

TO BE BENTLEY-TRAINED CARRIES PRESTIGE IN BUSINESS
Men only admitted. High school training or equivalent required. Placement Bureau maintained. No correspondence courses. Excellent dormitory accommodations.
Catalogue sent on request.

THE BENTLEY SCHOOL of ACCOUNTING and FINANCE
The largest school of its kind in the world. 901 Boylston St., Dept. O, Boston, Mass. Harry C. Bentley, C.P.A., President

PEIRCE SCHOOL

College-grade courses for young men and women—Business Administration: Accounting and C. P. A. Preparation. Executive and Stenographic-Secretary. Boarding and day students. Proper cultural environment. Write for 63rd Year Book. FINE ST., WEST OF BROAD, PHILA., PA

Pace Institute

Day and Evening Professional School of Accountancy, Business Administration, and Secretarial Practice. Weekly field studies of New York Business organizations. Provides intensive technical training for Accountancy (C.P.A. Examinations) and for Engineers. For Bulletin & copy to Registrar, 30 Church Street, New York.

BRYANT-STRATTON COLLEGE of BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION-PROVIDENCE

Famous Educational Center at the Southern Gateway of New England. Courses: Managerial, Higher Accounting, C. P. A., Secretarial, Teacher Training. All lead to State Authorized Degrees in 2 years with full credit hours of 4-year college course.
A Real Opportunity for Young Men and Women Who Want to Make Good.
Moderate tuition, new frequent building, supervised boarding houses, rich varied time, 50,000 alumni, 6th year. Now preferred position annually. Special Elective and Honorary Diploma Courses. Write today for catalog and booklet "College Degree in Business."
BRYANT-STRATTON COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, BOX R, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BROWN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
Prepares for Private Secretarial positions. Places graduates after 3-9 months training. Individual attention and actual experience given each student before graduation. John J. Brown, LL.M., Director, 28 West 48th St., New York

United States Secretarial School
627 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Secretarial & Business Training. Ask for Catalog R. Vanderbilt 2474
Irving Edgar Chas. Director

BALLARD SCHOOL
Register Now For SECRETARIAL COURSE
Established 54 years
610 Lex. Ave. at 53rd St. N.Y.C., Central Branch T.W.C.A.

UNIVERSITY TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
PHILADELPHIA

Courses of Liberal Arts and Science: Teachers College; School of Commerce; Professional Courses in Theology, Law, Dentistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, Chiropractic and Music. Training School for Nurses, with degree; special courses for School and Health work. Positions earned for those who wish to earn as they learn. Write for catalog stating course desired. Address Dept. E.

OLD COLONY SCHOOL
Secretarial and Business Training for Young Women
One-year course. Resident and day students. Principals, Florence H. LaMoreaux, A.B., Mrs. Margaret V. Fowler, 315-317 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL SECRETARIAL & EXECUTIVE
Training for educated women

Resident School in BOSTON
90 Marlboro Street
NEW YORK
247 Park Avenue
PROVIDENCE
155 Angell Street
One-year course includes technical, economic and broad business training, preparing for superior positions.
Two-year course including six college subjects for students not desiring college, but wishing a cultural as well as business education.
Special course for college women. Special class rooms, special instructors and special schedule.

The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS, Pres.

Teachers', Lyceum, Dramatic and Personal Culture Courses. Rolfe A. Talbot, Dean. Private instruction with each course. Advanced courses in English. Graduates eligible to teach in New York State Public Schools. Degrees. Gymnasium, Theatre, Dormitories. Chautauqua and Lyceum Courses under direction of Edward Amherst O'Brien. For past twenty-five years associated with Redpath Lyceum Bureau. One, two and three year courses. Fall term opens September 22nd. Catalog.

115 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N.Y.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting. The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

New Fall Term begins Oct. 26th
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Free Catalogue describing all Courses from Room 177-H, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

ITHACA CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Registered with N. Y. State Board of Regents. All branches of music taught. Master Courses with world-famous artists. Degrees. 12 buildings, including Dormitories, Auditorium, Gym, Studio and Administration Buildings. Year book. Two, three and four year courses. Fall Term, September 22nd. No. 15 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School of the Theatre and Dance

Instruction in all Branches of Theatrical Art

Special Summer Dancing Course July 11 to July 29, 1927.

Six Weeks Dramatic Course beginning July 11

Enrollments Received Now

Motion Picture Acting - Day Classes

Commercial Screen Tests Made

128-130 E. 58th St., New York. Plaza 4524



THE FEAGIN SCHOOL of Dramatic Art

ACTING - DIRECTING - TEACHING - PUBLIC ADDRESS - DEVELOPING PERSONALITY THROUGH TRAINING in Expression, Voice, Diction, Physical Training, French Pantomime, Chorus, Fencing, Masking, Stagecraft, Public Performances. Special Class of 12. 112-114 Carnegie Hall, New York. Circle 1766

INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Frank Damrosch-Director. Endowed. All branches of music. Conducted only for students of real musical ability and serious purpose. Catalogue on request. Dept. K, 120 Claremont Ave., Cor. 122nd St., New York.

Lawrence Conservatory of Music

(A department of Lawrence College)
All branches of Music. Diplomas and Degree of Bachelor of Music awarded. Superior Public School Music Course. Dormitories. Send for Catalogue. Carl J. Waterman, Dean, Box R, Appleton, Wis.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music

All branches, advanced study. 35 specialist teachers. Courses lead to Mus.B. degrees. Cultural and social life of Oberlin College. High School course or equivalent required. Fall semester opens Sept. 20th. Catalogue. Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio.

COSMOPOLITAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

and DRAMATIC ART. School, June 27-July 30. Thorough instruction in Music and Dramatic Art. Public School Music Superior Course. Dormitories. Summer School every year. Send for catalogue. Edwin L. Stephens, Mgr., Dept. R. S., 120th St., Ketchikan Hall Bldg., Chicago.

The Cleveland Institute of Music

Four year course leads to teacher's certificate or diploma. Faculty of nationally known artists. Orchestra School. Public School Music Superior Course. Dormitories. Summer School every year. Send for catalogue. Mrs. Frankie B. Sanders, Director, 2827 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

The Schuster Martin School of the Drama

(Accredited) Training for Stage, Platform and classroom. Full and Special courses, excellent dormitory. Summer School, Lodington, Minn. HELEN SCHUSTER MARTIN, Director. The Little Playhouse, Kemper Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New England Conservatory of Music

George W. Chadwick
Director

Year Opens
September 22, 1927

Boston, Mass.

Established 1867

Pianoforte, Voice, Organ, Violin, Violoncello and all other Orchestral Instruments; Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory, Solfege, Diction, Chorus, Choir Training, Ensemble for Strings, Woodwind and Brass.

Department of Public School Music

A three-year course leading to Conservatory Diploma.

English, Psychology and Educational. Languages

Degrees of Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of School Music, Granted

Operatic Department

Dramatic Department

Orchestra of Eighty-Five

Free Privileges

of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences with orchestral accompaniment.

Dormitories for women students.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

Alviene School of the Theatre

DRAMA, OPERA, MUSIC, STAGE DANCING, Singing, Fine Arts and Photoplay. Developing personality and poise essential for any vocation in life. Alviene Art Theatre and Student Book Co. afford opportunities while learning. Pupils-Loretta Taylor, Mary Pickford, Eugene O'Neill, Annette Kellerman, J. Arnold Daly, Fred and Adele Astaire, Lillian Slaters, Evelyn Law, Mary Nash, Nora Bayne, Taylor Holmes, Lady Biddiscombe, Vivian M. Austin, Gloria Goudie, Blanche, and others. 98 West 58th St., N. Y.

Combs Conservatory

43rd year Accredited Philadelphia All branches of music. Courses for beginners, ambitious amateurs, and professionals. Degrees conferred. Highest artistic standards. Faculty of specialists. Daily supervised practice. Two complete symphony orchestras. Four pupils' recitals a week. Normal training. Public School Music. Six buildings. Dormitories. Gilbert Reynolds Combs, Director, Box R, 1331 S. Broad St.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

N.U. SCHOOL OF SPEECH

Four year course in public speaking, debate, interpretation, dramatics, and prescribed college subjects.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Address Dean of School, Campus Box A-3, Evanston, Ill.

LELAND POWERS

School of the Spoken Word. Vocational Courses. Catalogue. Registrar, 31 Evans Way, Boston.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory

The oldest chartered School of Expression in America. Degrees granted. Public Speaking, Physical Training, English, Dramatic Art, Professional and Finishing Course. Dormitories. For Catalogue, address E. S. SHUMAKER, Phil., Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. 4010-12 Chestnut Street.

NED WAYBURN

who developed Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Glenda Gray and hundreds of other internationally famous stars has complete courses in EVERY Type of Dancing for Stage and Social Affairs. Ballroom - Musical Comedy - Tap and Slog (Clogging) Acrobatic - Exhibition Ballroom. Private Lessons or Classes for Adults or Children. Beginners, Advanced Pupils and Professionals. Write for Illustrated Booklet, Y or call at

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway (Entrance 604 St.) Studio Y. At Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year round 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sundays.

School of the Theatre

THRESHOLD PLAYERS

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR GEORGE ARLINS

WALTER HAMFORD ELSIE FERGUSON

RACHEL CROTHERS FRANK CRAYEN

Students play five times weekly for six months

and receive instruction, hearing, fencing, voice development, pantomime, Shakespeare, playwriting, etc.

Short summer term begins August 22nd.

For catalogue address, "The Director"

PRINCIPAL THEATRE, 104 W. 89th St., NEW YORK CITY

ITHACA INSTITUTION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

2, 3 and 4 Year Courses. Accredited in New York, Penna. and other states. Degrees. Large and prominent Faculty. Dormitories. Band and Orchestra Rehearsals. Summer Sessions. Placement and Continuation Service. Fall Term opens September 22nd. Catalogue.

ALBERT EDMUND BROWN, Dean

302 DeWitt Park Ithaca, N. Y.

N. Y. School of Music & Art

All branches of music and the arts. Dormitory in school building. Students can enter any day. Diplomas conferred. Beautiful new building. Ralph Leach Stewart, Director, 25 West 86th Street, New York, N. Y.

Bush Conservatory CHICAGO

Faculty of 125. The Largest and Most Distinguished American School Offering Courses in

OPERA MUSIC DRAMATIC ART
EXPRESSION SCHOOL MUSIC CLASS PIANO INSTRUCTION
Accredited courses leading to Certificate, Diploma and Degrees.

Scholarships - Symphony Orchestra

Only conservatory in Chicago maintaining extensive dormitories for women and men students

Fall term begins Sept. 12th. Dormitory reservations now. For illustrated catalogue describing this great institution and its many advantages, address R. B. SCHWENKER, Secretary, 839 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO

MUSIC, ART, ORATORY, DRAMATIC ARTS AND DANCING

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

Founded 1867



Concert Hall — Administration Building — Main Dormitory

For catalog address R. T. Howard, Registrar, Highland and Burnet Avenues and Oak Street, Cincinnati.

BERTHA BAUR, President and Director

Burnet C. Tuthill, General Manager

A Complete School of Music

Affiliated with the University of Cincinnati. Faculty of noted artists. Orchestra and Chorus — School of Opera — Drama — Public School Music Course (accredited). Degrees, diplomas and certificates.

Ideal dormitory life on beautiful campus in center of Cincinnati's music and art activities.

Detroit Conservatory of Music

Finest Conservatory in the West
54th Year
Francis L. York, M. A., President
Elizabeth Johnson, Vice-President
Offers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Classic and Ballet Dancing, Oral Interpretation, etc. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and Recitals throughout the year. Excellent Dormitory Accommodations. Teachers' certificates, diplomas and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building, located in the center of most cultural environment.

Fall Term Opens September 12, 1927

For catalog with full information address

JAMES H. BELL, Secretary, Box 9

3035 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Special Summer Courses

Consisting of two weeks course of Public School Music Orchestra; four weeks Public School Music Method; six weeks Piano Normal Method; Women's Dramatics.

Music—Art—Dramatic Art

All Departments open year round. Write for Summer or general catalog.

Address JOHN L. GRUBER, President,

220 West Broadway

Louisville, Ky.

Louisville Conservatory of Music

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART

Illustration, Advertising Art, Magazine, Poster, Cartooning, Fashions, Painting, Lettering, Crafts, Interior Decoration. Thorough individual instruction under noted artists—saves time.

Proper Cultural Environment. Student Residence.

European tours. Summer School. Demand for Graduates.

Catalog—Address Secretary

CHICAGO 230 E. Ohio Street

Detroit's Commercial Art School

Day and evening classes the year round.

Individual instruction in all branches.

Dept. 419 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART

Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wis.

Courses in Painting and Sculpture, Commercial Art, Teacher Training, Interior, Costume, and Industrial Design. Fall Term begins Sept. 26, 1927. For illustrated catalog address

Charlotte R. Partridge, Director

Dept. H. H. 438 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL

"The Oldest Professional Art School in America"

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION — STUDENT SALES BUREAU

Dept. R. G. 116 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY

CHICAGO'S FOREMOST SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Modern courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music, Orchestral Instruments, Dramatic Art and Dancing.

Certificates, Diplomas and Degrees awarded. Superior Teachers' Training School. Eminent Faculty of 120. Master School for Artist Pupils.

Lectures, Recitals, Students' Orchestra, School for Theatre Organ Playing. Thirty Free Scholarships awarded. Excellent Dormitory Accommodations. Moderate Tuition Rates. Many free advantages. Send for free catalog and information. John J. Hattstaedt, President.

42nd Annual Session begins September 8, 1927.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

SCHOOL OF THE GOODMAN Theatre

Family THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Whitford Kane, Alexandra Cartale, Serge Ukrainsky, Mary Agnes Doyle

Thorough professional training in entire work of the theatre—production, acting, scene design, costume and play writing.

Practical Experience Before the Public.

Free descriptive bulletin—Admission by competition September 19

KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN MEMORIAL THEATRE

Dept. R. B. THE ART INSTITUTE Chicago

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 26TH

DRAWING — PAINTING — ILLUSTRATION — SCULPTURE

COMMERCIAL ART — INTERIOR DECORATION — DESIGN

COSTUME — PRINTING ARTS — DRAMATIC ARTS AND

TEACHER TRAINING

FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS DEAN OF THE SCHOOL.

THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW BUILDING OF THE

St. Louis School of Fine Arts

of Washington University

Gift of Wm. K. Blizby, now open. Courses in

weaving, bookbinding, pottery and metal work-

ing in addition to regular courses. For catalog,

write E. H. Wuerpel, director, Room 15.

Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMERCIAL ART

Inter. Decor., Costume and Mill. Design. Intensive

prof. courses. Practicing specialists teachers. Gradu-

ates assisted to positions. Catalog. Dormitories.

LIVINGSTONE ACADEMY, 64th Year.

1517 Rhode Island Ave., West, Washington, D. C.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE

1825-1927 Summer School Baltimore, Md.

Courses in Fine Arts, Modeling, Design and Teach-

er Training, Crafts, Costume Design, etc. Catalog

on request.

DESIGNERS ART

A school of practical instruction by professional artist-designers.

Cultural and technical training. Opportunity for men and women

graduates. Write for Catalog.

Ludwig R. Frank, 73 Newbury St., Boston.

VESPER GEORGE

School of Fine and Applied Art—Summer School

Intensive Professional Course—Scholarships. Book-

let—42-44 St. Botolph Street, Boston, Mass.

Costume Design

millinery, fashion illustration, moving

picture and stage design; direction

Emil Alvin Hartman, 4 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C.

FASHION ACADEMY

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART

A new school developing individual talent under the instruction of successful artists. Courses in Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Commercial and Applied Arts, and Interior Decoration. Credits given under Regents, University of the State of New York.

Catalogue on Request.

Room 7012, Grand Central Terminal, New York City

INTERIOR DECORATION

Four Months' Practical Training

Course. Also Complete Professional

and Design Courses. Fall term starts

October 3rd. Send for Catalog 9-R.

Also Home Study Course starts at

once. Send for booklet 9-G.

The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration

441 Madison Avenue New York City

N. Y. SCHOOL OF FINE & APPLIED ART

New York—Paris FRANK ALVAN PARSONS, Pres.

ONLY SCHOOL OF ITS KIND CIRCULARS

Interior Architecture and Decoration, Stage and Costume Design,

Industrial Design, Bookbinding, etc. Address Sec., 2239 Broadway, New York, or 9 Place des

Vosges, Paris (WAITING LISTS)

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART

Interior Decoration, Color, Costume, Commercial, Poster,

Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Life, Dormitories. Catalog.

Connecticut Ave. and M, Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL

Prepare for woman's noblest profession

in one of the country's greatest hospitals.

Close affiliation with Long Island College

Hospital supplies our exceptional equipment

and instruction, insuring broadest possible

experience. 30 months' course. Maintenance

and liberal allowance while learning. Vacan-

cies. One year high school required. Ages 18-35. For

booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Director

of Nurses, 5100 Street & Jerome Ave., N. Y. C.

MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOSPITAL SCHOOL FOR NURSES

offers a three-year course leading to a diploma in

nursing, and a five-year course leading to a diploma

in nursing and Bachelor of Science degree. New

700 bed hospital and new Nurses' dormitory. All

applicants must be graduates of accredited High

Schools.

Enrollments now being made. Address Director of

Nursing, University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Staten Island Hospital, New York

Offers a complete course in nursing in medicine, surgery,

maternity, and children's diseases. Attractive nurses' home;

nine hours per day; compensation from start.

Address, SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES

Staten Island Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

MT. SINAI Philadelphia

Study nursing in a large medical center at a school offering excep-

tional advantages. 3-year course open to young women with at least

3 years high school work. Accredited State Board. Non-sectarian.

Monthly allowance. Write for illustrated booklet.

Supt. of Nurses, Mt. Sinai Hospital, 5th and Reed Sts., Box R

Philadelphia, Pa.

Somerset Hospital Training School for Nurses

offers a 3 year course in nursing, including 4 months intensive

preliminary work. Accredited School having new buildings with

modern equipment and clinical facilities. Free tuition, maintenance

and monthly allowance. Address

Superintendent, Somerset Hospital, Somerville, N. J.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia

One year High School minimum requirement—course

three years—Accredited Training School—Class A Hos-

pital—Inc. 1861. C. K. Swank, R.N., Directress of

Nurses, 2137 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

STUDY NURSING

Join September Class. Accredited school.

Liberal allowance. One year of High School

required.

CHRIST HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL of MICHIGAN - Detroit

An accredited School of Nursing, offers to high school

graduates a three year course. New hospital and attractive

residence with single rooms. Maintenance, text books,

and small allowance given. Affiliations provided.

Margaret A. Rogers, Principal 5224 St. Antoine St., Detroit, Michigan

HOSPITAL LABORATORY SCHOOL

6 Month intensive training in hospital laboratory work. An ideal

preparation for women. Many positions always available at good

salaries. No previous experience necessary. INSTITUTE graduates

located all over the country. Send for Catalog.

NORTHWEST INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY

Saint Paul, Minnesota

Washington Boulevard Hospital

Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Three years

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

THE CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL of Physical Education

FOR WOMEN ACCREDITED

TRAINING in all branches of Physical Education preparing for well-paid positions as Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers, Swimming Instructors, Camp Counselors, etc. Accredited High School graduates admitted without examination. Classes begin September and February. Early registration advisable.

One-year Playground Course
Two-year Normal Course, Diploma
Three-year Normal Course, B.P.E. Degree

Beautiful campus, fine dormitories. Faculty of trained specialists. Summer camp in Wisconsin. For catalog and book of views, address
Box 267, 5626 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
FRANCES MUSSELMAN, Principal

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Accredited Co-Educational

- 1 Year Playground Course
- 2 Year Normal Course
- 3 Year B. P. E. Degree Course
- 1 Year Physical Therapy Course

Also Department of Athletic Coaching. High School graduates admitted. Special students accepted. 20th year. Large gymnasium, swimming pool, dancing auditorium. School and women's dormitory located on beautiful North Side. Fall classes open Sept. 20, 1927. For Catalog and Book of Views, Address Registrar, Dept. B. B.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Dept. B.B., 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

THE ITHACA SCHOOL of Physical Education

DR. ALBERT H. SHARPE, Dean

Graduates eligible to teach anywhere in U. S.

Normal Course, including Athletic Coaching, 3 years. B.P.E. Degree, 4 years.

Large Faculty, including "Jack" Moakier, head coach 1926 Olympic team. Opportunities for practice teaching and observation of Games, Coordination. Athletic Field, Gymnasium, Dormitories. Graduates in demand.

Fall Term opens Sept. 22. Send for catalog.
215 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Arnold College

FOR HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Three-Year Degree Course
NEW HAVEN NORMAL SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS
Two-Year Diploma Course

Strong Faculty. Complete Gymnastic Indoor Athletic Outdoor and Camp Equipment. Dormitories on Own Campus. Successful Appointment Bureau.
1466 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

POSSE-NISSEN SCHOOL

of Physical Education for women. 37th year. 3 year regular course. One year special in medical gymnastics and Swedish massage. Playground work. Intensive summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Apply to Secretary, Box J, 779 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Founded 1881 by Dr. D. A. Sargent
Booklet on request.

L. W. SARGENT, Director, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

(Accredited)

Lake View Hospital offers a three year course in general nursing to high school graduates over 15. Free maintenance and monthly allowance. Nurses' home owned and operated by hospital. Located on beautiful North Side. For information write Superintendent of Nurses, Dept. B. B., 1433 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

DOUGLAS PARK MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Offers a twelve month course in Obstetrical nursing. Allowance, room, board, washing.
1900 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Right Now!

We are in need of a high type of young women to be trained in the Madame Hudson System of Beauty Culture. There is an increasing demand for women having had business experience to represent our Method either as operators or shop owners. We are in need of 2,000 Hudson Graduates to open shops throughout the United States and Canada. Write for Catalog B.

Madame Hudson Schools of Beauty Culture
Toronto, Canada
12 Queen St., E.
Auburn, New York
102 Genesee St.

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

Kindergarten Training

Pestalozzi-Froebel Teachers College
A KINDERGARTEN NORMAL COLLEGE
Located in Central Chicago on the Lake Front

Three Depts. { Kindergarten
Primary
Playground

Fine equipment. Central Location. Accredited. Dormitory near lake. 31st year. Opens Sept. 21. Write Registrar, Box 1, 616-22 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE

33rd Year Accredited

A Non-profit Institution

KINDERGARTEN and PRIMARY TRAINING
High school graduates admitted. 2 and 3 year diplomas. Student body of 100. Dormitory and school on beautiful North Side. Athletics. Fall Term Opens Sept. 12. Address Registrar for Bulletin, 706 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

HARRIETTE MELISSA MILLS

KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL
Affiliated with New York University
Two- and three-year courses towards college degrees. Enrollments Sept. and Feb. Exceptional residence facilities. Address
Miss Harriette Melissa Mills, Principal
Five R, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MISS ILLMAN'S TRAINING SCHOOL

for Kindergarten and Primary Teachers
Junior and Senior Courses. Home-like residence.

A. T. ILLMAN, Prin., Box R, 4000 Pine St., Phila., Pa.

PERRY KINDERGARTEN NORMAL SCHOOL

Founded 1898 by Annie Moseley Perry

Training for kindergarten, primary and playground positions. University Credits. Enroll now for entrance in Oct. 1927. Send for booklet. Training School
Harriet Hamilton Jones, Principal
25 Huntington Ave., Room 218, Boston, Mass.

The Fannie A. Smith

Kindergarten Training School

Our graduates in great demand. Intensive courses in theory and practice. Unusual opportunity for practice work. Grounds for athletic and outdoor life. Catalog.
FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal, 1128 Lexington Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Columbia Kindergarten Training School

Two Year Course

SARA K. LIPPINCOTT, Principal
Address The Westmoreland, Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

EARN UP TO \$5000 A YEAR
making crowns, plates, bridges, etc. for dentists. Unusual demand—several hundred needed right now. Ready, dignified Professional Trade. Three months' training. Fully learned by actual practice. No time to perfect school included. Part time positions to help pay expenses. Ask for Catalog No. 2.

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE
New York 1165 Broadway
Philadelphia 1306 North Second St.
Brooklyn 86 Court St.

\$50 to \$250 a Week in PHOTOGRAPHY

For you—a splendid position or a business of your own. Wonderful opportunities in all branches of this modern, artistic profession: Motion Picture, Commercial, Portraiture, News. Experts train you quickly. CAMERA included. Write today for big Free Booklet.
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 West 33rd Street, NEW YORK CITY
Dept. 23

LEARN PHOTOGRAPHY!

Earn \$200 to \$500 monthly. Or start your own business. Photography and Photo-Engraving taught by largest college of its kind. Estab. 1881. Big demand for graduates. Write for free book
Hillsdale College of Photography, Box 87, Effingham, Ill.

SAVAGE SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

President: Watson L. Savage, A.M., M.D.
308 West 89th St., N. Y. C. Established 1890
Co-Educational. Offers an accredited course in the theory and practice of Physical Education and Hygiene. Employment Bureau for Graduates.

Social Work, Playground Work, Physical Training

given by the School of Social Work of the College of William and Mary. Dormitory. Expenses moderate. School of Social Work, 223 Shafer St., Richmond, Va.

Electricity



Easy at Last

Without Lessons In 90 Days

Learn this fascinating, BIG PAY game without books or dry lessons. No confusing diagrams. No tiresome study.

By Actual Work in the Great Shops of COYNE

YOU can

Learn to Earn

\$50 a Week and Up

after 12 happy weeks in the great shops of Coyne at Chicago, the electrical center of the world.

Not a Correspondence School

You learn by actually working on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus in the Country! Real, big generators, motors, switch-boards, sub-stations. Everything electrical! Experts help you every step of the way.

No Experience or Advanced Education Needed

Your education or past experience makes no difference. Coyne training is all practical. It stands to reason that nothing can compare with practical personal training.

FREE

R.R. FARE

Follow R. R. Fare to Chicago and free courses in Radio and Auto Electricity to all who enroll now. Get my big, free book today. Find out how we help many students to earn while learning. Free Employment Service for life. See what a wonderful future awaits you! Mail coupon now!



H. C. LEWIS, Pres.

Radio and AUTO Courses

Included at No Extra Cost

COYNE

Electrical School

1300 W. Harrison Street
Dept. C7-80
Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS

Mr. H. C. Lewis, Pres.
Coyne Electrical School, Dept. C7-80
1300 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Illustrated FREE Book on Electricity and Coyne. No obligation. Also special offer on R. R. Fare and two extra courses.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

Two Years' Engineering Course With Diploma and Degree

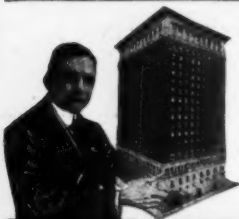
Civil Mechanical Electrical Chemical

Compact courses of essentials. Rich in higher mathematics, higher science, mechanical drawing and field work. Planned for those short in time and money, but strong in purpose. Courses distinguished alike for what is embraced and what is omitted. Adapted to

Engineers with Practical Experience desiring a Degree
No Entrance Examination or High School Diploma Required

Indispensable preliminary work provided for students with only elementary school education. Modern laboratories. Students may begin a course in Sept., Jan., Mar., or June. Expenses low. For catalog address

TRI-STATE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, Box R-87, Angola, Ind.



1,000 Hotel Positions Open

HOTELS, restaurants, clubs, apartments, hospitals, institutions, schools and colleges everywhere need trained men and women. Over 70,000 high-class positions paying \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year open annually in the hotels of the United States. Nearly one and three quarter billions of dollars' worth of NEW HOTELS, CLUBS and INSTITUTIONS being built this year will need over 200,000 trained men and women. Hotels start you at salaries up to \$3,500 a year, with living usually included. At any time there are over 1,000 hotel positions open.

Previous Experience Unnecessary

You can have one of these fascinating, big-pay positions. The Lewis Schools guarantee to give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most successful hotel men years to obtain. Age is no obstacle—young and old alike have equal chance for success. Past experience absolutely unnecessary. A common school education is all you need.

We train you with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan, and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training under the personal supervision of Clifford Lewis, Managing Consultant for over 225 hotels throughout the United States. Our students employed by leading hotels everywhere.

Send today for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," showing how we can train you for one of these splendid positions, and explaining our Money-Back Agreement.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Hall A-176 Washington, D. C.
Charter Member of National Home Study Council.

CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE

24th Year
Engineering
Architecture
Electricity
Drafting

Intensely practical training. 2-year Diplomas; 3-year B.S. Degree; special 18-month short courses. Courses adapted to your needs. No time wasted. Expert instructors. Graduates in constant demand. Opportunities for self-support while studying. Day and evening classes. Athletics. Enter any time. Low tuition—easy terms. Write today for your copy of 84-page illustrated "Blue Book," mailed free.

Dept. K-70
118 East 26th St. Chicago Technical College

EARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

In 3 months and qualify to earn \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. Full employment service enables you to earn while learning. Individual instruction. Day or night sessions. Write now FOR FREE CATALOG and \$25.00 BONUS. 7000 OFFER. Free R. K. Ferguson, NEW YORK SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY, 147 W. 33rd Street, NEW YORK

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES
Offers 4-year college courses in Mining, Metallurgical, and Geological Engineering, and General Science. Strong faculty. Excellent equipment. Individual attention given. Respected preparatory schools offered. Near metal and coal mining districts. Field work throughout school year and no summer attendance required. Tuition, dormitory rates, and other expenses unusually low. Write for cat. Registrar, Box P-2, Socorro, N. M.

TELEGRAPHY

Morse and Vail and RAILWAY ACCOUNTING taught thoroughly. Big salaries, great opportunities. Oldest, largest school. Endorsed by Telegraph, Railway, Radio, and Government officials. Expenses low—opportunities to earn here portion. Catalog free. GODGE'S INSTITUTE, Loan Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

ELECTRICITY

Trained Brains earn Big Pay. 25 years of S. & E. success makes your future assured. Laboratory and shop instruction. Armature Winding, Auto Electric, Radio, Refrigeration, etc. 3 mos. + Chem. Elec. Eng. - 1 yr. Elec. Eng. - 2 yrs. No matter what your education, you can start any time. Write for Big Free Book. SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING, 827, 183 East Wells Milwaukee, Wisconsin

800% PROFIT In One Month

GEORGE LARSON, a McCarrie Graduate, writes: "We turned out \$100 worth of work in April. Our expense, including materials runs about \$300, which leaves a profit of approximately \$800 for two of us. This has been about the average since the first of the year, and it's not bad for two of your boys who have been in business only about a year. I think Dental Laboratory Work is better than anything else to make a quick, permanent success."

Yours truly, George Larson.

You Have This Man's Opportunity to learn Mechanical Dentistry. We teach you in a few months of individual instruction to make plates, crowns, bridges, etc., for dentists. Day or night schools in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland. No books or classes. We help you obtain employment so that you may work your way through school.

Free Book
Send for this wonderful book on Mechanical Dentistry. It tells you how McCarrie graduates like Larson, have made good as dental technicians and laboratory owners. It shows you the way to independence in this big paying uncrowded field.

McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry
1338 S. Michigan Avenue Dept. 127 Chicago, Ill.

CHIROPODY Make \$5000 to \$15,000 a Year

Become a Doctor of Surgical Chiroprody. The only uncrowded field. Study at largest foot clinic in world. Faculty of physicians, surgeons, chiropodists. Finest laboratories and equipment. Fourteenth successful year. Entrance requirements 4 years high school or equivalent. Course 2 years. Next classes October. Opportunities to earn way thru. Write for catalog. Dept. 403.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF CHIROPODY
1327 N. Clark Street, Chicago

PAIN SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you to spare time or as a part-time school. Numerous demands. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest, foremost school. EARN \$50 TO \$200 WEEKLY. John Vasson, N. Y., gets \$25 for single show card. Crawford, N. Y., says: "Earned \$200 while taking course. Send today for free information, samples and guarantee."

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
170 Stinson Ave. Est. 1899 Detroit, Mich.

Specialization

THIS is the age of the specialist. Specialize and insure your success. What do you like to do best? The schools listed in these pages give training in many interesting lines of work. If you do not find one that meets your needs, let our Director help you. Write, giving your age, education, the section of the country in which you wish to study, and the approximate amount you plan to spend. Address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Electrical Jobs Pay Well

Master Electricity in the shortest possible time in the shops of the NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, originators of the famous "Learn by Doing" methods. Our expert instructors teach you all phases of this great industry by actual practice. No preparation needed. Start any day. Send for FREE 52 page Catalog.

THE NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
37 West 17 St. Estab. 1903 New York

MISCELLANEOUS

For High School Credits

The Balfour Johnstone School
22 W. Randolph St., Room 1000
Send for Circular. CHICAGO, ILL.



Have school in your own home

LET Calvert School give your child his entire schooling from Kindergarten to High School in your own home and give him the educational advantage he would have at the best private school. Calvert School founded as a day school over 30 years ago is famous the world over for its unique system of teaching children at long distance by correspondence. Instead of sending your child out to school, let school come to him. V. M. Hillyer, A. B. Harvard—Headmaster, Author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc. Write for information to President

CALVERT SCHOOL
137 West 40th Street Baltimore, Md.

SPEECH CORRECTION

By Dr. Frederick Martin, Lecturer Post Graduate Medical College. Correction of Stammering, Lipping, Loss of Voice, etc. Methods internationally recognized by Medical Profession. Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools, 415 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

STAMMERING

easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage. 156 Stinson Ave., The LEWIS INSTITUTE, Detroit

"STAMMERING"

Its Cause and Cure

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 200 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years. BENJAMIN M. BOGUE, 10717 Bogue Building, 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you? The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau
Dept. A, 15 N. WELLS STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Magazine

Well

the time in the
1900, original
method.

of this great
ation needed.
atalog.

SCHOOL
New York

Credits

school
1900
CHICAGO, ILL.

ir own

child his
en to High
ve him the
d have at
ert School
years ago
its unique
long dis-
d of send-
school come
Harvard—
Training,
World," etc.

DL
more, Md.

TION
Graduate Med-
Liping, Loss
recognized by
and Affiliated

ING
Win hap-
formation
dime for postage
STITUTE, Detroit

ING
re"
and 10 cents,
Stammering
Stammering
SUE, 10717
apole.

NEWS
ureau

zed chool

Bureau
i many
ys and
ending
a about
anted—
on and
in each

ple will
ing the
p you?
ns this
to you.
nool on
can be
ing or
at

News
a
ILLINOIS

Gertrude Lawrence,
Delightful English Comedienne,
advising on throat protection,



Photo by DeBarron, N. Y.

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—“It’s toasted”—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

“It’s toasted”
Your Throat Protection

writes:

“My work in ‘OH, KAY!’ is so strenuous I find a few puffs on a Lucky Strike quiets my nerves and does not affect my voice. This side or in England I enjoy ‘Luckies.’”

Gertrude Lawrence



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th St.



HELENE CHADWICK
Film Star

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood



ELINOR FAIR
Film Star

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood



EILEEN CULLEN
in "*LeMaire's Affairs*"
Photograph by DeBarron Studios, New York



KATHRYN HAMIL
in "Lucky"

Photograph by DeBarron Studios, New York



NANCY NASH
Film Star

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood



DOROTHY GULLIVER
Film Star

Photograph by Frenlich, New York



FISHER BODIES

It is plain to all that certain automobiles lead their respective groups in *sales*, and in *beauty* and in *value*. The manufacturer of each of these outstanding leaders regards as a vital asset the fact that his product is equipped with Body by Fisher

GENERAL

MOTORS



Your Place and You

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by
Franklin Booth

WHAT is it you ask of life? Only that the gnawing of your bruised and tenderest thought may cease, and happiness come to you. Now, happiness comes only to those who have found themselves. Wrapped and well hidden in your life-work lies your completed self and your happiness. You must live, and in living, search for it. While you search, you may make a place where it may dwell; and the dwelling and the self and your work are interwoven and grow together. Like the duck of the Northland who plucks the down from her own breast to line a nest for her brood, you pluck from your earthly being the qualities that are to build your happy self. Out of what you are today you create your place, your self, your happiness.

This self that you create is a thing of shreds and patches, all pinched from your dearest desires, knotted and tied and stained with and by everything that ever happened to you. Hope lends it color; sacrifice makes it imperishable; thought gives it body and power; pride puts into it speed and stiffness; sorrow and pain season it; love inspires it.

Once having formed it, it is truly your own. No one can take it from you, because no one ever gave it to you. Then if some one seems to push you aside and step ahead of you, what of it? Either it is his place, and you are playing dog-in-the-manger, or it is yours, and his unhappy self will drive him from it and you will come into your own. The pine tree rises serenely blue-green against the sky, and the robin builds her nest in its branches. The trailing arbutus smiles sweetly from the brown needles at its feet. The bird does not beat its wings and mourn because he can never be a stately tree; nor does the little flower weep because it can neither soar nor sing.

There is a famous bead-man in the great city. For over fifty years he has bought and sold beads in his shabby old shop in the shadow of the L trains. The skyscrapers tower above him now, but he seems not to see them. Men have offered him millions, the grandest of shops, if he will sell his place, but he smiles wisely and shakes his head. "I'm the bead-man. I am happy. What is there more?"

What more can there be?



Preference

By Berton Braley • Decoration by John Held, Jr.





LES POUDRES COTY

POWDERS OF FRAGRANT PERFECTION

*Exquisite! — so smooth, so luxur-
ously perfumed, giving fresh, clear
beauty — COTY Face Powders.*

*Aldorable! — the little lovely
metal box for your hand-bag, with
your own COTY powder shade
and odour — COTY Compacte.*

*Delightful! — to cool and re-
fresh your body, in summer warmth,
leaving the elusive glamour of
fragrance — COTY Talc.*



COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

L'ORIGAN — CHYPRE — PARIS — EMERAUDE — LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT — JASMIN DE CORSE — L'AMBRE ANTIQUE — STYX



Mother's fondest wish for her Girl Baby

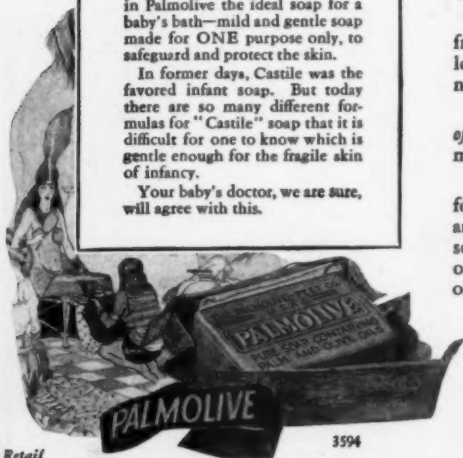
—“That Schoolgirl Complexion”

The Ideal Baby Soap

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for “Castile” soap that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.



Retail
Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE rule in skin care, under modern teachings, is the same in infancy as maturity—correct skin cleansing regularly with mild and gentle soap.

Priceless complexions are thus cultivated from the earliest days of childhood; natural loveliness invited and protected with nature's own *proved way*.

The only secret is to know *what kind of soap* to use. A true complexion soap must be chosen. Others often are too harsh.

Thus soothing Palmolive—a soap made for one purpose only, to be used freely and lavishly on the skin—is the ONE soap purchased for toilet use in thousands of homes where correct skin care is an object.

The baby's bath—how to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Feet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR McKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago. ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Where to Start

By BRUCE BARTON

A VERY wealthy man who owns several hundred stores in various parts of the country was visited by an indignant old friend.

"Joe, I've come to quarrel with you about your boy," he announced. "He's clerking in your store in our town, and you aren't treating him right."

"No?"

"No. We want him to join the country club, and he says he can't afford it. He's about the only young fellow in town who doesn't have a car, and his wife is doing her own work. What sort of a father are you, anyway?"

The president pushed a button, and a secretary brought in the sales-record of that store. He handed it to his friend.

"If you will look at that card, you will see that my son is leading all of his fellow-clerks in volume of sales. That means that when we open a new store, he will be in line for an assistant managership. Until that time comes, he can't get any more money than he is now getting out of this business. And he certainly will not get any out of me."

I asked the president of another big company: "Where is your boy?"

"A day laborer in the foundry of the X Company," he answered, naming a concern a thousand miles away.

"Does your friend who is general manager of the X Company know it?"

"He does not. No official knows it. But," he added proudly, "the foreman has noticed his work already. The boy is on his way up."

I was reminded of these stories by the visit of a gentleman whose life had been soft. He started near the top of a nice business. A shift in management came; he lost that pleasant position, and now, untrained as he is, with no tough fiber gained in fighting his way from the bottom, he is hopelessly adrift.

The most talented Union general in the Civil War was George B. McClellan. He made the biggest failure. Why? He started at the top. He would have been a different man, says Colonel McClure, "had he been a barefoot alley boy, trained to tag and marbles and jostling his way in the world." And General Grant added: "If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high distinction as any of us."

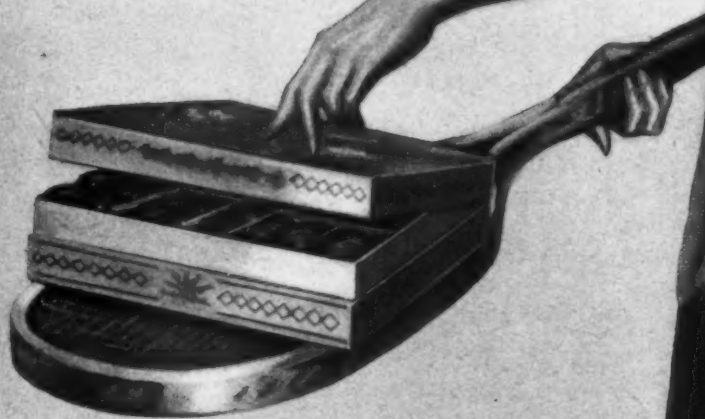
I have many friends in business. One of them, I hope, will some day have a place for my boy. I have already dictated a letter of introduction. It reads:

"Dear Friend: This is my boy. Can you give him a job? I don't care what kind of a job, so long as it is at the bottom."

Serve the Sampler after Sports

—A wee bit of fatigue
—a touch of appetite.

The varied candies in the
Sampler take care of
both. Give "pep" to the
players and contentment
to those who look on.



Whitman's
Chocolates

Sold through selected agents
everywhere. Each agency
served direct.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

A
w
su
an
is
pa
an

THE
Inc
om h
ng, he
ridge
s own
he sud
ay, the
as nic
ood. I
as we
heerful
here h

By
F. Britten
Austin



"I christened him 'the crow.' We had never seen him exchange a word with anyone except the steward."

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

A MYSTERY makes an engrossing story, wherever placed: when it is in "the little sundered world of a ship at sea," its allure and its excitement are multiplied. Here is one of the best mysteries ever put on the page by that distinguished traveler, soldier and gentleman of letters, F. Britten Austin.

THE liner rose and fell evenly on the quiet black swell of the Indian Ocean, streaking a divergent greenish phosphorescence from her flanks. Captain Forsyth hummed happily—except in a way, he never whistled while at sea—as he descended from the bridge and went along the few yards of narrow superstructure to his own quarters. It was a beautiful night that had come with the sudden sunset, pleasantly cool after the tropic heat of the day, the sky an incredible magnificence of stars. The barometer was nicely high and steady. The wireless weather reports were good. In a few minutes the second dinner-bugle would sound. All as well in Captain Forsyth's little sundered world, and he was cheerfully conscious of it as he pulled open the door of his cabin, where his boiled shirt waited for him, spread over his pivot-chair.

He had half-finished dressing and was at the mirror reflecting a now congestedly red, good-humored countenance, broad under his untidy gray hair, as he endeavored for once to get a neat bow to his tie, when there was a tap at the door.

"Come in!" he shouted. He completed the delicate operation and swung round. It was, most unusual at this hour of the evening, the purser—and it was a purser whose aspect was even more unusual, his plump rotundity of face deathly white, visibly trembling. "What's the trouble, Jervis?"

The purser mastered himself, wiped a brow that was beaded with moisture.

"Bad trouble, sir," he said in a shaky voice. "There's been a murder on board."

"Good Lord!" The Captain stared at him. "Murder? Another of those damned Lascar feuds, I suppose—where's the first officer?"

"This isn't the first officer's job, sir—it's mine," replied the purser. "It's one of the passengers."

"What?" cried the Captain, incredulously. "A passenger?" In all his long and variegated experience at sea the murder of a passenger was one of those things that—thank Heaven—did not happen. "Who is it?"

"Man in Number 43, sir, B Deck, forward end—first-class passenger. His steward has just found him. He came and reported it to me."

Captain Forsyth forgot his rule. He whistled. The murder of a first-class passenger at sea meant, very plainly, trouble,

It was a farewell dinner the last night before Bombay. It seemed incredible that any of these people could, an hour back, have stabbed a man to death.

heaps of trouble. Short of piling up the ship, there is nothing the directors of a respectable line hate quite so much as a scandal. He looked again at the purser. That officer seemed as though on very little provocation he would faint.

"I saw him, sir," he said, by way of explaining his shakiness. "It—it wasn't nice."

The Captain went to a cupboard in the corner of the cabin, extracted a bottle and two glasses. His own hands were not so steady as they might have been.

"Have a peg," he remarked, pouring out a couple of drinks. "We shall both feel better."

The purser drank his peg, gratefully, at a gulp.

"Now then," said the Captain, "tell me all about it. Who is the poor devil?"

"Here's the passenger-list, sir," replied the purser, producing a folded sheet from his pocket and spreading it out. He indicated a name with a trembling finger.

"Allan Sollas, he's described as. Age forty-three. Single. Bound for Bombay from London. It's a bad business, sir."

"It is, most assuredly, a bad business," agreed the Captain grimly. "I don't want to get hung up over a murder-trial—nor you either. Get taken off the ship for a month or two perhaps—while the lawyers make the most of it. Who did it?"

"I wish I knew, sir. There's not the slightest indication. The bedroom steward saw a trickle of blood under the door. It was fastened on the inside. He worked up the catch, went in and found him—lying across his bunk, with a knife-sticking in him. He was like that when I saw him. . . . D'you mind, sir?" he asked, as he helped himself to a little more neat whisky. The bottle clinked against the glass as he poured it out.

"But," said the Captain, a sudden hope in his voice, "how do you know it's murder? You say the door was fastened on the inside. The man must have committed suicide."

"Hardly, sir. A man can't very well stick a knife in the middle of his own back. You'll see it for yourself, sir. I've left him, just as he was. I've told the steward—it's Macey, a good steady fellow—not to say a word to a soul. He's locked the door of the cabin, and he's just swabbed the floor to leave nothing for passengers to see."

The Captain pulled on his gold-braided jacket. "Well, I sup-

pose the sooner I get it over the better," he added. "I'm the coroner's jury on this ship. There's no help for it. We'll go and get the doctor."

The purser looked at him anxiously.

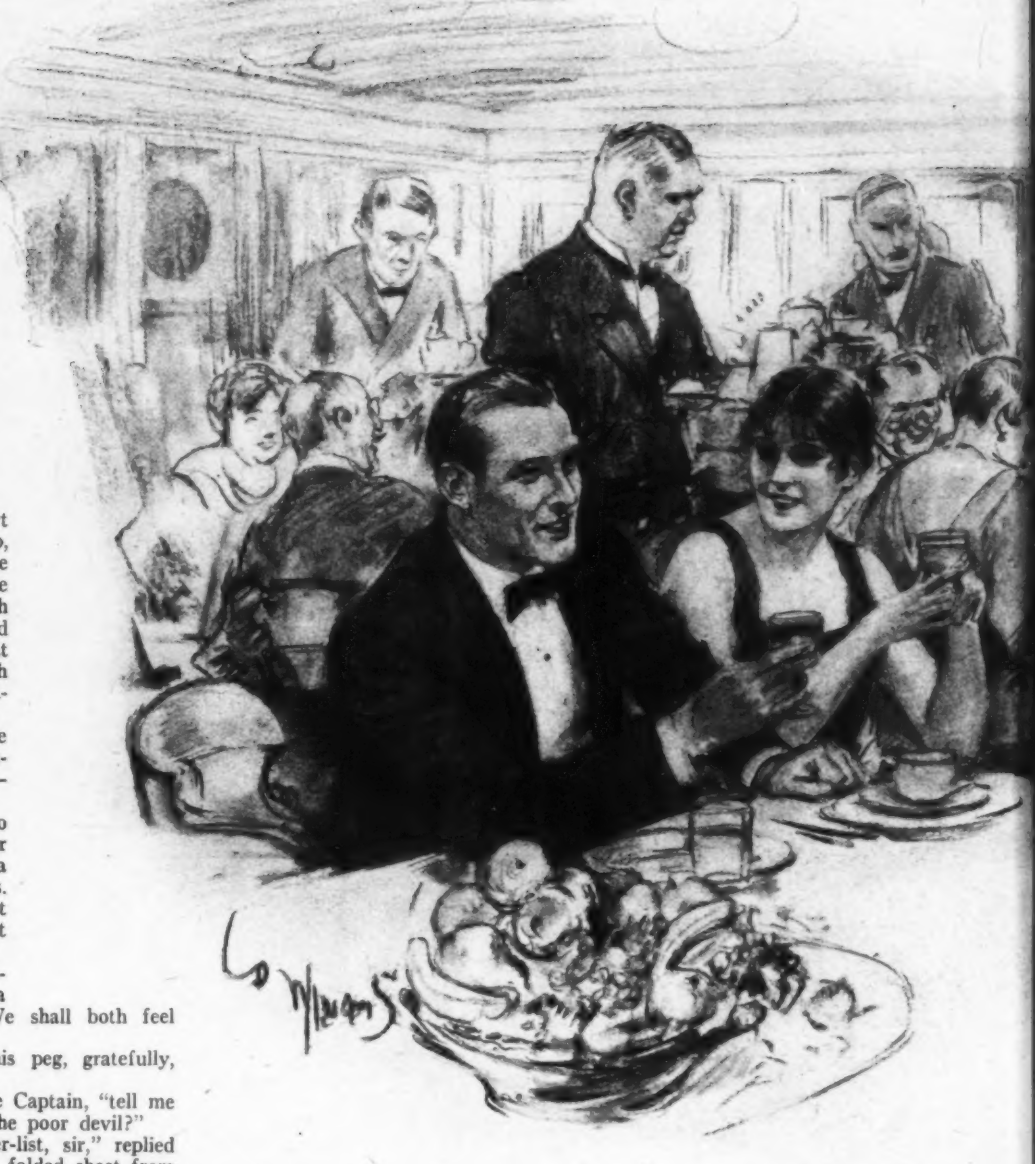
"Wouldn't it be better to wait a little, sir—until after the dinner-bugle? If the passengers see you and the doctor and me going along the corridor at this hour, they'll think something has occurred—and it's just as well they shouldn't know anything about it—if we can manage it."

"Not much chance of keeping a thing like this quiet," said the Captain. "But perhaps you're right. We don't want 'em all guessing at the criminal. We want to catch the brute first. . . . Isn't there anything that gives a hint to him—nothing suspicious at all?"

"No sir. Not the least. Cabin didn't seem to have been interfered with. The steward was up and down the corridor a little before. . . . D'you mind if I sit down, sir? It's upset me properly."

The Captain nodded, lost in his own thought. He looked up after a moment, a perplexed furrow between his gray eyebrows.

"How the devil are we going to catch him, Purser? When you think of it, it isn't so easy. It might be any one of the crew, any one of the eighty first-class passengers, any one—though not



with him. I can understand that. If I were a passenger, I'd pay extra for a cabin to myself, if I could afford it. . . . Who's on either side of him?"

"No one in 41, sir—and that's the end cabin up that way. Number 45 has old Mrs. Laverstoke—you know, sir—the funny old woman—the one who's always badgering the young officers on deck and wanting to give them tracts."

"I know, confound her!" agreed the Captain resentfully. "She grabbed me the other day—wanted to get me into an argument about spiritualism."

"She's alone in her cabin also," said the purser. "Her maid sleeps with Mrs. Waldron's maid in Number 90. I'm terrified of her getting to know of this. She'll raise Hades for everyone if she does. And she's bound to notice if Number 43 doesn't go in or out."

"She mustn't," said the Captain. He thought for a moment. "What about sending a fellow in to make a leak in the water-pipe while she's up on deck tomorrow—soak the cabin—and put her in a better one with abject apologies? That settles her. . . . But it doesn't help us. Old ladies of seventy don't usually go sticking knives into inoffensive gentlemen's backs. Who else is there?"

"There's a couple of lark young lads in Number 47, sir." He referred to his sheet. "Walter Osborn and Henry Mackwith Strong—aged twenty-four and twenty-five—lieutenants, both of them—Indian Army. It would be a safe bet that they were in the smoke-room when the murder was done. They are not teetotalers to the extent of missing their cock-tails."

The Captain nodded.

"Who else?"

"Number 49 has Colonel and Mrs. Black, sir—they asked me if I couldn't move them a little farther from the young gentlemen in Number 47. I can hardly see either of them doing it." He smiled, wanly.

"Anyone else likely?"

"Well, there's the whole ship to choose from, sir—and if you ask me, one is as likely as the other. I can't imagine any of them doing it."

"What about the crew?"

Those confounded Lascars slip along like ghosts."

"Quite, sir. It may be one of them; but Macey said he didn't see any of the crew—I asked him. He says that after putting out the dinner-clothes of his passengers, he was standing with the stewardess—that's Mrs. Halkett, sir, you know—at the entrance to that corridor from the companion-staircase, and he swears that no one but passengers passed them. He would have stopped any of the crew, of course, and asked what he wanted."

"And the stewardess—what does she say?"

"I haven't asked her, sir. No one knows anything about it, except Macey and you and me—and the murderer himself, whoever he is."

"You haven't told the doctor?"

"Not yet, sir. I thought when the passengers were out of the way, perhaps he would go along with you. There's the dinner-call!" he added, as the notes of a bugle came repeated from several quarters of the ship. "Give 'em ten minutes, sir, and the coast'll be clear."



so likely—of the two hundred steerage people. It isn't difficult to go slipping along the corridors when everybody is changing for dinner." He also sat down, in his pivot-chair, and the mirror reflected a countenance from which the ruddiness had departed. "Heaven knows, I'm pretty good at running a ship across the ocean—but I've never set up for being a detective."

"No sir. Nor I," agreed the purser.

"Well, let's get busy with it, anyway," said the Captain, a legitimate exasperation in his tone. "Let's try and get some idea to help us. We can't afford to waste time while we're waiting here. What sort of fellow was this chap?"

"Very quiet, sir. Asked for a table to himself. Didn't seem to mix with any of the other passengers at all. Never took part in the deck-sports. Used to sit away by himself, and read all day. Well off, I should imagine. He paid for two berths to have the cabin to himself."

"H'm! That looks fishy," said the Captain. "Or perhaps it doesn't. He may merely have disliked having another fellow in

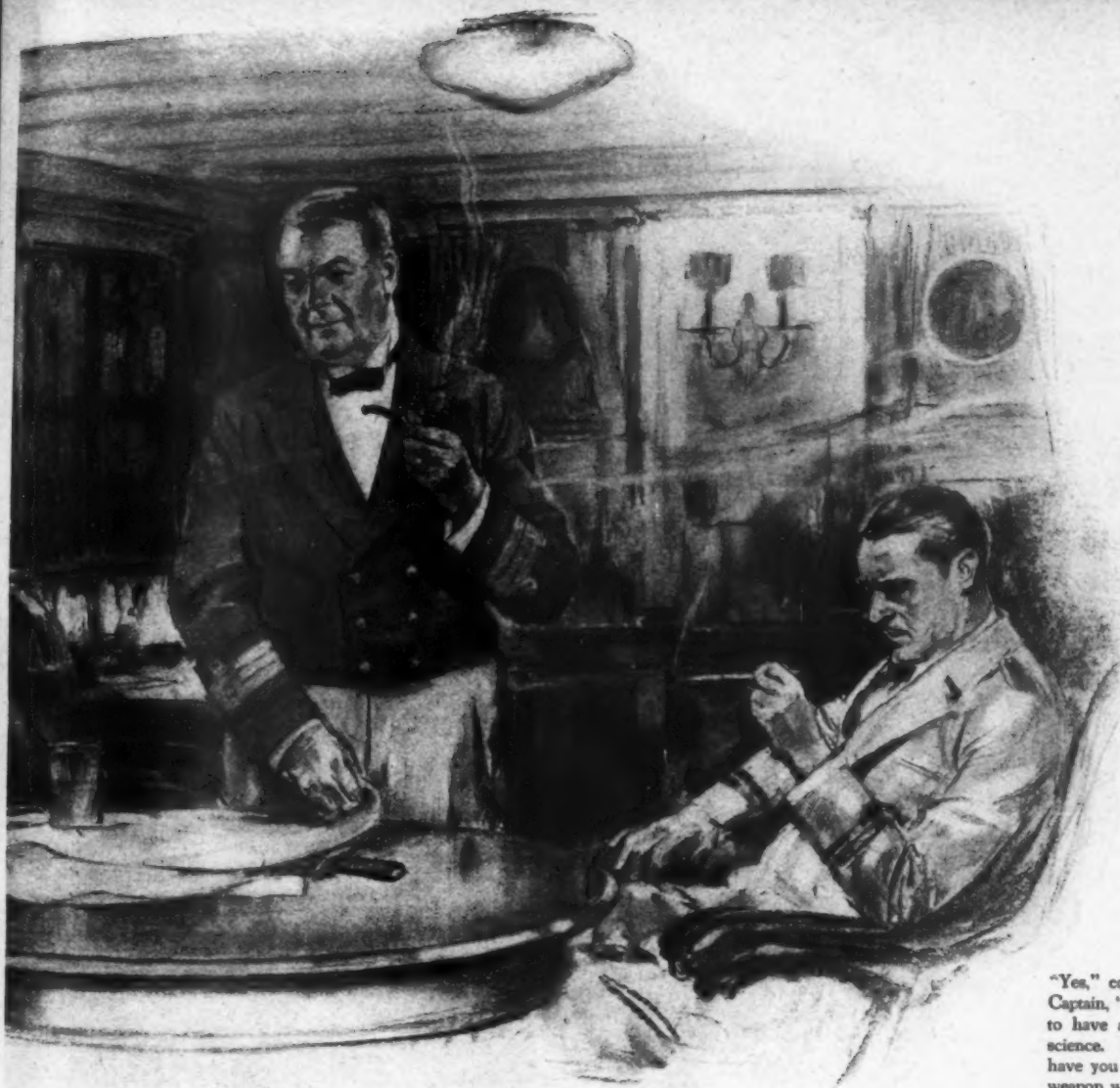
The Captain nodded.
 "Yes. Run along and catch the doctor before he goes in to dinner, Jervis. Bring him up here. It's a business for both of us—and the more I think of it, the more it looks like a damned bad business, too."

It was an excessively bad business. Left alone in his cabin, while the purser went to find the doctor, Captain Forsyth realized it with unpleasant vividness. No matter what went wrong on a ship, the Captain was always blamed for it—and in another year he was due to retire on pension. The directors would murmur vague phrases—he could almost hear them—about "unfortunate occurrence—h'm!—h'm!—reputation of the line—h'm!"—as an excuse for behaving meanly. Unless, of course, he caught that murderer—most satisfactorily demonstrated the swift efficiency of the line and all connected with it. Then it would be shake hands and congratulate you, Captain Forsyth; we don't have murders committed with impunity on our ships—no, indeed! This rapidly imagined little scene made him smile grimly. It was an ironic travesty of the probable; what he would get would be a slating. How in the world was he going to detect a murderer out of eighty first-class passengers, let alone the steerage-people and the crew? It was like looking for a needle in a haystack—worse, for he hadn't an idea what kind of needle he sought. He glanced at the passenger-list the purser had left spread out upon his table. The long column of names merely mocked him. Any one of them was as

likely—or as unlikely—as another. And—good Lord!—the thought abruptly flashed into him—in *fourteen hours they would arrive at Bombay!* Once they touched port, good-by to the last hope of catching the murderer. That was certain. *Fourteen hours* in which to find him!

No one would have suspected from Captain Forsyth's manner, as—a little late—he entered the dining-saloon and took his place at the head of his table, the grim intensity of his secret thoughts. To perfection he played his habitual part of the jovially urbane skipper, an apt joke always ready for the ladies, a semi-facetious semi-serious remark for the men. He even ate his dinner, though never in his life had he had less appetite for it. Altogether too recent was that spectacle in the cabin which, with the doctor, the purser and Macey the steward, he had just visited. The unfortunate Mr. Allan Sollas lay stretched face-forward on his bunk, a large knife in the middle of his back. The steward identified that knife as the murdered man's own property. It was





"Yes," continued the Captain, "it's splendid to have a good conscience. By the way, have you ever seen a weapon with which a murder was committed, Mrs. Laverstoke?"

a large hunting-knife that had lain habitually on his table, and he had used it for the purpose of cutting the pages of the books he read. Evidently, he had met his death in the act of dressing for dinner; he had donned his black trousers and his white shirt, while his waistcoat and dinner-jacket were spread out on the settee. The doctor pronounced that, at the moment of examination, he had been dead rather less than an hour. There was no indication of struggle in the cabin. The victim's baggage stood open, but there were no signs of interference with it. The steward stated the circumstances of his discovery of the crime, and reiterated that the door had been fastened on the inside. He had had to jerk up the catch with the thin instrument he carried in case sick passengers should ring for assistance when the door was buttoned within. No one could refasten the door in that manner from without. *Then how had the murderer left the cabin?*

All four had instinctively glanced at the porthole. It was open, but the wind-scuttle—which made the most of the breeze—still was fixed in position. "He'd have to be pretty thin and pretty nimble to get out of there, sir," the steward had said, and plainly the man was right. In addition, the steward stated that he had found the electric light switched off when he had entered the cabin. And that seemed to be everything which—for the moment—could be established.

All this Captain Forsyth exasperatedly turned over in the back of his brain while he fulfilled his duty and made himself amiable to the passengers at his table. He had twenty of them, the rest

being split up among the tables of the senior officers, save a few at small tables by themselves. One of these apparently quite normal people in evening dress was—almost certainly—the murderer. Which? He glanced along his own table. Everyone was present, Mrs. and Colonel Black on either side of him, old Mrs. Laverstoke smirking at him from farther down, the flirtatious young lady journeying to meet her fiancé now making eyes at the coffee-planter returning from leave, the couple of Anglo-Indian officials arguing pedantically as usual, the padre laughing with that boisterous vigor he affected as a sign of robust broad-mindedness, the quiet little husband of the large domineering lady as meek as ever, the two men who talked jute still talking about it—they were all there. And tonight—he felt the irony of it—all the passengers were rather more cheery than usual.

It was a special farewell dinner for the last night before Bombay, where many would disembark. From all over the saloon came the popping of corks and bursts of laughter as another good story was told. Presently there would be dancing under the colored lamps of the promenade-deck—and the final flirtations in dark corners. It seemed incredible that any of these people could, an hour back, have stabbed a man to death. In that thought, he glimpsed the possibility of a clue. Perhaps the murderer hadn't had nerve enough to come down to dinner? He took a pencil from his pocket, wrote on a corner of the menu-card, "*Anybody missing?*" folded it up, scribbled "*Purser*" upon it, gave it to the steward. And—in a moment or two the answer, "*All here,*" came back to him. (Continued on page 152)

The MOVIES

By
Sam
Hellman



"Elmer's wife wouldn't let the General go until he'd finished the week's wash. She's the mister in that house."

Illustrated
by
Tony Sarg

"A MOTION-PICTURE producer," remarks Barney Cole, scowling at the boss' pink memo, "is a bird who knows what he wants but can't spell it."

"What," I inquire, "will Old Man Rulen have now that he can't spell? A couple of trained candelabra from the zoo or an original by Shakespeare?"

"Reading these hen-tracks as they lay," returns the director, "he wants to make an hysterical aspic of the Philistine's resurrection."

"A what kind of which of whose what?" I demands, all a-puzzle.

"But I happen to know," goes on Barney, "that what he does want to make is an historical epic of the Philippine insurrection."

"Helen Maria!" says I. "Another war play? Looks like everybody in this deadfall's gone tin hat. What's an epic, anyways?"

"An epic," explains Cole, "is any picture more than six reels long that uses over a hundred extras."

"How about a story?" I asks. "Got one?"

"Story?" grunts Barney. "What would I do with a story in a war special? You work by pattern—two youngsters in love with the same giggler—the hard-boiled topper—the comedy camp cook—battle scenes borrowed from the Government or bought from the stock houses—a big historical figure to give the whole mish-mash class—and there you are, my buxom lad."

"Who you got in mind for your fancy front?" I queries. "Admiral Dewey?"

"Nope," replies Cole. "General Funston. Remember him?"

"Sort of," I stalls. "What did he do that was so hot?"

"A lot," comes back Barney. "If you didn't know he was in

a war, you'd have thought he was in the movies pulling stunts. Funston was the Fairbanks of the U. S. A. Swam a river under fire to tie a rope bridge to the other side—went practically alone through a hundred miles or so of jungle and swamp to the camp of Aguinaldo—captured that brown baby single-handed in the middle of his army and brought him out—led a charge against—"

"Some husky!" I comments.

"Husky nothing," says Cole. "He was about five feet nix and weighed around a hundred and twenty pounds with all his medals on, but every one of his pounds ran about a ton of T. N. T. to the ounce. Before the fuss with the Filipinos, he'd turned tricks in Cuba and Alaska that spotted him for a boy who enjoyed making wildcats wild so they'd be fit to play with."

"Sounds like a nice part," I remarks, "for a Quaker boy scout subject to fainting spells. Got it cast?"

"Not yet," returns Barney, "but it looks like Elmer Coddle of Milkvale, Cal."

He's news to me, and I shows it.

"Elmer," explains Cole, "is just one of the Coddles of Milkvale. He's never acted before, but it looks like him because he looks like him."

"Like Funston?" I asks.

"Yep," says Barney. "It's this way: A month ago Joe Banks, who trooped in the Islands for a year with Funston, was on location up near Milkvale. Among the loafers he pipes a guy who's a dead ringer for the General, and out of curiosity he finds out who he is. Last week when we starts figuring on taking the Philippines for an epic ride, Banks thinks of Coddle and his likeness—with the result that you leave for Milkvale tonight."

MAKE the MAN

THE most joyous comedies that come out of Hollywood are the ones that never are screened. They can't be; you'll see, in just a minute, why. This is the first of a series about the films by this inimitable humorist.

"Me!" I exclaims. "How do I cut in on the deal?"
"Rulen," replies Cole, "wants to begin shooting *pronto* and is keen to use Elmer if possible, so we've got to bring him down here for a screen test. Banks isn't with us any more; I haven't the time and—"

"Wire him to come?" I suggests.

"Nothing's ever been said to him," comes back Barney, "and he probably wouldn't know what it's all about. Besides, he may have fallen on his face or shaved off his beard or something since Joe saw him, and we want to make sure he stacks up right."

"I thought," I growls, "that I was brought out to this dump to be a gag man?"

"Well," grins Cole, "you may have to gag plenty to swing Elmer from his silo to the silver screen. As a matter of fact, there won't be any trouble at all."

"If this apple-knocker hasn't been sounded out," I argues, "what makes you so sure?"

"I've been in this infantile industry twenty years now," says Barney, "and in all that time only one person refused an offer from me to get into the movies."

"What was the hitch there?" I inquires.

"He was under contract to another film layout," returns the director. "All you got to do," he continues, flashing back to the main subject, "is to give Elmer the all-over, make sure that he resembles the General and—"

"I'm a swell camera-eye," I cuts in, "for that kind of a chore. I couldn't tell if his phiz was like Funston's or whether he favored Napoleon's grandmother. You might as well send me to find out if Coolidge looks anything like Noah did when he was a young man."

"Here," says Barney, pulling a bunch of photos out of his desk. "Take 'em along. They were shot about the time the

Constitution was following the flag and the Krag into the Philippines."

I glances over 'em. They're pictures in uniform of a short, stocky *hombre* with a kind of a General Grant map, but there's nothing of the daredevil in the face. Put him in cits, and he could have passed for a school principal or a church sexton doubling in real-estate.

"If Coddle looks like these—anything like 'em," goes on Cole, "fix it to bring him along with you—and don't be afraid of dipping your mitts in the Old Man's pocket. If you can't crash him with dough, work the patriotic gag on him, or the art gag—oh, hell, you're a gag man, aren't you?"

"Yeh," says I, "but I didn't learn nothing on Broadway about gagging guys out on the grange into trading farms for films. Anyway," I wants to know, "what's the idea of going to all this trouble. Can't you take any Size A trouper on the lot, slap whiskers on his chin and a John Philip Sousa cap on his head and label him Funston? How many people remember what he looked like, and even if everybody does, what difference does it make to true art-lovers as long as you have a soggy clinch at the end and America is saved through the love of a pure girl?"

"It'd be all right by me," shrugs Barney, "but the Old Man's



"Now," says Barney, "you say fiercely: 'Wipe out that nest of sharpshooters!'" "What sharpshooters?" inquires Elmer.

gone rabies on realism. Why, in the war epic we made the other day he picked a bird to play Phil Sheridan just because his name happened to be Sherman."

"Yeh," says I, "and from what I've seen around this joint, he picks directors just because their names happen to be in the directory."

"Fade out, feeble," snaps Cole, "and don't let me see a close-up of you again without Elmer!"

Noon next day I drops off at Milkvale, one of those tanks where even slow freights stop only on signal. It's not a town—just a bad spot in the road. From the station-agent I learns that Coddle lives about a half-mile away in a cottage that "used to be painted green."

"What is he?" I asks. "A farmer?"

"Well," says the baggage-bouncer, "you might call him that for the sake of argument."

"Where's the argument," I demands, "and who started this, anyways?"

"You could get a right smart argument," comes back the telegraph operator, "if you was to call him a farmer in these parts."

"Then what is he?" I inquires.

"I aint arguing," returns the ticket-seller, and resumes his freight-handling.

"There's nothing like being well-heeled with advance info about a lad you're going to do business with," says I to my favorite funster as we hikes down the dusty road; but after all, why should I know anything about Elmer?

In about thirty minutes I arrives at the shack that used to be painted green—and how used to! On the front porch is an un-

popular-looking purp taking a cat-nap; and not wanting to disturb his siesta,—I had learned at the studio to be kind to dumb animals,—I walks around to the back of the house. There's a lot of wet clothes hanging out on a line, and sounds of revelry on a washboard. Pushing aside a couple of sheets and a pair of nevermind-whats, I comes face to face with Frederick Funston!

Even the woman's apron tied about his waist and the suds in his whiskers can't hide the likeness. Trim the boy's beard, jam him into a uniform, put a slat down his back, and he's the General. I don't have to look at the photos to be sure of that.

But imagine this baby peering at me over the tub with frightened eyes—imagine him swimming rivers under fire to play with wildcats or going through jungles to tie a rope bridge to Aguineldo, or whatever it was that Funston did to make the world a better place to live in. However, I'm not supposed to be an imagineer. My job's to check a likeness, and Elmer checks. If I'm told to bring something in the shape of an egg, I bring an egg. What's in the egg is between Barney and his breakfast.

"Elmer Coddle?" I inquires.

"Why—er," he mumbles, "yes—I think so."

"You think so!" I exclaims. "Don't you know?"

Elmer throws a nervous glance toward the house.

"Yes," he whispers. "I'm him."

"I represent Quintessence Films," says I.



The steed pulls a plunge and over its head goes Coddle. "Better have the script changed," I suggests to Barney, "and bring Funston to the river in a rocking-chair."

"We're making a picture about Funston—you know him, of course?"

"No," comes back Coddle. "I aint much at mixing with the neighbors. He aint the Portugee who bought that there now Squimish place, is he?"

"I'm afraid not," I returns regretfully; and then, in words of one syllable or less, I faces up the cards for Elmer. He listens with all the quick savvy of a two-year-old Eskimo being told for the first time the difference between steam heat and the situation in Choochoo province, China.

"It's simple," says I. "You look like Funston; you got the same air of bravado and bulldog courage, the same fire, the same, what the Frogs call, *je ne sais quois*, the same—"

"But," cuts in Coddle, the idea finally catching onto a peg in his dusty attic, "I don't know nothing about that there now play-acting."

"That," I assures him heartily, "is your charm, and a certain indication that you'll go far in motion pictures. How about it?" I goes on. "Your expenses to Hollywood, a hundred dollars cash in money, and all the girls you want to look at?"

"I hears," smirks Elmer, "they has a passel of pretties down there."

"Pretties?" I repeats. "The frills there are such knockouts they don't use mirrors. They don't believe what they see in 'em is possible. Well," I asks, "is it a deal? Do you yes me?"

"I aint sure," mumbles Coddle. "I'll have to ask—"

"Of course," I interrupts, "I realize that you are a man of large affairs—that it means a big sacrifice to you and to Milk-vale and, I may say, to the State of California, to go no further; but," I adds, "do you ever think of your debt to Art?"

"I knew you was tricking me," scowls Elmer. "If Art Hanks figures to get them two dollars by sending a city slicker to—"

"You got me wrong, General," I interjects hastily. "The art I'm talking about is long, not short for Arthur. Are you a patriot?" I demands.

"You'd think so," says Coddle, proud, "if you'd have been here last month and seen me and thirty or forty other fellers run that Chink truck-gardener out of town."

"Wonderful!" I enthuses. "The minute I saw you I knew you were the type to play a part calling for great courage against odds."

"How," inquires Elmer, "did them there, now, folks down in Hollywood happen to hear of me?"

"The modesty of the true hero!" I murmurs. "The name of Coddle," says I, "is not entirely unknown in the field of geography. The day before I left, high words passed between Jesse Lasky and Mary Pickford over you."

"What about?" asks Elmer, eager.

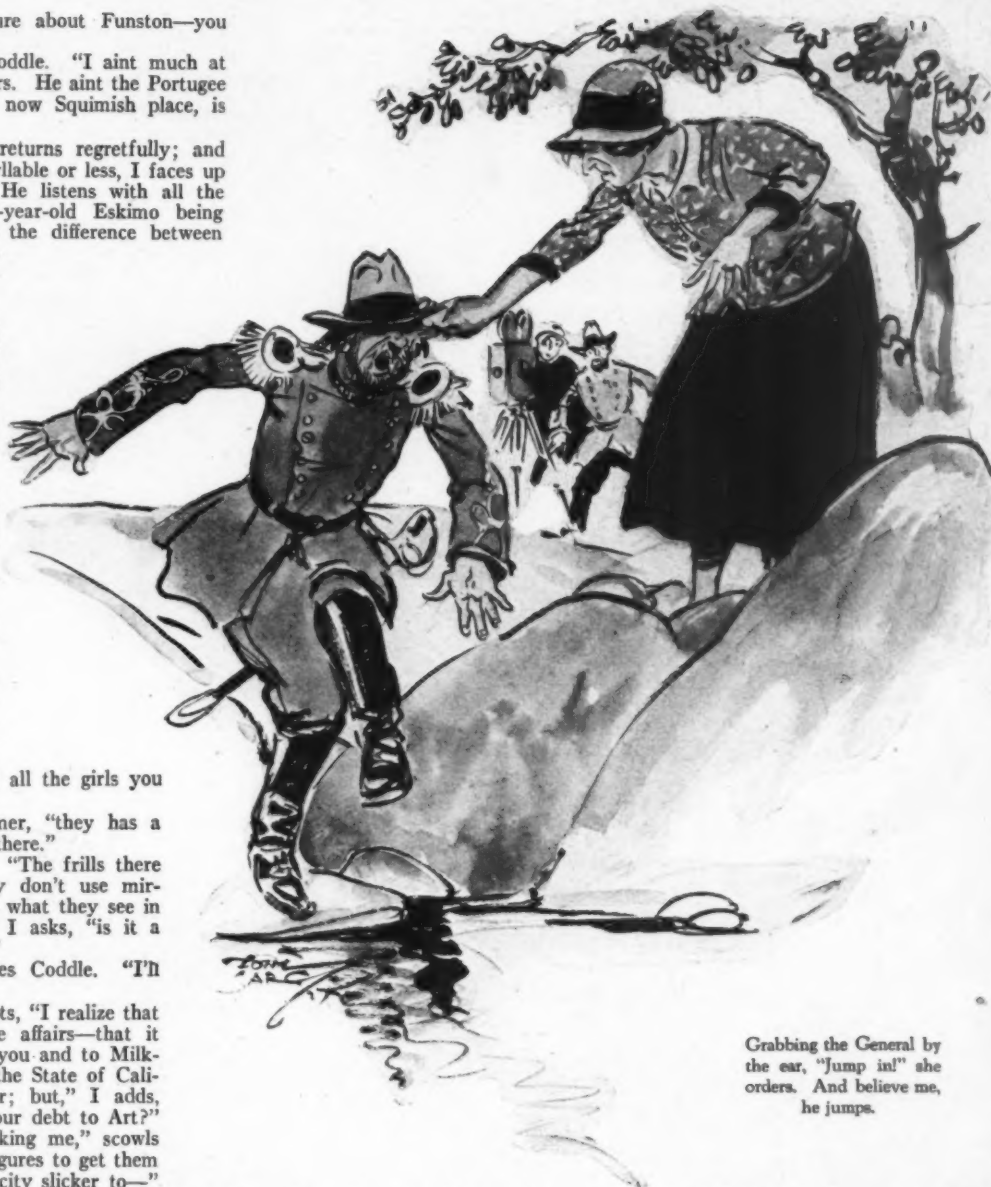
"Even in Hollywood," I smiles, gently, "we have our little secrets, but—"

"Get busy with that wash," snaps a harsh voice, and I turns to face a mountain of a female, glaring at Coddle. "And tell that loafer wasting your time if he don't leave at once he'll leave with a dog's teeth in him."

"Madam," says I, "I represent—"

"Whatever it is," comes back Hatchet-face, "we don't want any, and if we did, that worm couldn't buy it."

I sees quick that if I'm going to do any business on the Coddle



Grabbing the General by the ear, "Jump in!" she orders. And believe me, he jumps.

set I'll have to do it with this hard-boiled mamma, so I acts according. From the roll I strips five twenty-case notes.

"While you're holding these," says I, passing 'em over to Mme. Vinegar, "I'll tell you what I'm here for." She takes the dough, and before she can get over her surprise, I reads my lines with appropriate gestures.

"What!" gasps the Coddle dame. "Him in the movies!"

"They're crying their eyes out for him," I assures her.

"What's the picture?" she asks. "Ten Nights in a Poolroom?" Rub those stockings clean," she barks at her lord and master, who's eased off to listen.

"Yes, my dove," says General Funston.

I'm getting kind of tired of coddling the Coddles, so I talks straight turkey to the old gal: a hundred bucks for her, a hundred for Elmer just for the screen-test, and a hundred a week for the picture if he stacks up O. K. with the guess-men down at the factory.

"Besides," I adds, "I'll see to it that he gets back to you safe and sound."

"If you insist," frowns Mrs. Coddle. . . .

Two days later I'm back in Hollywood. Leaving Elmer to wander around the lot for a peek at "them there now pretties," I reports to Barney.

"Sir," says I, "General Funston is without."

"Without what?" grins the director.

"Most of his agates," I replies. "If his brains were in his feet, he'd be legless."

(Continued on page 130)

THERE'S a sunrise bloom and glamour about this captivating romance of early days in New Mexico that makes it unique and wholly delightful. Mr. Fergusson was born in Albuquerque, and has already won recognition for his "Hot Saturday" and "Capitol Hill."

Wolf Song

By

Harvey Fergusson

Illustrated by
Arthur E. Becher

The Story So Far:

UP from the edge of the prairie and over the range rode three. Their hair hung to their shoulders. Traps rattled in sacks lashed behind their Spanish saddles, and across the pommel each carried a long Hawkins rifle of shining brass-bound steel and battered wooden stock. Their six pack-mules bulged with square bales of beaver, worth eight dollars a pound in St. Louis and six in the mountains.

They traveled in a long string, old Rube Thatcher leading, and Gullion and handsome young Sam Lash, of Kentucky, hard at the rumps of the mules, cursing any that straggled. All of their stock was gaunt from long going, but still they rode hard, with iron spurs ajingle against their horses' ribs.

White liquor and fandangos, fat eating and store fixings, lay before them, and a year of hard days lay behind. And thus they rode into Taos town—mountain men, hell-bent for a spree.

Barelegged women, passing with water-jars and baskets on their heads, stopped and looked shyly delighted, and other women ran to doors and peered and ogled, and from tiny windows and barely opened *portales* of great houses even *rica* women peeped with eager eyes. How Mexican women loved hard-riding, Indian-killing gringos, full of fun and money!

In Taos they traded their furs, and bought fresh clothing and supplies, and bathed at the hot spring. There too they drank deep of liquor, and with a dozen fellow-trappers they gave a dance which the whole town attended—even Lola Salazar, daughter of wealthy old Don Solomon, the chief man of the town.

She had lost her first lover—the fair-haired Tircio, killed by

Apaches while on a journey to bring back an Indian maidservant, as was the custom, for his bride. She had since then been promised by her parents to her cousin Ambrosio, a mild and listless suitor who stirred her not at all, and she had made pretexts to defer the marriage. And now came this young mountain man from the wilderness, a man fair like Tircio. And she danced with him to the fiddling of old Baulin, the itinerant French violinist. And when the *baile* broke up in the inevitable fight between the gringos and the more numerous Mexicans, Lola saw her new fair-haired cavalier battling gallantly. Later that night Sam carried the fiddler Baulin, now too drunk to walk, to Lola's window, and made him serenade her. And—at dawn a few days afterward Lola stole out of the house with a few belongings.

A party of buckskinned men, with long rifles across their saddle-bows, driving pack-mules before them, rode past. Her man came a little behind them, riding a tall, square-built glossy roan that fought the bit. His eyes were unwavering upon her, and as he came closer, she could see nothing but the bright devouring excitement of his blue eyes.

He rode as though he would ride by, then suddenly spun his horse and stopped. . . . She felt his arm about her, felt herself lifted, felt the sudden powerful spring of the horse under spur. . . . She heard a shout, saw the others close in across the road, barring the way with rifles ready against possible pursuit.

Hoofs drummed in her ears; wind tore at her flying hair; and her frightened mouth tasted the buckskin of his shirt. (The story continues in detail.)





Sam Lash made his camp a little way from the others while Lola sat on his saddle and watched.

SAM LASH made his camp a little way from the others. He picked a flat, high place where ground was smooth, and cut cedar boughs and built a shelter while she sat on his saddle with her back to a tree and watched.

Never had he built such a big shelter nor such a good one. He made a triangle of small logs laid cattawampus, and against the outside of it he piled cedar boughs thick with sweet-smelling needles.

He roofed over the top the same way, choosing and placing boughs with a nice eye, trying and throwing aside, trying again, making as good a house as any man could make with an ax and an hour of daylight.

He brushed out the inside with a bough and covered the ground with tips of blue spruce, which was more than ever he had done for himself. Over them he laid a buffalo robe, and over the robe he spread a black-and-red Navajo chief blanket so tight-woven it would hold water. He dug a trench all around the uphill side so that rain would drain off, and he hung a saddle-

blanket to make a door. His reward was that when she went inside, she kissed him and didn't look so scared.

He walked up the mountain and sat down and lit a pipe and looked awhile at his house with his woman inside, and then he went down to where the others sat around a fire, and he sat down too.

Several jugs of liquor were going around, as always happened the first day out. Some were telling tall stories; some wanted to sing, and some wanted to fight.

Gullion was one that had his dander up. He had set a jug of forty-rod over against a tree. He kept marching around the fire, blowing his horn, and every time he reached the jug, he stopped and took a long gurgling swig, and then went on with his war-talk, louder than ever. Nobody was paying him



"Quick, quick!" she shrieked. "Stop them! He's killing my blond one!" She

much notice yet, but it was clear somebody would have to crawl his frame before the night was over.

He kept telling them all that he was a ring-tailed roarer, that he was a flying wildcat and when he lit the fur flew, that he hadn't had a fight for three days and was getting so wolfy his skin itched.

He was short, squat and bandy-legged, but light on his feet, with wide shoulders and long arms. He worked himself up like a rooster. He flapped his arms, jumped up in the air and cracked his heels. He did a little Blackfoot war-dance all by himself,

and then he did a little strut with his fists working up and down. "I'm on the prowl, boys!" he shouted. "Ef anybody wants to live long, let him stay out o' my way!"

Nobody took any notice of him, because nobody else felt like fighting just then, and they all knew he got that way when he was in liquor. He couldn't live without fighting.

He had just started around the fire for another drink when he spied Sam Lash sitting quiet in a shadow, with his elbows on his knees, looking hard at the fire.

"Whoopee, boys!" he yelled. "Look'ee here what I found!



ran to the fire, picked up a blazing stick of fat pine, made a dash at Gullion.

Damned if it aint the bridegroom hisself, settin' here all alone and lookin' sad as a sick chicken. What's the matter, Sam boy?"

They all looked and laughed, and that egged Gullion more than a dozen drinks.

"He's skeert of her, boys," he taunted. "Now that he's caught his squaw, he don't know what to do with her. Why aint you with her, boy?"

Sam Lash didn't move, but his face turned red as the fire.

"Cut that chin music," he growled. "This child aint turned Indian yet—"

"You aint turned Indian?" Gullion bawled. "An' I reckon you think you kin set there and tell me I have! Stop my chin music, is it? Lemme see you stand up and make me stop it, you big long drink o' water, you. Yo're so damn' tall you cain't tell when your feet's cold, but that aint no odds to me. The higher they are the harder they fall. When I light on you, boy, you'll break in the middle and hit in two places at oncet. Wait till I git a bite hold on you, an' we'll see who's turned Indian, damn my eyes if we don't!"

Sam Lash stood up slowly, his face twisted into a heavy scowl,

"Don't go, *querido*," she begged.
"I am nothing without you now.
What if Indians kill you?"

his fists clenched, his feet wide planted. Gullion capered around him dribbling with eagerness, both arms crooked, his great stubby fingers spread and working. It was a hold he hankered after, and when he got one he was bad.

"Yo're my meat, now, you pretty thing!" he gloated. "When I git done with you, your gal wont be able to tell whether yo're comin' or goin'. You wont have no more face than a toadstool. You've been gettin' too damn' uppety for a month. Jest because the Mexican gals runs after you, you think yo're a man, and jest because your folks owned a few rickety darkies and a couple o' razorback hawgs, you think yo're too good fer all the rest of us. You wouldn't never of had that gal if I hadn't helped you to git her, and now you set there and tell me I'm an Indian! I'll learn you manners, you long-legged corn-cracker—"

At the last word Sam Lash took a quick step forward and drove in with a right swing that started down around his knees. Gullion ducked back like a dog from a mule-kick and tried to run in, but he met Sam's left with the side of his head and fell ten feet away. He came right up, spluttering and breathing hard, blood trickling from his ear. He was hard-headed as a mule, and could take terrible punishment.

Chabonard tried to stop it but no one would help him. They were all set to see a ruction.

"Gamecocks is bound to fight when there's a hen among 'em," old Rube Thatcher decided. "Let 'em fight. It's jest a social ruction. They aint neither of 'em got no steel on, and they been workin' up to this all winter."

It was the general judgment. Men had a right to fight when a fight didn't interfere with business. The group fell back, making a wide half-circle. High red pitch-eating flames lit their eager interested faces.

Gullion pulled off his hat and sailed it into the dark. He peeled his buckskin shirt over his head and threw it on the ground.

"Lay there till I need yuh," he told it.

He showed a hairy chest and arms of enormous, knotty muscle. With his shirt off he looked bigger and uglier. Sam Lash seemed slim beside him, a head taller but not as heavy.

Gullion, his mouth shut at last, circled him warily and Sam Lash waited with his knees bent and his hands lifted. Their long shadows crawled and wavered over firelit ground.

Gullion's game was to get a hold, and Sam's was to stand off and wallop. It was bulldog against wolf. They both knew that. Each had seen the other fight more than once.

Gullion shuffled forward, stuck out his face and moved his head like a turtle.

"Come on—hit me," he challenged. "What's the matter? Are you hamstrung?"

But Lash was too wary to swing. He knew that if he missed and lost his balance he would be down in an instant.

Gullion was not too drunk to make a good fight, but he was too drunk to be careful. He sprang suddenly, driving with a lifted knee and a stiff left. Lash sidestepped with the light feet



of a dancer and jolted him hard in the belly. The blow landed with a thud. It knocked a grunt out of Gullion and stopped him in his tracks for a moment. Lash, seeing him weak, threw a long right at his nose, and Gullion sat down with blood spilling down over his lips and chin while the crowd set up a loud yell for Sam Lash.

He seemed to be having it all his own way, and Gullion was getting what he had begged for. But they didn't know Gullion. Hard-headed and thick-skinned, made of bone and wire, he was a fighter of the kind that gets drunk on his own blood. Knuckles had been broken on his skull without stopping him. He rose, spitting blood and snorting; and running in once more, he took a right on his neck, ducked under a left, and got a crushing underhold.

Lash bent in his arms like a sapling in a storm, and they went



down heavily together, while the crowd yelled. As they fell, Lash got a fast grip with his left hand in Gullion's thick, woolly hair, and with a right palm against his chin, twisted his opponent's head, bound to turn him over or break his neck. He was about to turn him, too, when his thumb slipped within reach of Gullion's mouth, and yellow teeth closed on it. For a moment Lash writhed in agony, then drove his knee with a desperate jerk into Gullion's stomach, knocking the wind out of him and making him open his mouth. As the hold broke, he got to his feet, knocking Gullion back with a short jab. Too mad now to be careful, he followed him up, slugging with all his might. Gullion, cunning as a coon, saw his chance, sidestepped and tripped Lash with a leg between his feet. Lash fell forward, and Gullion pounced on him just as he turned over, pinning his right arm with a great left hand and his body with both knees.

Now Gullion had what he wanted—a chance to gouge. Unless Sam Lash yelled for mercy, he stood a chance to lose an eye or the side of his face.

They all crowded round the struggling two with intent unsmiling faces. No one had any right to interfere. If Lash was beaten he could yell, and then they would pull the two apart.

Gullion lifted his right hand, with fingers spread and stiff, jabbed again and again at Lash's eyes, and Lash fended him off with his left as best he could and writhed in an effort to bring a knee into play. Gullion scratched skin off his face and broke his lips. Both of them were half blind with sweat and blood, and breathing in hoarse gurgling gasps like animals shot through the lungs.

When Lola ran into the circle of firelight, they all stood staring at her pop-eyed. They had forgotten her existence.

Sam pushed open the door. . . . She stood waiting for him—and there was no welcome in her eyes or on her lips.

With her long black hair hanging loose, stamping the ground and yelling shrill, furious Spanish, she was almost as startling to them as an apparition of the dead.

"Quick, quick, quick!" she shrilled. "Stop them! Stop them! He's killing him. He's killing my blond one! Stop them, you pigs!"

But nobody moved quick enough to suit her. She ran over to the fire, picked up a blazing stick of fat pine, made a dash at Gullion and began beating him furiously over the head and shoulders with short, awkward strokes. Gullion ducked this way and that, then jumped up, slapping at his head and ears with both hands, like a man fighting bees, knocking hot coals and ashes out of his hair. He barely glanced at the woman. A hot coal had slipped down inside his pants behind, and he went writhing and squirming around, almost tying himself in a knot to get it out.

Sam Lash stood up slowly and with some trouble. Blowing, bloody, naked to the waist, scratched and dirty, he stood looking at her with his mouth open and not a word to say. But she had enough for both of them.

"You fool!" she shrilled. "What do you mean by fighting with that dirty pig? If you had trouble with him, why didn't you shoot him? That you should roll around in the dirt that way and let him try to scratch your eyes out! Do you think I want a blind fool for a husband?"

For a moment she stood looking at him, her breasts rocking, her black eyes brimming with rage. Then she went up to him, took him by the hand, spoke with scornful tenderness.

"Come with me," she said. "I will wash your cuts."

Docile and wordless, the warrior was led away. The others looked after the pair a moment, and then a shout of laughter broke from them all at once.

When Sam came back to the fire some of the men were spreading blankets and others were lighting final pipes. Gullion came up from the creek where he had been washing blood and dirt off himself. He was singing happy. He spied Lash and came over to him and stuck out his hand, and they shook.

"That was a good ruction we had while it lasted, boy," he said. "Ef that little chili o' yorn hadn't set me afire, I'd of made you holler, shore as hell."

He went poking around among the packs, found a haunch of venison and held it up.

"Ho, boys!" he shouted. "Who's for meat? This chile feels like chawin'. I'll cut it an' cook it. Ef we cain't fight, we kin eat!"

Chapter Ten

FROM Taos north to the British territories there was one place where a man could sit down and feel sure his hair was safe—one place where he could leave horse, beaver, woman or money,



and hope to find it there when he got back. That place was Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. There anyone could eat, trade and stop as long as he was of a mind to. Any trader or trapper could there get a stake on credit.

Bent's Fort had walls fifteen feet high and three feet thick, made of adobe mixed with Navajo wool. On top of the walls, all the way around, grew cactus of the low, thick, fat-leaved kind, bearing red and yellow flowers in the spring.

Nothing could climb over the walls of Bent's Fort; nothing could knock them down; and they couldn't be set afire. Double oak gates at either end were sheathed in iron. Inside was a courtyard with stores and living-rooms all around it, and a furpress in the middle. Over the front gate was a square tower room with windows on all four sides and a long telescope mounted



on a swivel, and Bent kept one man there all the time to watch. The watchman could spot a dust-cloud twenty miles at least, for wide flat-lands lay on both sides of the valley. The cotton-woods that grew low and thick along the muddy Arkansas were the only cover as far as eye could see.

Two round towers with little rifle windows sat on opposite corners. Inside, their walls were hung with sabers, buffalo-lances, muskets and horse-pistols. Dust was all over them, for they had never been used. Every year Comanche, 'Rapaho, Ute, Pawnee, Cheyenne and sometimes Sioux came here to trade beaver and buffalo robe for liquor, paint, beads, scarlet cloth, knives, guns and sugar. Nearly always from the Fort you could see rows of teepees up and down the valley. Sometimes Indians full of liquor painted their faces black and danced the war-dance within sight of the

walls, and sometimes Ute and 'Rapaho met there and fought out their ancient grudge with shrill yells and flights of arrows shot from under the necks of running ponies. Warriors of five tribes camped under the walls of Bent's Fort, but none of them ever attacked it, partly because it was too strong, and partly because William Bent, who married the Cheyenne Owl Woman, was honest with Indians.

Down by the river was an adobe ice-house, and Bent hired a hunter to keep it filled with meat. Traveling buffalo often crossed the Arkansas in sight of the Fort by thousands; antelope drank at the river every day; and deer hid in the brushy bottoms. For change the hunter went to the mountains and brought back pack-mule loads of bighorn and elk.

Bent's wagons that hauled furs to the (Continued on page 108)

What Of It?

*Have We Women Freed Ourselves from Men
Or Do They Own Us More Than Ever Before?*

By Fannie Hurst

By her own abilities, and much hard work, Fannie Hurst "made" herself. She speaks from personal acquaintance with the struggling as well as with the famous and the great. She is married—and knows wives as well as working girls.

WE have it!
What?

Emancipation. And after seven years of official status as a voting American citizen, I find myself asking, as one who fought for it, marched for it, lobbied for it, wore celluloid buttons for it—well, what of it?

We have our vote. Certain property rights, name rights, legislated rights.

We call a limb a leg. Bifurcated skirts, back hair, poetess, side-saddle, dance-card, corset, delicate condition, when-baby-came, have about passed from the language into that limbo which the dictionaries label "obs."

For seven years American women have been living and having their being in an alleged state of equal suffrage.

Officially speaking, we are emancipated.

Yes, sisters, we have it.

No, not the "it" of the highly dyed phraseology of the Ziegfeldian moment. Not the "it" in "Mistress Helen of Troy" that caused some right well-known public men of her time to go considerably out of their warpaths for her.

Not all of us, even though we journey to the far ends of the earth, and bob our hair, lift our skirts, faces, eyebrows and attain our boyish silhouettes on the Calvary of the Calorie, can attain that "it" which drives strong men to carry hundred-thousand-dollar life-insurance policies and impels them to purchase limousines with specially made bodies and rose enamel fittings.

The "it" under discussion cannot be so simply summed up in a nutshell or a dimple.

This "it" of ours, sisters, is the more specific, and apparently more easily attainable one which we won *via* broken windows, broken laws, hunger-strikes and Congress.

Susan B. Anthony, and dear knows how many hundreds and thousands of unhonored, unsung ones inspired by the beauty of her vision, dedicated their efforts and their enthusiasms and their loyalty and their strength to striking from us the shackles of sex-discrimination as manifested in our national scheme of law and life.

Well, officially they are off.

And along with one who a little grimly, after seven years, asks and asks of herself, "What of it?" enter with me into the cold chamber of self-analysis.

First, once and for all, at the threshold, let us have over with the moss-grown, the old-oaken soporific: "What can you expect of us? We haven't had time! How can you hope for women to achieve in seven short years what men have been educated to for centuries? And with all their equipment, look at the mess they've made!"

Yes, yes, my sisters. Know ye that from the constant and reiterated use of just those phrases, my vocal cords feel worn down, even as the chariot-wheel ruts at Pompeii.

Women have a way of explaining it thus, with almost the monotonous rhythm of a metronome.

We haven't had time.

Assuming ninety-nine per cent of this logic-of-escape to be sound, it is thinkable (but scarcely sayable) that having the benefit of all these centuries of male apprenticeship at government, we might be expected to take up where they have left off. And so on, and so on, one might surmise from various of the angles of exoneration presented.

Let us, sisters, retire deeper and deeper into the cold chamber of knee-to-knee self-analysis.

Seven years of emancipation. The most important sociological event in the history of America.

In my files, in my scrapbooks, on my library shelves and scattered along the aisles of my memory, are tomes of historical and literary data treating the subject of women's economic, political, industrial and social journey through the ages and civilizations of the known parts of the world.

For the purposes of this paper, may they continue to gather dust!

We know that we at present, in the United States, have three women in Congress and thirty in State legislatures. We know that the only English-speaking countries (with whom we are for the moment solely concerned) that have refused to enfranchise women are South Africa and Newfoundland. We know that—

Sisters, seven years after, dare we here, in the fastness of the analytical chamber, three women in Congress and thirty in the State legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding, admit that our emancipation hasn't come off?

There are precious few indications on the credit side of the suffrage ledger to indicate that the women of America have kept faith. Meaning spiritually, or politically, with the new standards of their new and fought for estate.

We vote—most of the time. Listlessly, as a class, or man-ridden. Or sexily. Refusing to give our ages, or setting the polls a-snigger at the manner in which we greet the question.

This last we secretly think femininely effective. The men seem to look on a little anxiously and yet withal gleefully, much as a parent, after he has been overruled by a doting family, sits by and watches his offspring play with his jewel-movement watch. Dreading, yet secretly hoping, for his own self-justification, that the youngster will drop it and smash it to smithereens.

Oh, yes, we carry on after a fashion.

Some of us think and care about protective legislation for women and various of the more concrete forms of emancipation.

Others of us, in England and America, are opposed to protective legislation for women workers, as distinguished from men.

But most of us, sisters, except where it concerns our own back-aches, eye-strain, fallen arches and round shoulders, think or care not at all.



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Fannie Hurst, author of "Appassionata," "Lummo," and "Song of Life," whose perceptive qualities and graphic pen are given to brilliant interpretations of our times.

Valiant women, dreamers, seers of the vision, like Mrs. Catt and Alice Paul and their banner-carriers, are fighting through these anti-climactic years since you have become American citizens, trying to cover up the naked fact of your inertia with the flaming garment of their own ardor.

Covering your defection.

Sisters, we have not come through, as a class, as a mass, or as a sex.

WE have had time, in these years since the necessary thirty-six States ratified the reluctant yea of Congress, to evidence if not the deed of the accomplishment, then at least the spirit of it. Have we done that much?

If ever it was sex o'clock over this land of ours, that hour is striking now.

Women who live by their sex, and their sex alone, and snugly within the pale of society, are probably distributed along more varied strata of life today than ever before in their history.

Sisters of dreadful finery, of dreadful nights, and of one or another of countless easiest ways, are no longer yellow-ticketed.

Women wear their deeds upon their sleevelessness.

A young chorus woman who has succeeded in mulcting the greatest possible number of millionaire husbands one after another for quick sure-fire divorce and alimony, is sent in the rôle of dazzlingly blonde psychologist and commentator, to sit judgment upon a sister who murdered in the name of her desires.

The gold-digger of one form or another is rampant on every social plane. Women who have their political and social and industrial emancipation live as never before upon the privileges of their sex.

There is current, upon the dramatic stage of New York today, a successful drama written by a woman about women, celebrating in sharp-edged, well-taken satire this scurrying of women to the cover of their sex when placed in a position where equal suffrage is on sufferance.

Current drama, fiction and crime reflect to what extent their emancipation is not affecting the trend of modern life. It is notoriously impossible, except in rare and the most flagrantly unusual cases, for a woman guilty of the major crime of homicide or "husbandcide" to have the same rigid dispensation of law doled out to her that would be meted to a male guilty of a corresponding crime.

For two reasons:

- (1) The principal plea employed in her defense is her sex.
- (2) It succeeds.

At a recent sordid murder-trial, where the woman was actually convicted along with her paramour, she was nevertheless sufficiently mistress of this psychology to request that women be forbidden to sit on her jury, or in the court-room during the procedure of her trial.

There are those who say, and their name is legion, that the master-stroke, if the sole stroke, of the first woman governor to hold position in the United States, was her attitude of dependence upon her husband while she held office. Turning clinging vine, so to speak, so that whatever shortcomings and ineffectualities there were, might be obscured to male eyes, at least, by the immemorial gesture of putting her trust in man.

This inferential statement is open to the refutation of the lady. No human being, with eyesight or insight, can make a tour of the business cells that are honeycombed into the average office-building of any American city, and observe the armies of young stenographers in no sleeves, powdered knees, sticked lips, lithe uncorseted waistline, and still dutifully mouth the slogan that women dress for women.

It is the fashion now to celebrate this new freedom in women's dress.

Emancipation in dress:

Being a member of the sisterhood, and if it may be ventured at this stage so to remark, an enthusiastic member of it, it is impossible for me to cast tortured eyes upon a miss of the mauve decade, alongside a slick flapper of the terrific twenties, and not cheer loudly for the age of abbreviation.

Psychologists will explain the preference in terms of we-like-what-we-are-used-to. It is a human trick of mind to prefer what is the fashion.

Perhaps. But it is only by an effort of the will that I can bring myself remotely to imagine that twenty years hence, Miss Slick Flapper of the Terrific Twenties will be as mauve to posterity as Miss Elegant Eighties is to hers.

We all prate a great deal, because we have been taught to do so by advertising and industrial propaganda, about the new sim-

plicity and emancipations in women's dress. Esthetically and hygienically speaking, there does seem little doubt that the unencumbered women of the present seem to have vast advantage over the long-haired, long-skirted sisterhood. But anyone who stops to analyze this new emancipation in women's dress is going to be let in for something of a shock.

It is extremely doubtful in the mind of this commentator whether the Mrs. Xantippes of their time, the Miss Cleopatras, the Miss Josephine Bonapartes, the Miss Juliet Capulets, the Madame Pompadours, the Miss Floradoras of the Sextet, or the Queen Louises laboriously descending the staircase, were any more the slaves of beauty-parlor, eyebrow-plucker, wig-dresser, facial manipulation, massage and diet than our Miss Flapper of the Terrific Twenties.

For those of you who still regard the bobbed head as an emancipation, if such there be, take heed from one who not only has observed, but whose own shorn tresses repose in a brown paper bag on the third shelf of the cedar closet.

No Second Empire débutante who wore her coiffure steeply marcelled back off a wire birdcage with a singing canary in it, could have dedicated more of her precious hours to the hair-dresser than the members of the water-waved, marcel-waved, permanent-waved sororities of today.

There has sprung up in the wake of the manifestation of emancipation (as if fashion ever even laid slightest claim to rhyme or reason!) a beauty-parlor and hair-dressing industry unparalleled in the history of beautification.

The Greek ladies wore psyches which are somewhat of a nuisance; the Frenchwomen of various periods used to go in for headdresses of the nesselrode pudding variety; but at least these wigs could be managed while the climax which they were to cap was off at Versailles or doing a minuet.

A bob is the close, the intimate and the complicated affair of its owner. The upkeep of the shorn heads of this decade alone is sufficient to cause the long-haired generations lying under the sod of North America to give a gasp of dismay that would set the seismographs of the hemisphere to recording severe earthquake disturbances.

About the only woman left free in America for an eleven A. M. appointment is the one who still has long locks and is not due at her hairdresser's at that hour.

AS to the short skirts, the constant and public application of vanity-box and rouge-stick in order to keep pace with sister's rubyness of lip and snow-whiteness of nose, the tall-heeled evening slippers upon which women prance for shopping and marketing, the sheer stockings that spring a run if you step too hastily down off a curb—sisters, if this be freedom, give me death.

Miss Lucretia Borgia, who wore laced bodices and along with all her other elaborate toilet accessories had a poison-ring to keep well replenished, was, feel assured, no more of a problem to herself than the elaborately simple woman of today whose single sheaf of frock, single sheaf of silk underclothing, flat sheaf of hair and sheer stockings bespeak the last word in complex concentration of effort.

Less clothing, glory be, yes! But an elaborate and subtle and expensive simplicity, this, that enslaves even while it liberates.

No, our emancipation in dress does not bear close analysis any more than our emancipation in morals.

The double code of ethics, which is of about the same age as the human race (although it has by no means existed uniformly throughout the Christian era), is perhaps more a matter of practice today in this hemisphere than at any time since the famous legend of Adam and Eve had its beginnings.

Yes, we have our own smoking-rooms now. We ride astride. We swim channels. (The first Girl to swim it! The first Mother to swim it!)

We demand the right to teach school though married, even as Tom, Dick and Harry.

We demand equal wage, but hold out for unequal suffrage. Shorter hours. Chairs behind counters, and so forth.

We demand, but scarcely can be said as a sex to avail ourselves of, the male double-code right to philander.

We fight for the right to elect to retain our maiden names after marriage, by succeeding in establishing in a nation of about fifty million women, an organization known as the Lucy Stone League, with a membership of about three hundred and fifty.

We strike the word *obey* out of the marriage ceremony in occasional newspaper headlines.

We do not get seats given to us in subways, street-cars and public conveyances—and we make con- (Continued on page 106)

It?

and
un-
age
who
ing

ator
ras,
the
the
ore
cial
the

an-
has
per

ply
it,
air-
red,

an-
or
eled

a
for
ese
cap

of
one
the
set
ake

M.
due

of
er's
ing
ing,
own

with
eep
er-
ngle
of
on-

and
s.
any

age
uni-
tter
the

ide.
her

as

age.

our-

fter

fty

ue,

in

and

06)



"These American ships have ruined the Chinks," he said. "I know how to treat 'em."

The Emeralds of Bogotá

By Frederick O'Brien

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

"THAT is life," said the girl in this extraordinary story. "Maybe not your life. You are a fortunate American." A story of China, of American men and a woman of Europe, told with the witchery of the writer who transported us to the White Shadows of the South Seas.

I HAD an engagement with Captain Ericson for a cocktail before dinner. Our ship, an American liner, was out half the fortnight to Japan, on the wintry arc between Canada and the Orient. I rang my bell. Usually, Tam Son, my cabin attendant, a young Cantonese, came hurrying and smiling. Several years before, I had been on a ship with him, and he had remembered me, pleasantly. I waited, but there was no response to my ring.

I opened my door, which faced the landing. At this hour Chinese stewards were generally moving to and fro in their long gowns of blue grass-cloth, their felt-shod feet noiseless on the alleyways. Now not a soul was in sight.

Suddenly, along the narrow passage from the bow end of the ship came the sound of angry words and of doors slamming. Voices in English and Chinese, pitched in fierce command and in shrill protestation, preceded, by a few seconds, a rush of men toward me. The Cantonese boys were being driven aft, like a flock of startled sheep, by white men whose shouted orders were sharpened by Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian curses. The press

of Chinese was headed by Ho Fon, the personal servant of Captain Ericson, his accustomed smooth thatch of inky hair in disorder. Next to him was Ah Lee, Number One man, gray, wrinkled and bent in service, his fine silken gown half open. Behind him poured a half hundred others, herded by the second officer and the chief steward. In the electric light their yellow faces were blanched and strained.

A larger swarm defiled from the starboard alleyway, the third officer and the purser driving them, with imprecations, towards the doorways that gave access to the open deck.

The two streams of humans eddied and swirled in the landing, the Chinese trying vainly to reach the ears of the ship officers with explanations, questions and expletives in the Cantonese dialect, and in pidgin English. Their nervous cries were drowned in the bull tones of the second officer, Ibsen, who called out:

"Aft jou go! Drive dem out on de deck! I'll teach 'em a lesson!"

The chief steward pushed outward the lee doors to the deck,



"I married to get out of an abyss of terror. In that café in Shanghai, I had barely

and despite a feeble resistance by the boys, more oral than physical, they were swept out into the icy air of night. The last Chinese I saw disappear into the semidarkness was my attendant, Tam Son. A bandage covered half his face, as if he had been wounded. The officers followed them, closing the doors, and all was quiet again.

It was December twenty-fourth, and for a moment I thought it was a rehearsal of the Christmas Eve jinks. The notices said we were to have Chinese music and singing, and a play after dinner. But the Captain's servant did not call me, as I expected, and I decided that the riot had been a real one. . . .

When I took my place at table, I found no waiters there. The chief steward explained in an embarrassed speech:

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, the Chinese stewards have laid off, temporarily. We'll do our best, if you'll help us."

We made a joke of it. After all, it was Christmas Eve. Some of us took the lead, the doctor tying a spare tablecloth about his middle, and Hooper, Bass and I doing likewise. I assigned myself not only our four but a couple at a table next us.

At the tables of the Chinese passengers, who were congregated on the port side of the saloon, that they might have their own

food, in chopstick fashion, the younger men waited on the elder, as always in the respectful land of Cathay. Inside the cooking galley, the white stewards carved and dished.

The woman I served sat listlessly. The man, after a commonplace joke, left the room with a sudden and unexcused starting up. He returned, staggering under a huge wastebasket full of champagne, and putting it down beside him, distributed the bottles about the tables. In a satirical small voice he announced to the white side of the saloon:

"There's plenty more where this came from. We're not going to let the damn' Chinks make us dry on Christmas Eve!"

Glasses were brought, and cracked ice, and toasts were drunk from table to table. Our host joked with me, heavily.

"These American ships have ruined the Chinks," he said.

"White women laugh with them, and missionaries tell them they have souls to save. I know how to treat 'em."

He clattered his glass and plates, noisily and unsteadily. His wife said nothing. I had never exchanged a word with her, though she was the interesting-looking one of the three women passengers. She kept to herself, seemingly bored by all of us. Yet it was she who had impelled me to my menial task. I had



food and clothing. I was surrounded by vile men and unfortunate women."

seized the opportunity to be of service to her. Now I could draw from her but a few words of thanks. The gross form opposite seemed to crush her. He paid no attention, eating and drinking.

She was singularly magnetic. Her eyes were wells of secrecy. Her hands fascinated me; not small, white as linen, broadish and strong, the hands of an artist. She did not wait for the dessert, but left the table to her husband's sole occupancy, as his boisterousness grew.

I was amazed that this apparently high-bred, finely tempered woman was the companion of such a beast. . . .

At coffee, in the smoking-room, which the white stewards managed to serve, Hooper, an American meat-salesman, broached the subject of the absent waiters.

"There'll be no Chinese music tonight," he said, laughing. "There's a hundred and twenty-five of 'em locked up in Number Five hold, to freeze or go back to their jobs. Some passenger soaked one of 'em for sassiness. He made a holler, and was ordered back to work. There was a lot of palaver, and finally the whole caboodle refused to work, unless the passenger apologized, and was warned not to touch any of 'em again. There's some-

thing new—and damn' bad—among the Chinese. I'd keep my gun handy."

"Well," said Alan Bass, an American banker in Canton, "how'd you like to be kicked or struck in the face because you didn't understand some drunken Chinaman's orders to you?"

"That's no way for a white man to talk," Hooper replied hotly. "I know the Chinks. What they need is a swift kick with every order. Treat 'em rough, and make 'em like it."

Others were drawn into the argument. We were a small company. The most inclement season of the year on the boreal route, with Christmas and New Year's at sea, had cut our list to fifteen white passengers. Most of these, old-timers in China, were for the boot.

"These coolies are the scum of the earth," said an English engineer. "You've got to make them bloomin' well fear you."

"We've got a million of 'em in Hongkong," a compatriot of his asserted. "If they get out of hand, you can see where we British would be. It's you Americans with your brotherly rot in the Philippines that have put this notion of equality in the Chinese's heads."

Bass, a distinguished-looking man, said in a quiet tone:

"China's the country of the Chinese, isn't it? Why shouldn't they think themselves the equals of us foreigners who come to make money out of them, or to save their yellow souls? I'm not arguing for equality. That doesn't exist in any country. But I say that for white men to knock the Chinese about, to beat them for any trivial offense, is bad business. The Chinese respect only men who keep their tempers. We'll pay for all our stupidity. I know a passenger on this boat who has a reputation all over China for beating coolies. I'll bet he caused this strike tonight."

"Here he comes! Three rousing cheers!" called out Hooper. I looked around, and saw Vonderhorst, the donor of the dinner champagne.

He was the largest man on the ship, huge and shapeless. He walked ponderously toward us. His immense frame was draped in fat, his dress-clothes clinging tightly and outlining ridiculously his pendulous belly. His face had been puffed out of shape by indulgence. The skin was stretched by masses of fat so that his cheeks and chin were distorted, and his claret-colored ears seemed sewed to his head. His originally small mouth was puckered, and his nose knobbed and veined. His small blue eyes, deep in adipose recesses, were mean and cruel.

He passed us with a, "Good evening, gentlemen. Merry Christmas, I don't think!" and a foolish laugh, as he went to the bar. Ours was a dry ship, but after Seattle we had stopped at Victoria for freight, and in that port had laid in supplies of intoxicants.

Vonderhorst stood at the bar, which was untended. He hammered his great fist on the wooden slab.

"I ask you, gentlemen, if this isn't a hell of a ship? And they call it American! Christmas Eve, and we wait on ourselves. By God, if we were in China, we'd get service damn' quick! I want a little ice in my cabin."

Vonderhorst, though positive and bitter, pleaded in attitude and voice for our good will, for our agreement with his ideas. He was not certain how we all stood. A childish, inferior note was in his piping, New England twang. Though not over thirty-five, about him was an air of general physical decay, as if, despite his vast body, he might, under strain, dissipate.

Some one asked him if he had "soaked the Chink good and plenty."

I left the smoking-room. It was futile to argue with men whose race-prejudices were mere thoughtless interpretations of their acquisitive desires.

HARDLY anyone frequented the drawing-room; it was smokeless, and ours was a man's ship for this rough voyage. I had left a book there, and went to get it. The sound of a piano, the first music I had heard for a fortnight, delighted me, and changed my mood. I advanced toward it, with a remembrance of how sealers in these seas lured to death their victims by playing a single-string violin, which brought from below the surface wondering seals to receive the fatal bullets of waiting riflemen. There were sofas outside the drawing-room door, and I sat there, unseeing and unseen.

Whoever it was that played had no interests on our ship. She—and I knew a woman played—was far from our conflicts, deep in other, distant scenes, and lovelier emotions. This was the strange, wild music of Hungary, music removed from civilization itself, and from the sea. The airs were passionate, wistful, mourning for something fair and loved gone out of the world—the beautiful, poignant melodies of a gypsy race.

Brilliant and gay, and melancholy, alternated the themes. A minute or two there was silence, and then her fingers wandered over the keys in search of strains that might mirror her fugitive reflections. Gradually the faint, exquisite murmur of a dream died, and there began, like the far-off sounding of trumpets, a note of challenge, growing louder and more resolute, until there burst a storm of harsh and brilliant sounds, a protest against life, a rebellion at Fate. A *crescendo* ended in a crash of discord, followed by sudden stillness, in which I heard only the breaking of the waves, and the sound of storm on the sea.

I was drawn into the music-room as if by a cry for help.

The piano was at the other side of the room. The player had risen, and was about to close the heavy lid, when I entered. She was, as I had surmised, Mrs. Vonderhorst, and as she stood beside the piano, her figure in its somber black dress was fascinating. She was not ordinarily beautiful, her features slightly irregular, her mouth large, full of desire for life, and in her expression a curious mingling of fire and ice. But her form was a perfection of slenderness and vitality, lithe, rounded as a coconut tree, and suggestive of hidden energies. Her dark-brown

hair, rich in profusion, was coiled about her head. Her eyes, black now in the blaze of electricity, were, in the sun, like the ancient emeralds of Bogotá, of a strange, lovely color between green and black, with a glint of imprisoned light. The day we had sailed from Victoria, the only hours of fair weather, I had noticed her on deck. There was, I thought then, a puzzling suggestion of the East about her. Her eyes had recalled those of Dulcinea de Toboso, *verdes esmeraldas*, intent upon a dream.

I PRESUMED upon the dinner acquaintance, and advancing, said: "Good evening!"

Lowering the piano lid for her, I found my book on the bench beside her. It was "The Gentleman from San Francisco," translated from the Russian of Bunin. She had glanced at the title.

"What," she said, "you know our Bunin!"

"But you are Hungarian?" I asked. "Bunin is a Slav, pessimistic and hating life."

"Ah, you heard me playing. I was spilling over inside, so I must play. No! Bunin tells the truth. That is life! Maybe not your life. You are a fortunate American. I'm Russian, as Russian as the Volga. Do you know our music?"

I reopened the piano, and begged her to play something of her own race.

"Here is a song that you must know," she said.

I noted again the white strength of her hands on the keys as she began a melody of Tschaiakowsky's. Her rich contralto soared to a height of emotion, her voice, like her playing, revealing a curious and tragic beauty.

*"Only he who knows longing, knows what I suffer!
Alone and apart from all joy, my heart yearns."*

It was the cry of a proud and sensitive being, the intense expression of longing and of despair.

The song ended, she turned and faced me.

"Madame Vonderhorst, you startle me with your gifts," I said with fervor. "One could hardly believe that on this ship was such hidden treasure."

I was possessed with curiosity about her, with more than curiosity. She was no talented amateur, but a musician of singular ability, and evidently of arduous training. Who was she? Some famous professional? Why was she allied with such a cruel and stupid animal as Vonderhorst?

I wanted to ask her many questions, but most to gain an opening for an intimate acquaintance with her. The Orient, I had found, is a social desert for a white man uninterested in business. In my confusion I could think of nothing but the banal question:

"Have you been living long in China?"

Her eyes met mine searchingly. They had a magnetic force, as if a light that burned in her spirit might shine through, if some inner curtain were drawn.

"China? China?" she repeated absent-mindedly. "I have been there for years. I hate China! A devil is loose there, as in Russia, and there is no music. The Chinese are too old for music. They love only the drone of their fiddles like bagpipes. The whites in China express themselves in jazz, and jazz is bolshevism in music."

She rose to go, leaving me with a formal salutation, "*Dosvidania*," the Russian "Good night." Her fine, strong lips parted above her brilliant teeth in a fugitive smile, whose subtle mingling of scorn, sweetness and melancholy left me stirred and wondering.

NEXT morning Tam Son came with the first push of the button. He had a neat bandage over one eye, and half his cheek. He did not smile, and I forbore to question him. Breakfast was served by all the boys, their pinched, repressed faces showing their humiliation. Something more menacing, too, was imprinted on them. I was glad that I was leaving the ship in a few days, in Japan, where I was to spend some months, engaged in research.

Having an open invitation to the bridge, I went there just before noon to glance at the barometer. Captain Ericson called me into the chart-room.

"How'd you end the strike, Captain?" I asked.

Ericson made a wry face.

"Vell," he replied sourly, as if the explanation were distasteful, "ve froze dem out in Number Fife hold, vich is em'ty. Dat damn' Vonderhorst is too retty mit his kicks and fists. He's drunk, or got a headache, most of de time, und takes it oud on



"He rushed in and carried her bodily out of the house. The stairs were ablaze a moment later."

de Chinks. I tol' de mate to let 'em oud ven dey promised to go back to work. But de vorst vas ve made 'em lose face. De drivin' dem old fellers about de decks, und in de cold, and not listenin' to dem at all, dat hurt deir pride. I hope de boys t'row Vonderhorst in Hongkong Bay. Dat's de first black mark on my ship."

Except for this rough comment of the Captain's, and the sympathy of Bass, there was not a demur to Vonderhorst's action. The dozen or more Chinese passengers held entirely aloof from the discussion. What they thought of us was not disclosed. Yet I glimpsed it when I heard a Swatow merchant address, in his

own tongue, the old Number One man, as "You Venerable One," in a tone of compassion.

I had no further chance to speak to Mrs. Vonderhorst. She wore her accustomed stoic, almost callous mask, that I had seen lifted in that brief moment of poignant music. She ate her meals at her table, and since the weather precluded going on deck, spent the rest of her time, I imagined, reading in her suite. Vonderhorst was all day long in the smoking-room. Separated from her only by a thin partition, I had many times a longing to open her door, and to enjoy again the intimacy of the music-room. At sea, the vast loneliness (Continued on page 158)

People of Particular



Photo © by Lowell Thomas

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE

He was rejected for war service as physically unfit, and thereupon contrived for himself a career which must make Dumas turn over in the grave. All three musketeers together never had half the wild adventure this young man survived. His "Revolt in the Desert" is true; it has to be, it is so incredible.



MAXIM GORKY

"There is always gloom for another in Russia." From gloom arises greatness? Arnold Bennett recently arrayed the twelve novels of all time which he considered greatest. Every one was Russian, with such attractive titles as "The Idiot," "Memoirs of the House of the Dead," "Dead Souls." You might think that "The Brothers Karamazov" was more cheerful—if you had not read it. Gorky runs true to the Russian tradition for gloom and greatness in his recent book—entitled "Decadence."



International Newsreel Photo

HELEN WILLS and

It was not so long ago when, to describe a girl as athletic, well described her. Competency carried no connotation of comeliness. Right and left upon

Importance Because



GLENNA COLLETT

these pages are proofs of how completely that day has passed. No champions ever offered girls so much encouragement to take up tennis and golf.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

COUNT KEYSERLING

He did the thinking for much of the cleverest chatter in the drawing-rooms of the day. (Are drawing-rooms really inhabited? The truly modern mansion, we hear, is a five-car garage and a sleeping porch.) Count Keyserling has observed that we have so standardized the external aspects and mannerisms of civilized life that millions of us, who are not really civilized, may appear so at the cost of no more effort than mere conformity to the accepted pattern. His latest book discusses "Marriage."



Photo by Minklin, New York

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

She first endeared herself to a world intent upon burning its candle at both ends, you may recall, by calling attention to the loveliness of the light produced thereby. Now she has, in collaboration with Deems Taylor, written an American grand opera which is a real success, "The King's Henchman."



Photo by Elisabeth Grupp, Cologne

Arthur K.
Akers

Writes this dark story of "ticklish business, but reg'lar, an' you has chance to travel. But hit calls fo' heap of action. Kin you give hit?" asked the rich stranger. "Me and action kinfolks!" promised Baby Pie Blizzard.

Canned Goods

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

BABY PIE BLIZZARD came out of a crap game through a window, hurriedly and just ahead of the police, with forty-six dollars, cash money. Undaunted and unidentified, he pointed his feet toward Demopolis' Baptist Hill and fresh complications. There he set his brimless straw hat at a forty-six-dollar angle and considered his need for easy money in large chunks. The current sample in his overalls pocket was fine but insufficient. He craved larger returns and less action.

Which made it opportune for his path to cross that of Samson G. Bates, also colored, a man of business. If Mr. Blizzard wasn't the first darky of whom sudden riches have made a fool, he hastened to be the latest. Samson abetted him ably. Negotiations ended in the purchase from him by Baby Pie of an over-used motortruck. Forty dollars represented the down payment; eighteen monthly notes of twenty dollars each the balance due—and apparently excessive optimism on the part of the seller. But Samson was reputed to know his way around in a lease sale. The only real doubt in the transaction developed as to whether Baby Pie would first arrive at the eighteenth note or writer's cramp. Penmanship won by a note.

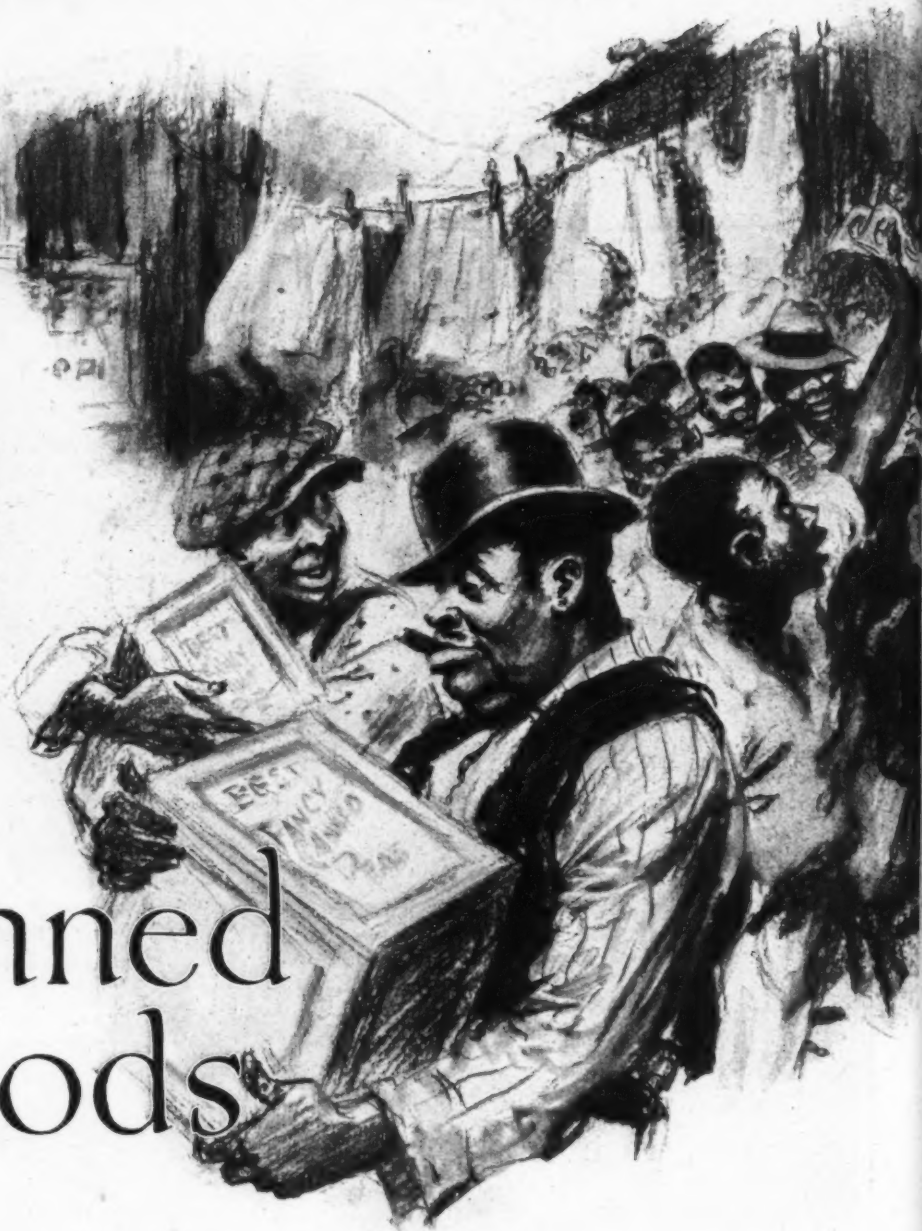
Baby Pie wiggled his stiffened fingers and climbed to the truck

seat, proudly and with nothing to worry about for thirty days. Mr. Bates' reputation as a hard and sure collector belonged to next month's business. Until then, let Samson Bates do the worrying.

Forthwith Baby Pie stepped on the gas and officially entered the hauling industry that centered around the freight depot. That the field was already overcrowded suited him. It tended to prevent personal insomnia, and fitted in with a peculiarity of the white folks—that a darky loafing around the depot on foot got jailed for vagrancy, but a negro sleeping under an umbrella on the seat of a truck was a business man and immune.

Mr. Blizzard became a business man without overdoing it. Potential customers, respecting his slumbers and hesitating to disturb, considerably took their patronage elsewhere. The summer days dragged languorously past. There was not a cloud on the horizon—but Samson G. Bates. Samson was large and black, and collected a mean note. Baby Pie had meals but no calendar or income. Next month kept looking a long way off.

Then suddenly it didn't. Baby Pie awoke to the rude shaking of Mr. Bates. "You signs a note," he was stating positively, "on dis heah truck, fo' twenty dollars, due an' payable to me





"Dis heah Rabbit Licker," he promised the thirsty throng. "Sprinkle three draps dis heah canned goods on ol' rabbit's nose, an' he go look-in' fo' bulldawgs to lick."

due date of the first note, he hoped the coroner held Samson as a contributory cause.

Early the next morning a mysterious and peremptory summons for Mr. Blizzard emanated from the Waldorf. Arriving, he found the newcomer breakfasting diligently in bed and pomp. Baby Pie wasn't doing any heavy personal eating—on account of the note. However, he was wide open for invitations.

None came. Instead: "My name Chumm—J. An'ias Chumm," the new arrival opened the conversation. "Likes de kind of dust you raises. I heahs you got truck."

Baby Pie swallowed to let his stomach know he was doing the best he could for it. "Yes suh, I trucks some."

"Good fas' truck?"

"Sho is! Pass ev'ything on de road but de fillin'-stations."

Mr. Chumm paid attention to his breakfast. Baby Pie wiped his mouth again and sprained an ear listening for an invitation to join in. All he heard was nothing—until two eggs later, when Mr. Chumm again interrupted his feeding. "Whut us needs," he stated ponderously, "is 'liable man wid a truck—"

"You's lookin' right spang at him," interjected Baby Pie earnestly.

"One whut kin keep he mouth shet an' he shirt on," continued Mr. Chumm. "Us pays big money fo' dat." Mr. Blizzard began to swell. A good man just naturally attracted attention.

"I comes down heah," pursued Ananias Chumm, "to reinfo'ce de weak link in ouah truckin' line 'tween Pens'cola an' Bumin'ham—haulin' canned goods—"

Baby Pie thought he detected the ghost of a flicker in the eyelid of Mr. Chumm at the name of the commodity hauled—a flicker of delicate and delightful inferences when caught by a smart man.

"De pay's six dollars a night, an' 'xpenses, 'count hit bein' a mighty p'tic'lar sort of a job. Hit's ticklish bus'ness, but reg'lar, an' you has chance to travel and git to Pens'cola, whar at de gin's mo' free. But hit calls fo' heap of action. Kin you give hit?"

"Me an' action kinfolks! Dribblin' at de mouth fo' action. Six dollars suits my bus'ness. 'Taint no use tellin' me rest after I heahs dat. Whut de six dollars calls fo', I's hit."

"Dat de way I likes heah a man talk!" approved Mr. Chumm heartily. "Not no fussin' round none 'bout de dee-tails. Job's yourn. You repo'ts wid yo' truck front de Wawldawf heah tomorrer mawnin' to start fo' Pens'cola after de first load."

Baby Pie swelled some more. Good jobs just sat around and waited for good men to come and get them. Financial darky like Samson might get a smart man in a jam for a few minutes with a bunch of notes, but he couldn't keep him there. When

July first. Aint but six days left twel den. Consider yo'se'f no-ti-fied, big boy! An' 'member ef you gits a houah behind on de first one, all de rest dem notes comes due an' pay'ble right den."

"Don't pester me 'bout nothin' dat fur off," remonstrated Mr. Blizzard peevishly.

"Don't come bellerin' round I aint told you," warned Samson. "I collects or cripples."

Baby Pie endeavored to resume his nap. But something about a note due only six days off kept a broke boy from sleeping—especially if Samson Bates held it. Samson was just like white folks—always bringing something up again after a man had signed it and forgotten it.

But the unpleasant subject was shortly and mercifully changed by the unplanned arrival of the morning train from Birmingham, bringing with it excitement and the entrance of a large dark man into the life of Baby Pie.

Baby Pie knew a "big nigger" when he saw one. A "big nigger" was descending the steps of the Jim Crow car now. Fried fish, deference, pork chops, lodge offices, high-toed yellow shoes and religious honors were undoubtedly so regular with this negro as to be commonplaces. Youngish he was, and with an air, two trunks, a portfolio and a traveling bag. To Baby Pie he resembled ready money in large denominations. With Samson fussing about that note that way, cash jobs were in order, too. Mr. Blizzard upset smaller competitors in his rush for the affluent stranger's baggage-checks.

"Hustle dem trunks to de Wawldawf-'storia Ho-tel fo' Cullud," instructed the stranger crisply. "I's got 'pawtant bus'ness in dis town."

"Cain't see me fo' de dust," acquiesced Baby Pie. A good impression on a rich man was vital, considering the impending financial stringency. And if he died of overwork prior to the

Baby Pie needed twenty dollars, it came—hitched to a job where he could work sitting down, too, like truck-driving. *What* the job was didn't matter so much, as long as it paid six dollars a night. That was enough to shut Samson up, by July first. Nor did it matter what he called the contents of the truck. Bootlegging by any other name was just as profitable; and Baby Pie was in business for profit.

None of which, however, was preparation for the next question.

"You b'long to good buryin' society?"

Baby Pie blinked.

"Yes sub—hund'ed dollars paid me at de graveside an' two bands fo' de fun'ral. But huccome wants know dat?"

"Jes' a detail," answered Mr. Chumm airily. "'Taint necessary, but heaps times hit's handy."

Baby Pie swallowed and listened.

"Aint tell you at de beginnin'," explained Mr. Chumm, "'ca'se wid brave man hit aint make no diff'ence. In co'se dis aint no job fo' nigger dat's skeery an' got water on de gizzard: calls fo' lion-tamin' sawt of nigger, like you is. You see, hit too 'xpensive ship dese heah canned goods by de railroad, huccome us truckin' 'em. But de big trouble is, hijackers been gittin' ouah trucks mixed up wid *licker-haulers*; huccome us hirin' you to drive."

Baby Pie's spirits did a nose dive. He was brave but not foolish. Mr. Chumm's flickering eyelid and final words didn't jibe.

"You means I drives truck full *canned goods* th'ough de woods—in de nighttime—an' hijackers shoots at me? Fo' six dollars?" he inquired pointedly and palpitatingly.

"Heaps times dey misses you."

"Aint gwine git no chance miss me—'ca'se I aint gwine be dar!" retorted Baby Pie decisively. "Craves me my skin widout no holes in hit. Aint want no grass growin' 'tween me an' my vittles!"

But before Mr. Chumm could urge him further, something stayed Baby Pie's refusal. His roving eye had been caught by something seen, through the window, near the depot. Perhaps the path of glory did not lead to the grave, after all. Division of labor might attend to that—the glory to Baby Pie and the grave to some one else.

Therefore, "Done hired yo'self a fightin' fool!" was his sudden reconsideration and acceptance. "Tell de und'takers foller close in behind my truck wid dey husses an' pick up daid hijackers whar I passes by! I craves gangway, an' be back!"

Outside, Baby Pie headed for what he had seen, which was Frisco Johnson, employing a baggage truck on the platform for a day-bed. Frisco was small, black, and unaddicted to labor, courage or sobriety. In view of which, Baby Pie's new plans for him would fit him like a wet union suit.

"Whut eatin' you?" demanded the befuddled Mr. Johnson some moments later, when Mr. Blizzard had shaken him into semi-consciousness.

"Git 'spectful," cautioned Baby Pie. "It's got a job of work whut calls fo' a 'sistant. You's hit."

"Let hit keep on callin'. You done woke up de wrong nigger. Ev'y time I 'sist you, I does all de work an' you gits all de pay."

"Listen, an' you heahs somep'n 'sides yo' own brayin'. I gits me contrac' haulin' canned goods"—Mr. Blizzard's voice and eyelid drooped in simulation of Ananias Chumm's—"tween Pens'-



"In co'se dis aint no job fo' nigger dat's skeery an' got water on de gizzard."

cola an' Bum'n'ham fo' dis new 'big nigger' in town. 'Ranges fo' you git two dollars a day—"

"Aint need no money. Got quawter now—"

"—An' chance be round whar at gin is—"

"Huccome you aint say so de first time? 'Stead all dat fool-ishness 'bout money. When de job start? Whar at hit?"

"Starts on de south aidge of town, heah, tomorrer mawnin' at sunup. Dis Chumm nigger aint trust you wid hit, do he know hit, 'count you bein' sich a gin-hound an' not 'liable like me. So I drives to de aidge of town an' turns de truck over to you. All you has do den is drive hit on down to Pens'cola, den drive hit back in de cool of de nighttime wid de load. Next mawnin' I meets you at de same place. You gits off dar an' I fotches de truck on into town. Mist' Chumm mighty p'ticular 'bout me doin' all de drivin', but whut he aint know aint give him no colic. You gits two dollars day, reg'lar, jes' fo' drivin' round like dat."

Frisco halted again between caution and the call of the gin. Everything sounded just right, except Baby Pie's connection with it. Experience dictated a search for the joker.

"Does case dem canned goods fall off de truck," insinuated Mr. Blizzard cunningly, "drivin' nigger sho got lap hit up befo' hit all soak into de ground."

"Starts me in de mawnin'," capitulated Frisco weakly and promptly. "'Sociates close wid de gin. How fur dis Pens'cola?"

"Aint know. Jes' know ships land dar from France an' Chicago an' all dem wet countries. Mist' Chumm say drive like hell all day an' you be dar. Den turn round an' drive like hell all night an' you be back heah."

"Sound like right smart hellin' round in de job," commented Frisco. "Li'ble git all broke down wid work. Craves a case to fall off an' keep up my strength."

"Nigger, git yo' mind loose from dat gin! Boys like you's whut brung on Prohibition. Meet me whar at I says, first thing in de mawnin', r'arin' to go."

Things were going fine. Baby Pie began to feel financial. That he was broke didn't matter—not when he had a job at six dollars a night, sublet to Frisco at two. Two from six left four. Four dollars times five—the number of days remaining until July first—was twenty dollars. Baby Pie didn't care how much he saw Samson Bates now.

Which was fortunate, for around the first corner Mr. Bates blocked his way. "Five days mo' is all you got, big boy," Samson reminded him roughly. "Miss payin' me dat first note, an' dey all 'comes due and pay'ble. Keeps de fawty dollars down fo' liquid dam'ges in dat case, too. 'Member I collects or cripples."

But, "Nigger," retorted Baby Pie confidently, "five days from now dey has to rake back de money jes' to see whar at I's settin'."

Has so much money cain't notice nigger like you wid a telescope. Pays dat first note wid one hand tied behind me. Don't pester me 'bout nothin' dat li'l an' fur off."

At sunrise the following morning Baby Pie watched Frisco drive south. There wasn't but one weak point in his scheme and he couldn't help that—if any hijackers ever made motions toward Frisco, valuable timber would be destroyed if it stood between Frisco and the next county. In times of danger Frisco traveled in terms of counties, States and territories; a pedometer on him would merely become overheated and quit. All that Baby Pie prayed for now was obscurity, victuals, and that Frisco last five days on the job.

Keeping out of sight of Ananias and Samson was necessary and easy. They were "big niggers;" Baby Pie was an "alley nigger." He sought the alley back of the white folks' house where his wife cooked. That cared for the first two objects of his prayer. Frisco he left to luck—under which comfortable condition he naturally fell asleep.

Hours later, Baby Pie awoke with a start. He had dreamed a dream, and it was a corker! A dream in which his every need and note were met, plus the assurance of a glorious future. In it his opportunities had been revealed to him. By merely taking advantage of them he could put himself in the way of being the envy of colored Alabama. Montgomery loomed ahead—and Indianapolis! He saw himself tailored within an inch of his life, his pockets dribbling money—all but sniffed the personal redolences of Anti-Kink and Sheik's Delight upon himself!

Eight o'clock that evening found Baby Pie bent on making dreams come true. His only concerns were a suitcase and an anxiety lest he be seen traversing the two blocks to the station with it. When a boy owed Samson Bates money, he didn't leave town suddenly on a night train with a suitcase!

But since the dream Baby Pie bore a charmed life. No soul who knew him was visible en route to the depot. None aboard were known to him. The thirty minutes of his forthcoming journey were happily spent in checking and rechecking his dream, only to perceive anew that it was one of those creations born perfect, fitting the times, seasons and persons involved: fool-proof, air-tight, and guaranteed to work—even down to the last exquisite detail of continuing Frisco in the rôle of goat. Yet, like all truly great things, it was simple.

Then the little flag-stop, miles below the place where Frisco expected to be met.

Still clutching his suitcase, Baby Pie disembarked, sought a warm fence-corner beside the highway on which Frisco must pass north-bound at dawn, and curled himself up to wait.

The next thing Baby Pie knew, a gray light was breaking.

Far off to the southward faint sounds arose upon the road. As he listened, they grew louder. Birds and wood creatures began to twitter and stir uneasily as the din and rumble mounted higher through the morning stillness.

The zero hour was nearing.

Shivering a little with excitement, Baby Pie crept forward with his suitcase. Ananias

Chumm had wanted action. Road was going to be full of action in a minute!

Then, huge through the mists crashed a truck—Baby Pie's truck—piled high with cases. Over its wheel humped Frisco, and even in the dim light Baby Pie saw that Frisco was making his last nocturnal run. Writ large upon him was an unswerving purpose to quit his post at the drop of the hat or the crackling of a twig.

Exulting at the ripeness of Frisco for the next step in the consummation of his plans, Baby Pie reached within his suitcase for its precious contents—a sawed-off shotgun. Pointing this heavenward, he shut his eyes and bore down on both triggers. . . .

There was action upon the Demopolis road. Dust arose; the crash of glass and squalls of terror mingled with the detonations of the gun and the wild tramping of underbrush. A blur, in the center of which was Frisco, passed through the windshield, a cotton patch, a strip of woodland, and began arousing the more remote portions of the welkin toward Demopolis.

Open-mouthed with admiration, Baby Pie heard and saw his handiwork. Brains and birdshot sure got results! Swift as was Frisco's flight, Mr. Blizzard's mind shot on ahead of it—to Demopolis and how Frisco would unwittingly divert suspicion from him there by bragging all over town that he had been ambushed by an army. Being both without information and without the law, Ananias Chumm would charge up his losses to hijackers and keep quiet. Samson, with eighteen unpaid notes and no truck, was scarcely better off. The full glory of his dream began to burst upon Baby Pie as he stood in the road in the dawn: in thus hijacking his own truck he had in one dazzling stroke rid himself of Frisco, Ananias, Samson,



There was action on the Demopolis road; crash of glass and squalls of terror mingled with the detonations of the gun.

pursuit and poverty. Hijackers would get the blame, Baby Pie the truck and contents. A smart man never got started right until he got in a jam!

Aglow with self-approbation, Mr. Blizzard mounted his truck and counted the contents. Fifty cases there were, strategically labeled "Best Fancy Canned Peas." Rosy shone the east and future ahead as Baby Pie started the truck, turned it toward the Montgomery bootleg market, and let his thoughts dwell lovingly upon the significant flicker of Mr. Chumm's eyelid as he spoke of the character of the commodity hauled. In Mr. Chumm's case actions spoke louder than words—were quite enough, in fact.

NOON found Baby Pie Blizzard parked in an alley in the recesses of that portion of Alabama's capital known as Buggohoma. There—in the absence of the police—he indicated to the curious by word, attitude and action that his prices were right, and his establishment ready for business.

Business came. A line of credit being firmly refused first-comers, tidings went duly forth that there was a new bootlegger in Buggohoma to whom cash money was the only known language. Also that the minimum sale was strictly a case.

"Cain't have de alley all littered up wid celebratin'," was Baby Pie's ultimatum. "You buys by de case an' takes hit fur off from de truck befo' you opens hit. Dis heah 'canned goods' make a tadpole hug a whale. You needs plenty room when you comes under de authority."

And in the left eyelid of Mr. Blizzard was a flicker reminiscent of Mr. Chumm, belying labels and speaking a universal tongue. On the strength of it the customers rallied nobly.

Money appeared that had not seen the light in many days. Baby Pie perceived afresh the excellence of his dream. Let the police remain absent another hour, and his fortune was made. Now dollar bills were causing congestion in his pockets. Yet still they came. Buyers kept him so busy he had no time to think of Frisco, cleaving the dawn; of the baffled Mr. Bates and his eighteen notes, unable now either to collect or cripple; of Mr. Chumm without recourse or canned goods. . . .

The alley became blocked with commerce. Satisfied customers were Baby Pie's best advertisement, and the alley was all cluttered up with them. Darkies crowding to get in with cash money got all snarled up with others shoving to get out with cases bought at a bargain.

The truck was fast emptying. A loud sartorial splash impended on Court Square and Commerce Street. If speckled socks and striped shirts could talk, Baby Pie would shortly be the biggest noise in Montgomery. After which he'd get sloshed heavy with the newest smells in the barber shops. Baby Pie was twenty years behind on being a "big nigger" but catching up fast. He had dropsy of the pocketbook and an itch to show Montgomery what class was when a Demopolis man got started.

The stock got lower and the crowd bigger. With an eye out for the police, Baby Pie perspired from shoving canned goods out the back of the truck, and sweated from taking in the money.

"Dis heah 'Rabbit Licker,'" he promised the thirsty through that fought to transact business with him. "Sprinkle three draps dis heah canned goods on ol' rabbit's nose, an' he go 'bout lookin' fo' bulldaws to lick! Give a ol' tawm cat two swallows dese heah peas, an' he fight a buzzsaw b'ar-handed! Wrop yo'se'ves round one pint dis heah, an' you votes 'Pubican in Missi'ppi! Hit gwine fas' an' hit gwine fur! After I sells out dey aint no mo'. Takes me my ease den wid a hot skillet close by a river fill' wid catfish! Quit dat trompin' on dat li'l nigger wid de ten-dollar bill—I's he friend twel somebody shows me twenty!"

FIVE cases. Four. Three! It was a bull market, a squeeze, a corner—demand soaring, supply gasping for breath. And still no police! When it came to dreams, Baby Pie recommended himself as indulging in the genuine article—with reality proving even better than the dream. Buggohoma was in a turmoil, and Baby Pie in glory. Negroes outbound with cases continued a procession, and others fighting to get in with large currency a problem. Resales started and complicated traffic in fresh places.

Baby Pie shoved out the last case, rammed the last twenty-dollar bill into his hat—for lack of room in his pockets—and began to take in territory. He felt cramped sitting on top of the world. He forgave himself everything except his delay in taking up hijacking. As soon as he got time he was going to hire a hall in which to emit the earth's loudest laugh while he thought of Samson Bates piking around with notes, of Frisco, and of Ananias Chumm. Those niggers got on all right until they met a smart man. After that—

THE alley was returning to normal. The last case-bearer departed. Baby Pie descended from his truck and left it parked while he issued forth to let Montgomery see social elevation with the bark on. After a few days of which, he was going to catch the L. & N. for Indianapolis, there completely to realize his dream and be called Mister.

But he hadn't cleared the scene of his triumph when a new note sounded, a new rush seemed forming. It was apparently the same crowd, but in a different frame of mind. Everybody was getting mad and heading in the same direction, which was toward Baby Pie. His policies indicated a change of locality when in doubt. But before he could execute them, there wasn't any doubt about one thing—his standing with his clientele. He didn't have any.

They had, indeed, become most unaccountably outspoken and unanimous in their desire to see him with a lily in one hand and a hundred personally useless dollars in the other, while the promised two bands played tunes above him that he couldn't hear. If absence made hearts grow fonder, now was undoubtedly the time for absence to do its stuff for Baby Pie.

He shifted from a shuffle to a gallop, outbound for the great open spaces. Behind him came his customers. Something was seriously wrong, but he craved distance more than details now. What they were shouting after him Baby Pie couldn't make out, for the wind whistling in his ears.

Which was the moment chosen by Old Man Hard Luck to back up his wagon and dump in the lower end of the alley ahead of the speeding Mr. Blizzard just what he had been dreading all the time. What had been in the back of his head was now in front of his eyes, in the shape of a large able-bodied policeman, closing the alley for escape.

Mr. Blizzard found himself thus with a mob behind him and the Law in front of him. White folks would give him ninety-nine years for bootlegging if he went forward, and the mob would give him longer than that underground if he held back. He was damned if he advanced and doomed if he didn't. Baby Pie voted for jails and dashed on, without worrying about the large gesticulating gentleman accompanying the officer.

If his new movements disappointed the mob, it did not silence them. If consciousness that their case was weak before the requirement that they come into court against him with clean hands slowed their feet, it did not lessen their language. For out of their hoarse clamor Baby Pie began to catch a clue to the mystery of their madness—a clue that sickened his soul and quickened his soles and put an entirely new face on his predicament.

Times had changed. Baby Pie's head was in a whirl with the rapidity of their changing. City life was too fast for a country ducky. White folks that said customer was always right hadn't said anything about customers being so rough as these were. Baby Pie hustled for the protection of the Law in its new and benevolent aspect. He still needed something between him and all these Montgomery niggers with their cry of "Kill him!"

HE flung himself at length panting beneath the protection of the perplexed policeman. Again he began to swell. You might get a smart man in a jam, but—

Old Man Hard Luck was back with a bigger load! For strong fingers were suddenly winding themselves firmly in Baby Pie's collar, fingers belonging to the recently gesticulating one. And, "Right into my hands, Cap'n!" exulted their owner. "Dis heah's dat Blizzard nigger I's tellin' you I done track over heah fo' stealin' my truck. When nigger skip out on note wid Samson Bates, all de rest de notes comes due an' payable too. An, he gits due at de jail-house. I collects or cripples!"

But instead of cowering, Baby Pie was counting money—producing pop eyes on the part of Samson, fresh fury on the part of the baffled customers as they grasped its source and significance.

"—Three hund'ed an' sixty dollars," panted Baby Pie in the shadow of the law. "Gimme all dem notes, Samson, an' mark 'em paid. Says yo'se'f dey's due. Ax Cap'n heah ef dey aint paid."

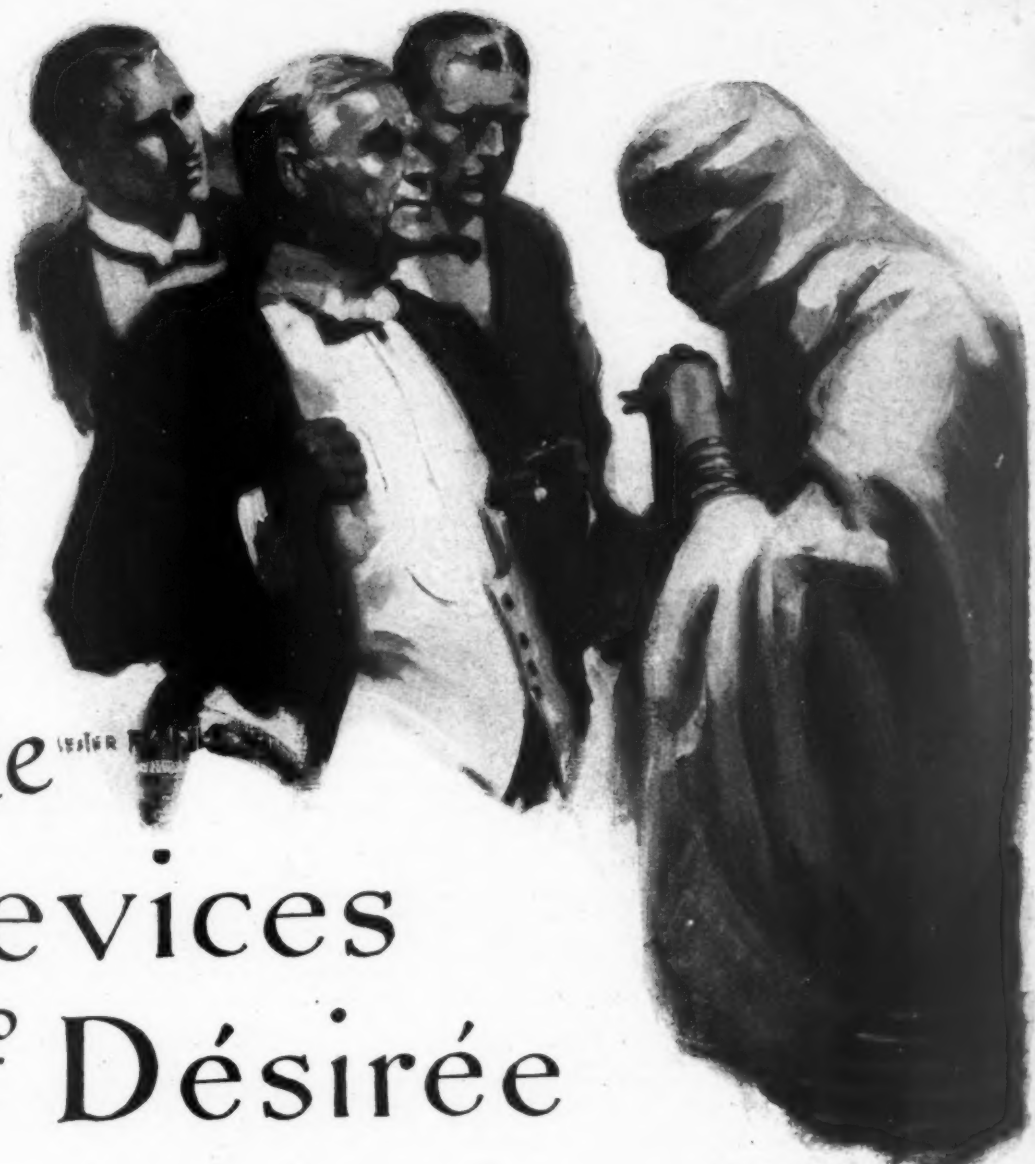
Then, as Samson seemed smitten with dumbness, Baby Pie, newly conscious of his rectitude, addressed the officer:

"Please, suh, Cap'n, you mind walkin' back wid me to my truck? All dese town niggers mad wid me."

And to the Montgomery cop, escorting a strutting Baby Pie between two malevolent rows of the elite of Buggohoma, there was no meaning whatsoever to the murderous mutterings in their midst, of: "Canned peas, de cases says! Peas de cans says! And peas dey wuz!"

"How's the pride
of the harem this
evening?" inquired
Mr. Pettingill.

Illustrated by
Lester Ralph



The Devices of Désirée

By *Zelda Sears*

This is a story you'll just enjoy—and maybe read it over again, for the fun in it, after you've finished and found out the devices that made her delightful. Zelda Sears here flashes another facet of her versatile genius, for she has also won success as actress and playwright.

"MISS DÉSIREE? As big a hit as I ever sewed a button on for, and not a bit swelled. Just as nice and common as you or me!"

This was the verdict of Jennie Ruggles, wardrobe woman of the Foibles of 1927, and incidentally, of each edition of that national institution since its inception, fifteen years ago.

"Désirée, an artist to her finger-tips. A woman of gifts so varied as to be absolutely amazing. New York has joined Paris, London and Vienna, prostrate at her feet."

This from a critic whose comment has ruined the bacon and eggs of half the actors in America.

"Twenty-five hundred a week, and worth every cent of it!"

Gustave Bloom, owner and manager of the Foibles, had always been so prepossessed in the direction of numbers and nudity that his paying such a salary to one individual, fully clothed, mounted to the very pinnacle of praise.

In an aisle seat of the third row William Wells III wiped his eyes as the song hit, "When You Went Away," finished on a mellow contralto note and Désirée vanished into the wings to change for her next number.

"She certainly can play with your sprinkler system, can't she?" he said.

"Gets hold of you, somehow," agreed Hobson Mitchell, blowing his nose as surreptitiously as that operation may be performed.

The tastes of the two young men had been in perfect accord since the days when their respective nurses had foregathered in Central Park; and now, in their later twenties, the habit was fixed.

"Hope she does the song I heard her do in London, 'Me and 'Im and 'Er,'" continued William. "Funniest thing I ever heard."

"Funny?" the word carried an inflection of entire unbelief.

"Yes, that's the big idea. She breaks your heart with one song and then makes you laugh yourself insipid with another. There's three octaves in her voice, and she plays the fiddle like the devil, and a harp like an angel, and—here she is!"

Two incredibly short minutes ago, there had stood before the footlights a slim girl in an evening frock that proclaimed Paris in

every subtle line, her gleaming braids crowning the pale gravity of her face like a halo. Now in her place stood an impish child in gingham rompers with shingled hair and a voice high and clear as a peal of silver bells.

"Get this, Hob," chuckled William Wells III.

Gales of mirth swept the theater and finally carried Désirée triumphantly off the stage.

"I suppose the braids she wore at first are a wig," Hobson said.

"Probably," assented the other man indifferently. "But,"—he became enthusiastic,—*"did you ever see such heaven-born legs!"*

IN rapid succession Désirée became a French marquise in flowered silks and powdered hair, accompanying herself on the harp; a street musician in ragged knickerbockers, playing the fiddle as no street musician ever played it; then she sat at the piano and the creamy soprano rolled out "Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen," and half a dozen other spirituals throbbing with the passionate tragedy of an enslaved race; finishing as a Swiss peasant girl teaching her canaries to sing, she gave herself opportunity to exhibit the upper register of what the critics called the most astounding freak voice of the century.

"Now, there's a girl I must meet," announced William Wells III at the end of the performance as they let the outward-bound crowd float them toward the exit.

"Intriguing personality," admitted his more conservative comrade.

"Scarcely the sort of party to accept a bale of orchids and join you at the stage door," mused William.

Both young men lapsed into thought, Hobson emerging with an apparently irrelevant idea. "Aunt Sophia is to have one of her blow-outs on the twenty-seventh—"

"I'm to be out of town on the twenty-seventh," interrupted William firmly.

"On the twenty-seventh," resumed Hobson patiently. Once started, his train of thought was hard to derail. "And I am to dig up an attraction. Her idea was somebody like Bori or Martinelli or Edward Johnson, but if I could get this Désirée—"

"I was mistaken!" broke in William hastily. "Your Aunt Sophia can count on me absolutely." The impact of a new idea stopped him halfway up the aisle. "Hob, why waste time! I know the press-agent of this theater. There's no time like the present."

The press-agent, in the act of blanketing his trusty typewriting machine, was frankly doubtful.

"This Jane's very choosy," he said.

"Of course my aunt would expect to pay any fee within reason," Hobson explained.

"There's been several after her that had more'n a ten-cent-piece tied up in the corner of their handkerchiefs!"

"I say, Hob, perhaps if Miss Désirée realized that your Aunt Sophia is absolutely the plot of the social register—" suggested William helpfully.

"She's class herself!" the press-agent exclaimed. "Her old man was consul to some town in Persia—on the other side, you know—lemme see, what was its name?" He searched his memory fruitlessly. "I never heard of it before. Musta been some one-night stand. But anyway he was a consul; makes good press stuff."

"To get back to Mitchell's Aunt Sophia—" suggested William.

"Personally I'm for it," pronounced the press-agent. "Always glad to edge the Foibles into the society column. Suppose I feel her out tomorrow and let you know?"

"The young lady's still in the theater, isn't she?" William inquired. "Why not put it up to her now?"

"I suppose I might, if you two don't mind waiting here."

"Of course we don't!" Hobson began again, only to be transfixed by a look of the variety technically described as dirty.

"We haven't got time for that," said William. "We'll just run downstairs with you and settle it now."

"**S**OME little performer!" murmured the guide on his way down the tortuous stairs to the darkened auditorium. "Some little performer, I'll say! And she fooled me! She fooled your Uncle Dudley! But there's one thing about me: I'll admit it, if I been wrong. When the old man come back from Europe and told me her act was quick-change and impersonations, I said to him: 'Governor,—all of us that know him well call him Governor,—'Governor,' I said, 'lay off her! The twice-a-day's full of birds that put on false whiskers and are General Grant and take 'em off and are Fanny Brice! Lay off her!' But he said to me, 'Pet'—everybody that knows me well calls me Pet—short for Pettingill. 'Pet,' he said, 'all I ask is to wait till you see her!' And the first

time I caught her act! Well, there's one thing about me, I'll admit it if I been wrong!"

Hobson murmured a word of polite appreciation of so admirable a trait.

"I don't see how the devil she does those quick changes."

"And nobody else does," Mr. Pettingill conceded generously. "Generally that sort of act makes her exits on the run reaching for her hooks and eyes, and comes back on the run doing up her last button! Not her! Just walks off the stage into her dressing-room in one rig, and in one minute by the clock, walks out in something different. And she don't underdress neither. I've seen some start their act with so many layers of clothes on they bulged like department-store Santa Clauses. But Désirée changes right down to the hide every time."

"I suppose she has half a dozen maids?"

"Only got one. Girl she brought over. Persian! Yes sir, as Persian as a rug! Dresses like they do over there—veil and everything. Great press stuff. Now you wait here a minute."

"Here," was a point of vantage in the middle of the bare stage, where a solitary electric light did its best to make the gloom visible. Along the side wall of the stage ran a row of dressing-rooms, and at the door of one the press-agent tapped.

"It's me—Pet. Can I come in?" There was an indistinguishable murmur from the dressing-room. "All right, I'll wait." He sauntered back to the puddle of light where Hobson and William the Third were anchored. "Couldn't let me in because she hadn't finished dressing!" he said in a tolerant tone. "Gee, if she only knew it, when a man's been with the Foibles as long's I have, he don't know whether a woman's got on a fig-leaf or a fur coat."

The members of the company, singly and in groups, began to drift out of the theater. A languid property-man slammed and locked the door leading to his sacred precincts, and the stage doorkeeper's rack was nearly covered with dangling brass tags before the dressing-room of Désirée was thrown open. Against the brightly lighted interior a slender figure in flowing draperies stood silhouetted and then advanced toward them.

"Pipe the maid," said Pettingill out of the corner of his mouth.

WITH a curious gliding grace, the woman swiftly crossed the dozen yards separating them. She was young. No draperies in the world could hide that, and even in the half light, youth shone in her eyes—dark pools of shadow under marvelously arched brows. Straight across the forehead, severe as the coil of a nun, was bound the soft silk of her headdress. Straight across her face, obliterating every feature but her eyes, was drawn a veil of some light, opaque Eastern tissue which fell in soft folds almost to her knees.

"Well, how's the pride of the harem this evening?" inquired Mr. Pettingill.

So far as any response was concerned, his words might have remained unspoken. The black eyes were fixed on a spot above the press-agent's head as the woman clasped her hands, extended them at the level of her breast, and bent until her forehead touched them.

"Mademoiselle regrets to have made you wait. She will see you now." The English words were spoken without a trace of accent but with a hesitant precision that gave an effect more alien than any accent would have done.

"All right, sister," said Mr. Pettingill, promptly following the woman into the dressing-room.

The two left behind exchanged glances. "Something uncanny about seeing nothing but her eyes," said Hobson.

"Good advertising stunt, I should say," William observed.

"And more class than trying to park your pet panther in a room at the Ritz, or having your legs insured at Lloyd's."

The conference in the dressing-room was brief and Mr. Pettingill emerged.

"She doesn't want the engagement?" said Hobson, after hearing the report.

"Did you tell her who his Aunt Sophia is?" chorused William.

"Explained she was absolutely the thickest part of the social cream."

"Did you tell her she could write her own ticket?"

"She wrote it, all right. Fifteen hundred dollars for three numbers." Mr. Pettingill shook his head. "I told her your aunt could hire the heavenly choir with an augmented orchestra for that, but it didn't bring her down a bean!"

"Fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Yep," said Mr. Pettingill gloomily. "Too bad! I certainly coulda got some swell space on that engagement."

"Why, fifteen hundred will be perfectly satisfactory."



Acquaintance had made strides when an electrician whispered hoarsely: "Beg pardon, miss, but your maid's looking for you."

A slow smile spread over Mr. Pettingill's face like syrup on a griddle-cake. He shook Hobson warmly by the hand. "My boy, I never met your Aunt What's-her-name, but you tell her from me, she's no piker!"

When the dressing-room door again opened, Mr. Pettingill stepped directly in the path of the two women who emerged.

"Mr. Mitchell says the figure you mentioned is all right, Miss Désirée."

Her close-fitting hat prevented Hobson from deciding an important question—whether her hair was braided or bobbed. By the time he had given up answering it, William had begun to thaw the little air of hauteur with which she had acknowledged their introduction at the hands of Mr. Pettingill.

"Hob's Aunt Sophia would have been heartbroken if you hadn't agreed to come," William was saying warmly.

"That's very nice of your aunt, Mr. Mitchell." She turned from William and smiled up into Hobson's eyes. "But there's something you'll have to explain to her. In a private house there are no facilities for making quick changes, so I never attempt them. I work very hard in the theater, and when I take private engagements I cannot allow them to tax my strength. I can do three serious numbers and play the harp, or three comedy numbers and play the violin."

"You see, it's a great strain on the pipes, singing in the two registers—it sort of stretches the vocal cords out of place," explained Mr. Pettingill amiably.

"I'll do whichever your aunt wishes."

"Which do you like best to do yourself?" asked Hobson.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm crazy about you as a comedian," said William.

"And you?" Again she smiled up into Hobson's eyes.

"I'd rather hear you sing 'When You Went Away,' than anything else you do."

"I suppose that settles that," said William. "Maybe it's just as well," he continued resignedly. "Nobody could make your Aunt Sophia laugh without tickling her feet."

"Then it is just as well," agreed Désirée gravely.

"I'm so glad you'll come." Hobson's remark could hardly be classed as a masterly addition to the wit and wisdom of the ages. It must have been the sincerity of the tone that arrested her attention.

"Mademoiselle!"

If the two were held in a momentary spell, it was broken by the cool, detached voice of the maid. "Mademoiselle forgets the car is waiting," she said, and moved toward the stage door.

"Yes, Taifa, I'm coming! The twenty-seventh, you said, Mr. Mitchell? Until then, good-by." She held out her hand.

"Oh, by no means," broke in William. "There'll be a dozen things we'll have to consult you about. Now, where can we get in touch with you?"

"You can reach me—"

"Yes?" said William eagerly.

"Through Mr. Pettingill," she said, and Hobson felt certain he caught a little twinkle of amusement in the depths of her grave eyes. . . .

"Great!" exclaimed the press-agent as the stage door closed behind the two women. "Leave it to me. You'll be surprised when you see what I'll do with this item. And afterward! Why, I can promise your aunt to land flashlights in every illustrated supplement from the *Police Gazette* to the *War Cry*!"

Hobson hesitated a moment and then he said uncomfortably: "I'm afraid my aunt is very old-fashioned about personal publicity."

"Morbid, in fact. I doubt if she even allows her obituary printed!" corroborated William.

"You mean she wouldn't like it?"

Hobson nodded, and William shook his head, but the meaning Mr. Pettingill gathered from each was identical. "Well," he said, "all I gotta say is I guess the old girl don't realize what a little good publicity'd do for her."



It was astonishing how many were the details upon which the young men found it necessary to consult Désirée, but the interviews accorded them—brief moments snatched before or after the performance—served merely to tantalize them.

Even the occasion when they were allowed the rare privilege of seeing the Foibles from behind the scenes was not so soul-satisfying as it might appear. Désirée, closely shadowed by Taifa, made her appearance at the theater a brief half-hour before she was due upon the stage. Almost before greetings had been exchanged, the maid cut short the interview.

"Mademoiselle forgets that it is late," she said in her precise, uninflected English. "Perhaps after Mademoiselle is dressed—"

Désirée moved obediently away.

"That maid has certainly got her under her thumb!" William's sentence might be vague, but his meaning was obvious.

"A queer dick if ever I see one!" said Pettingill. "That veil sort of gives me the creeps. Did I tell you about Simpson, the tenor, you know, getting comical the other night and trying to peek under it?"

"What happened?" inquired William.

"Simpson says she drew a knife on him, but then he had a couple of shots of pre-war varnish-remover, so we don't know for sure. Anyway, the madam took it up, sent for the Governor and

said
Gov
I g
W
grat
Dés
her
F
was
by
effe
pres
In
stage
islan
range
kalei
duly
Now
and p
and n
ing t
He h



All William said was
"Gee, honey, they cer-
tainly did a swell job
to your black eye!"

said if it ever happened again, she'd quit. She meant it. The Governor come out of her dressing-room on his hands and knees. I guess it's part of the Persian religion maybe—the veil, I mean."

Whether Taifa was or was not a "queer dick," Hobson was grateful for her efficiency when, in spite of the late arrival, Désirée emerged from her dressing-room a full ten minutes before her act was called.

For the first time he had Désirée to himself. William the Third was temporarily trapped, in the prompt entrance across the stage, by an elaborate mechanism which was to contribute a "trick effect" to the ballet now in progress. Taifa, the all but omnipresent, was in the dressing-room with the door tightly closed.

In the midst of the ordered chaos which is the Foibles backstage, Désirée and he were as much alone together as on a desert island. At their elbow the ballet swirled and whirled as it arranged itself in forms of beauty with the swift precision of a kaleidoscope. The première danseuse made her entrance and was duly acclaimed. The great mechanical effect came and went. Now the colors were changing; the dancers dripped rose and gold and purple as faster and ever faster grew their evolutions. Madly and more madly beat the music, its clash and clangor encompassing the man and woman standing, oblivious, twenty feet away. He had to bend his head to catch her words—so close that her

breath was on his cheek. A final frenzied crash, and it was over. The première was bowing and smiling and throwing impersonal, professional kisses; the velvet curtains swung together—the ten minutes had slipped away. But in that interval the two had built with words a bridge to span the gap of all the years before they met.

"May I stay here and listen to 'When You Went Away'?" he asked.

She nodded. "It's your favorite, isn't it? Why—or don't you know why?"

"Because it's more you—the real you—than any of the others." She gave him her hand impulsively. "I'm so glad you think so!" The music called her, but as she slowly drew her hand from his, there was that in the touch which made Hobson's well-regulated and orderly pulse skip a beat.

IT would be a gross misstatement to say that William the Third was content, marooned on the wrong side of the stage, from which coign of disadvantage he was able to see his best friend making hay while the calcium shone. But being somewhat of a philosopher in his own cheerful way, he consoled himself with the thought that at the end of Désirée's act she made her final exit where he found himself ensconced.

Thus it was when Désirée in her Swiss peasant costume finally scampered into the wings, she rushed virtually into William's arms. "What a highly intelligent audience!" he said. "Listen to them agreeing with me."

HALF a dozen times the velvet curtains swung apart that she might acknowledge the applause. When at last the audience let her go, she was laughing and breathless.

"Sit here for a minute and rest." He indicated a roll of rugs waiting to cover the stage when next the scene changed.

"Oh, I mustn't!" But even as she said she mustn't, she did. "Only a minute," she continued. "Taifa'll be waiting for me."

"Do her good, if you ask me. You spoil that woman. Old family retainer and all that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Yes, she's been with the family a long time," she agreed.

"There's such a thing as keeping 'em too long."

"Don't you like Taifa?"

"She's always under foot," he complained. "I never get a chance to speak to you alone."

"I didn't know you had anything to say that had to be said alone." Through a fringe of eyelashes, Désirée looked up at him in a manner that was nothing less than reprehensible. "If you have, what is it?"

William the Third did not answer at once. Instead he stared into her face as if seeing it for the first time.

"It's the funniest thing how scared I am of you every once in a while," he said, apropos of nothing in particular. "Sometimes you seem so serious and high-brow and then again—like now—you don't seem to have a bit more sense than I have."

It would be pleasing to report that at this juncture Désirée rose and forthwith withdrew with becoming dignity. It would be pleasing but entirely untruthful. For what Désirée really did was to crinkle her nose delightfully and giggle. It is one small item in her favor that at a glance from the stage-manager the giggle was strangled, if not at birth, at least before it grew into a laugh. Even high-priced and exceedingly successful importations may not giggle unreproved in the wings of the Foibles.

"Ssh! Whisper!" she said.

There is something about a whispered conversation which makes for intimacy, and at the end of ten minutes this acquaintance had made strides that put those of the seven league boots to shame. So swiftly was it progressing that William experienced all the sensations of having his emergency brake too suddenly applied, when an amiable electrician tiptoed heavily to Désirée's side and whispered hoarsely:

"Beg pardon, miss, but your maid's looking for you."

The girl sprang to her feet on the instant. "I must go!"

"Confound it, let her wait!"

She shook her head with decision.

"Well, then, when may I see you again?"

Even the presence of the amiable electrician did not prevent a certain fervor from creeping into the simple question. She answered with another. "When's Mr. Mitchell's aunt's party?"

"Not till then?" —The girl shook her head. "That's nearly a week off. Why can't I see you before then? Don't you want to see me before then?" The last question was as nearly a wail as a blond youth weighing a hundred and seventy, ringside, can achieve when constrained by circumstances to voice his woe in a whisper.

"I do, but I can't!" admitted Désirée cryptically. "Don't ask why. You wouldn't understand." And she incontinently fled.

WHEN two young men live within half a dozen squares of each other and make a practice of walking downtown each morning at approximately the same hour, and when, moreover, they are in the habit of patronizing the same celebrated florist, en route, it requires no especial tug at the long arm of coincidence to bring them together at his establishment.

"Violets, the long-stemmed single kind, and the larger the better," Hobson was ordering as William entered.

"Pink rosebuds, as pale as possible, and the smallest ones you have," demanded he, when he had attained the ear of a salesman.

It was the first time in their association that either young man had ever felt even slightly self-conscious in the presence of the other. Hobson spoke first. The very existence of his self-consciousness convinced him that absolute frankness was what loyalty to William demanded.

"Thought it'd be the decent thing to send a few flowers over to the theater," he said.

"Funny! I had exactly the same idea!" William's face brightened. It had weighed on his cheerful spirit that for one

moment he had felt the urge to be anything less than aboveboard with his friend.

"Stunning!" said Hobson as the florist presented a tray of violets for his inspection. "No wonder they're her favorite flower," he went on with unwonted expansiveness.

"Huh?" inquired William inelegantly.

"Her favorite flower," repeated Hobson, a little edgy with irritability. It was bad enough to have been betrayed into a sentimentality, without having to repeat it into the ear of the florist.

William shook his head with a maddening air of superiority.

"You're wrong, old son. Her favorite flower is the pink rosebud." He turned to the waiting salesman. "Do 'em up in an old-fashioned bouquet with a paper lace frill."

Hobson indicated the violets: "The largest bunch, tied very simply with a silver ribbon." The remoteness of his tone was calculated to efface from the florist's mind all memory of that earlier indiscretion. Hobson turned to William and said loftily: "I'm absolutely positive! Last night just before she went on, she told me violets."

But William was not one easily convicted of error. "You misunderstood her, that's all," he said firmly, "for just after she came off, she told me rosebuds."

IF the box-office attendant is capable of any human emotion—and the question is an open one—it is love for the "repeater," and in this class, so far as the Foibles was concerned, William and Hobson were enrolled.

Evening after evening when there existed no valid excuse for an excursion "back stage," they found consolation in the fact that "out front" was always open to them.

About the time Désirée was due to stroll down to the footlights and wait with grave self-possession for the opening bars of "When You Went Away," Hobson could be found leaning over the rail at the back of the theater, and if William did not appear at the same time, he was reasonably certain to make his appearance before "Me and 'Im and 'Er" got under way, both remaining, enraptured, until Désirée put the final period to "First Catch Your Canary," with an impudent flirt of her abbreviated Swiss petticoats.

On an evening antedating by only two the date of Aunt Sophia's festivities, they were joined by Pettingill, who watched Désirée's act in a morose silence.

"Some little performer!" His was the tone of a man reluctantly conceding a point. "Some little performer, but when it comes to press-work, oh, what a wash-out she's turned out to be!"

The story of affliction is seldom a secret. Pettingill needed no more than an inquiring look to launch upon a recital of his woes.

"You know Doctor What's-his-name, the throat specialist? Yes. That's him. Biggest in the business. Every tonsil in the Metropolitan Opera House says 'Yessir' and takes off its hat when he speaks to it. Well, I had it all doped out to take Désirée to his office and let her sing in both her voices and have him diagnose her pipes to see how they're different from other people's and why she can do the things she does. I figured to write about two thousand words of deathless English prose that would carry photographs of him and his offices, and her and her vocal cords, and him looking at her epiglottis and her showing him her what-you-may-call-it. Why, I coulda got it syndicated from blazes to breakfast! Well, he wasn't easy—talked a lot about professional dignity and ethics—nothing that had any bearing on publicity; but I finally got him to say yes, and I beat it over to tell her the good news, and what do you think? She wouldn't do it!"

Pettingill's expression was that of a man who has seen his dearest dream turn to dust and ashes. For a few seconds he remained sunk in gloomy meditation; then suddenly he resumed:

"You know, that maid was the one that gummed the works. While I was explaining the lay-out to Désirée, this one was standing there, not saying a word, but I happened to look at her accidentally, and I'm almost sure I saw her shake her head like this." He indicated a negative that was almost imperceptible. "Believe me, if I expressed my opinion of that Persian pest, I'd get my mouth washed out with soap!"

AFASCINATING personality!" So said Miss Sophia Mitchell on the historic twenty-seventh. "Knows how to sing, and," —her emphasis on the "and" was heavy with significance,—and she knows how to behave. Strange how few clever people do!"

It was only by a sternly determined effort that Hobson Mitchell refrained from publicly embracing his sharpest-tongued and most influential female relative.

(Continued on page 148)

IT
n
Kat
with
scio
ed.
beer
with
kim
the
T
duri
agai
thou
dres
quic
Sh
whe
had
big
the



"You and Dad . . .
you never nag at him
and he's wonderful to
you. He's always
been, hasn't he?"

The Broom of Life

*A Story of Marriage by Ernest Pascal
who wrote that talked-about book 'The Marriage Bed'*

IT was Kate's day. Anne was to be married to Eddy Coe, but it was Kate's day. She slept fitfully and woke with the dawn, woke with the full consciousness of what this Thursday portended. She slipped out of the bed that had been her marriage bed for so long, and without glancing at Jason, picked up her kimono and put it on as she passed into the parlor.

The dawn broke gray: it had rained during the night; it would probably rain again. Too bad for Anne's wedding, she thought, but as it should be for her! She sighed and pulled her dressing-gown close about her set, full figure, blotting out a quick vision of Jason asleep in the bed.

She surveyed the parlor. It was difficult not to remember when each thing had been purchased, when each new possession had replaced a cheaper. The green plush and mahogany set, the big rug, now faded and worn in spots, the piano, the phonograph, the pictures and ornaments, marked the milestones of her

These are secrets hidden in the hearts of an ordinary married pair. There are so many women keeping alive Kate's secret and so many men like Jason, that this story is not only deeply interesting but also of very special significance.

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

lusty three-months-old infant.

Kate wished it were eight o'clock so she could waken Anne. Thoughts crowded in upon her too fast and insistent to repel. But there was no need to think, no need to go over things; all was planned—the time, the train, the money. The money! Several times in the night it had worried her. It now winged her back to the very present and sent her down the hall, past Anne's room, to the dining-room. It was there, safe, at the back

marriage past; they carried her back in leaps of a year and bounds of two years to that first time, twenty-three Mays ago, when she and Jason had set up house-keeping in two bare rooms above Hanschmidt's Bakery on Ninth Avenue. She had been happy there—very happy; she had been happy here in the Eighteenth Street apartment opposite the Methodist Church until Anne was born. Then it had happened. . . . Mary had been almost two years old. Now Mary was Mrs. Johnny Tucker and the mother of a

of one of the buffet drawers, a thick wad in an envelope—two thousand, four hundred and sixty-eight dollars, every little penny of which was hers and not Jason's. She had eked it out of the housekeeping money, starting with a dollar on that very Saturday when she had found out about Jason; the next Monday she had opened her savings account and closed her heart in secret against her husband.

She would have left him then with a curt note attached to the letter from Flora Kelley,—“that woman,” as Kate mentally had dubbed her,—but there had been Mary and the baby. So long as they needed her, she would stay, just as though nothing had happened, being a mother to them and a wife to Jason; but when they no longer needed her, then she would go.

How far-off it had seemed, that morning when she had opened her savings account—almost incredibly far-off! If there had been other children, it would still be far-off, and not now, not today, as it was. She sighed again, closed the drawer and passed into the kitchen to make coffee.

A slow half-hour ticked away, and Jason, with his sparse gray hair tousled and his blue eyes bright from sleep, came in, an old plaid bathrobe, which she had bought for him years ago at Hearn's, thrown over his nightshirt.

In his day he had been good-looking: at fifty-five he had grown stocky; his face was flabby; there were bags under his eyes and lines across his brow. But in Kate's eyes he was physically the Jason of thirty; and truly his manner belied his age by a good ten years. His laugh was the same—free and resounding and infectious.

“Give us a cup of coffee, Kitty, old girl,” he greeted her, letting his heavy hand rest for an instant upon her shoulder, “just to open the blinkers.” He moved to the window and peered out. “Rotten day. Been raining. Anne up yet?”

She poured him a cup of coffee. “Not yet, Jason.”

She watched him for a moment stir the hot beverage and sip it; then she turned and went out of the room.

“Where you goin’?” he called after her.

“I’m going to dress. What do you want?”

“Oh—nothin’.”

But she knew. He wanted to talk about Anne, or rather about them being all alone now; he had said last night when they had been getting ready for bed:

“Well, Kitty, old girl, it’ll be like it was before they came—just you and me. . . . It’s good we got the farm. After a bit we’ll go there for good and grow old ’long with the apple-trees.”

The farm was a sore point with Kate, encompassing her deceit; for she had let Jason dream of the farm, save for it and finally buy it, a small place in Connecticut, when she knew it would prove a lonely prison, from which he would flee, and not the paradise he had in mind.

She dressed, and then she wakened Anne.

“Get up, child! Don’t you know what today is?” Kate shook her gently, checking an impulse to kiss her.

Anne opened sleepy eyes—absurdly like Jason’s—and smiled Jason’s wide smile.

“I was half-awake,” she said, “thinking.”

“You’d best get up and have your breakfast. There’s lots to be done.”

“Oh, there’s lots of time, and this is the last morning you’ll have me.” Anne stretched out a white arm and drew her mother down beside her. “Are you glad to be rid of me?”

“Now don’t talk nonsense,” Kate said brusquely, making a move to get up. But Anne held her fast.

“You’ve been a peach of a mother,” she said, sitting up and hugging her. “I only hope I’m going to be half as good a one—if I ever am one.”

“Let me go, Anne. There’s a plenty to be done, and it’s after eight.”

“But I want to talk to you—”

Anne hesitated, with her disordered golden hair about one bare shoulder, supporting herself on her straight white arms behind her.

“It’s just that now I’m really going to be married,” she said slowly. “I don’t seem to know—anything—about men—or life.”

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Kate observed dryly, remembering that Mary had said something of the sort on her wedding morning. She suppressed the same warning she had with Mary; there was a strange sacredness to romance, and though it might be all foolishness and illusion, it awed her and kept her from saying: “Don’t count too much on your man, child. They are different from us. The devil’s in ’em, even the best of ’em, and one woman don’t content ’em.”

“I don’t mean just ordinary things,” Anne hurried on to explain,

Jason held his little girl close. Kate watched them, her lips compressed.



a little frown knitting her thin gold brows.

“I know what marriage means and all that—but so many marriages end up unhappily, and I want ours to be like yours and Father’s. You’ve stuck together all these years, and there’s never been—anything to break it up. You’ve kept him. That’s what I mean. Eddy and I adore each other now, but I wish I could be sure he would be like Dad is to you when I’m your age.” She broke off and looked at her mother, trying to read in her set expression an answer to her riddle.

“It’s all a matter of luck,” Kate said, without turning her head.

“Oh, but it’s not. You and Dad make each other happy and content. You never nag at him, and he’s wonderful to you. He’s always been, hasn’t he?”

Kate nodded. “Yes, dear.” And she got up quickly, fighting back sudden tears.

“Don’t go yet,” Anne called after her. But Jason’s voice from the bedroom saved her; she hurried to stop him from putting on his everyday suit, the one he wore to the packing-house, which he managed, over by the river.

“But I’m goin’ to work this afternoon,” he protested, “and Anne wouldn’t know the difference.”

“No matter,” said Kate sharply. “You’ll wear your good blue, and maybe you’ll have time to come home and change. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jason Wursley!”

Jason grinned. “I guess you’re right, Kitty. Fish out the good blue, then, and where’s that new tie you bought me?”

She took his suit from the closet; she found the new tie. He took it to the window and looked at it admiringly. She went down the hall again to the kitchen to start breakfast.

By eleven o’clock the apartment was spick and span. Jason was enjoying a cigar in the parlor, ready to answer the door-bell when the guests arrived. Kate had changed into her best dress, a blue crêpe-de-chine with a tunic of iridescent beads, and was in Anne’s room packing her suitcase, while Anne did her hair, before she put on her new tan suit, and then redid it and finally crushed its perfect coiffure under a trim little turban of brown straw.

“How long d’you suppose you’ll be away?”

“Only till Sunday. We’ll be back Sunday night, so as Eddy can get to work Monday.”

Sunday night! Kate would be in Hartford with her sister Caroline. How surprised Anne would be when she got back and found out! For one rash moment she considered telling Anne.



"I'm putting the evening gown on top, Anne, so it won't get crushed. As soon as you get to the hotel, take it out and hang it up."

Then the door-bell trilled and they listened while Jason answered it and admitted Mary and Johnny Tucker. They heard their voices, and a moment later Mary came in.

Mary, unlike Anne, resembled her mother: dark of hair and eyes, the straight symmetry of her features betrayed the old puritan heritage, softened now by her youth and by the fact that she and Johnny were as much in love as ever.

She kissed her mother perfunctorily; they were too much alike to be sympathetic; she kissed Anne more tenderly.

"Did you leave the baby home?" Kate inquired.

"Yes; Mrs. Peters said she'd mind him till I get back. You look real cute, Anne."

The door-bell rang again.

"Come on," Kate warned. "Look round and see if you want anything else in the suitcase."

"Gee," Anne observed, "I'm as nervous as a cat!"

Mary laughed. "If you were having a big church wedding like some of those society girls, you might have something to be nerv-

ous over. . . . Here," and she handed Anne a package neatly done up in tissue paper and tied with white ribbon, "that's the best we could do!"

"Oh, thanks, Sis. I hate to undo it; it's so pretty!" She pulled the ribbon, opened the box and took out a bread-tray. "Oh, it's lovely, Sis! Thanks ever so much!"

"It's not much," Mary apologized, "but it's the newest style, with the wood bottom, and the rest is sterling."

"It's lovely," Anne said again, kissing her to the accompaniment of the door-bell that trilled for the third time, and a moment later again, for the groom and the groom's father.

Eddy was a tall rangy boy, with ruddy skin and a pair of fine dark eyes. The elder Coe was built on the same lithe lines; in his youth he had played professional baseball until an injured knee had forced him to quit in his third season; thereafter he had made a rather poor living at insurance; but still clinging to his old laurels, which all the world had forgotten, he wore the conscious air of the modestly famous. Father and son endowed the little room with a pleasantly sartorial odor which betrayed that they had stopped, en route to the Wursleys', at the barber's. Eddy was resplendent in a natty brown suit, a puce-colored cravat, and a white carnation in his buttonhole.

The other guests, except for Johnny Tucker, a nondescript little man engaged in the grocery business, were three girls, friends of Anne, who gave their little gifts, complimented the bride, and then, with the Tuckers, formed an embarrassed background for the ceremony.

It took place almost immediately, in the parsonage of the church across the street.

Dr. Herbert, a gentle old man who had long been their pastor, arranged them—Eddy at Anne's right, Kate and Jason just a little to the back of Anne, Mr. Coe by his son, and the remainder forming a semicircle about the bride and groom.

Dr. Herbert's quiet voice commenced intoning:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and this company—" and on through the ceremony, pronouncing them man and wife.

The concluding moment was as shy-bound as the first: Dr. Herbert kissed Anne and shook hands with Eddy; Anne kissed her mother and everybody else, including old Tom Coe; Jason held his little girl close for an instant, and his eyes were moist as he murmured his few words.

Kate watched them, her thin lips compressed into a straight line; something akin to envy stirred in her breast, envy or jealousy, she did not know; nor did she know whether it was of Anne or of Jason she was jealous. A sense of alienation fell heavy upon her, and it occurred to her for the first time that Anne, when she learned, might condemn her and not her father. Mary would side with her. But Mary did



Kate's letter was written. She stood outside the door, conscious that she had closed it for the last time.

not seem to count. . . . She felt unaccountably resentful of Anne as, held in her father's arms, Kate listened to her low and emotional:

"Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy dear!"

The luncheon took more time than they had allowed, and the end of necessity was hastened. Anne and Eddy hurried Kate to the apartment. She dawdled, a little bewildered, and wanted to say something to Jason.

"You can tell him tonight," Anne said.

"No, dear, I can't—"

"But we'll miss our train." She bundled her inside, while Eddy gave the address to the driver.

They kept the cab waiting and went up for their bags. Her mother's trepidation seemed quite natural; when Kate clung to her and commenced to cry, Anne kissed her and patted her.

"You silly old dear—when I'm just the happiest girl in all the world!"

Eddy kissed her too, but she paid no heed to him.

"Anne—Anne, child," she sobbed brokenly.

"There, there! We've got to go." She set herself free, pressed her mother's wet cheeks in her hands, kissed her trembling mouth, brushed the tears from her own eyes, forced herself to laugh—and dashed after Eddy, through the door and down the stairs.

Kate stood in the dim hall listening to the dying sounds of the departure; when they ceased altogether, she closed the apartment door, dabbed at her eyes and passed into the bedroom.

In the chair by the window, she sat nearly half an hour, realizing that her minutes were precious, but held by a sense of inertia which seemed to center about her heart. Such an empty heart it seemed—like the apartment if all the things were taken out and no one lived there: empty rooms, bare and hollow-sounding.

The phrase stayed with her; she repeated it softly to herself: "Empty-sounding—empty-sounding."

She pulled herself together and got up. What was she—a silly old fool without any backbone? She set her thin mouth, and with a determination born of the decision of years, took her old suitcase from the closet and opened it on the bed. She remembered the last time it had been used, two years ago, when Jason had gone to Boston to his brother's funeral; the time before that, they had used it together when Jason had taken her to Asbury for his vacation.

She packed hastily, shrinking from it, conscious of the more unpleasant task that lay before her; and she stopped before she was through, to get out Flora Kelley's letter from the trunk.

The ink on the envelope was faded; the letter was quite long.

What would have happened, she wondered, if she had given it to him when it came? Would it have made any difference? Would he have been touched by Flora's pathos, urged to a deeper love for her, forced by the devils that dwelt in him to go to her—for all time?

One paragraph ran, a trifle incoherently:

"I'll give up anything for you now, Jason. I've had it out with Will and told him everything just like I said I would. He was wild at first, and then said I'd come back all right when I was down and out and wanted a drink bad enough. But I won't. I'll never touch the stuff. I'll do just as you said you want me to. I'll do anything you say, Jason, if only you'll come back and let things be like they used to between us. . . ."

The next paragraph was more impassioned. Kate had read it before, but today she could not read it; she hated the phrases; they had the power to lash the wounds she had kept green so long.

She thrust it back into the envelope, finished her packing, and went into the dining-room to write her letter. She searched for pen and paper—and found them; then she searched for words, but they were not so easy to find. . . .

Jason left the restaurant with Tom Coe, meaning to take the Eighth Avenue car to Fourteenth Street and then the cross-town to work. But Coe dissuaded him.

"You're not goin' back to work today?" Coe said, almost reproachfully. "I thought maybe we'd take in a ball-game."

"I said I'd be back," Jason returned.

"Well, I'll walk a ways with you."

Although they had known each other a good many years, ever since Jason had become one of Coe's clients, there had never been any intimacy between them; but the marriage of their children had created a fast bond, making them almost relatives. At least so it seemed to Coe.

An
he sa
good
"An
"Y
wish
"Y
Coe
gone,
tin' o
differ
"Y
great
though
occasi
losing
He
alone
"It'
The
"Th
said.
"Ne
"Ju
the st
"W
The
illicit
them
his "o
tablish



"Hello, Jay," she said with amazing ease. But he noticed that she went white beneath her paint.

And Coe was troubled. "I'm glad Eddy got your Anne, Jay," he said as they strolled down the avenue. "She'll make him a good wife, like your missus—and she'll keep him straight."

"Anne's a good girl," Jason replied shortly.

"You're lucky, Jay. You don't know how lucky you are. I wish I was in your shoes—and not in mine."

"You're in trouble, Tom?"

Coe hesitated. "Not in trouble, 'xactly, but—well, now Eddy's gone, there's not much of a home left, if you get me. I'm gettin' on, too. . . . You got your missus. It makes a hell of a difference, Jay."

"You're right. It sure does." And Jason fell to pondering his great good fortune compared to Coe's. Not that he hadn't thought about it before. He had, especially upon two or three occasions when Kate had been seriously ill and the possibility of losing her had been thrust upon him.

He felt sorry for Coe. Fifty if he's a day, he thought, and all alone in the world!

"It's tough," he said aloud. "You oughter 've married again."

They reached Nineteenth Street.

"There's a joint down here where we can get a drink," Coe said.

"Not for me."

"Just one, Jay—to drink their health. It'll do you good, and the stuff's jake. I know where it comes from—right off the boats."

"Well, just one," Jason gave in.

The grimy little apartment where Coe's friend dealt in his illicit traffic was empty except for the proprietor. He served them at a little table in the "restaurant" and then went back to his "office," leaving the bottle in Coe's care—a gesture which established Coe's standing.

"Is this your regular hang-out?" Jason inquired.

"Oh, I come here once in a while—but I guess it will be from now on," he said grimly, "if I don't go to the devil some other way."

"What d'ye mean?"

Coe drained his glass and hastily refilled it. "I'll tell you," he said huskily, his throat afire from the liquor, "there's a girl—see? Well, she's not 'xactly a girl. She's a woman. Name's Lil—Lily Drake. I've known her quite a while now, and she's all right."

Jason gulped his drink. He felt relieved. If there was a woman in Coe's life, so much the better! Then he wasn't alone.

"She's all right," Coe iterated, "and then again—she's not. It's hard to explain, Jay, but you're a right-thinking kind of a guy, and at the same time you're not narrow-minded. That's why I want your advice, and so I'm givin' you the dope straight." He refilled his glass and waited until Jason said, "Shoot!" Then he went on:

"You gotta see her, Jay; I'm gonna take you up to her place; but here's the dope. She's around forty—maybe not quite—and she's sort of classy-looking for her age. When you first see her, you might think maybe she's not o' much account, 'cause of the way she slings on the paint and the powder. But that's only habit—see? Underneath she's just like any other woman—good-hearted, motherly, and all like that. Same as your missus, Jay, or any other woman, only—she aint always been so—see? She's traveled a rough road, lived fast an' high, on the stage some of the time—when she was younger, I guess—and the rest of the time—well, just livin'. You know. . . . When I first met her she was up ag'in it good and hard; and gee, I was sorry for her! That's how it began. I helped her out (Continued on page 146)



Photo by Fack Bros.

Riding to hounds when Mrs. Harriman, who is in the group

The New Woman

An aristocrat by birth but a democrat in sympathies, Mrs. Harriman's life has been rich in experience and notable for social and political achievements that specially qualify her to write these striking articles on the recent great changes in American life.

The New Freedom of Marriage

SHE was ten years old when the backwash of the Civil War penetrated even to her father's sequestered country place in the valley of the Hudson. Among the servants were a few slaves from the South, upon whom the draft rioters threatened to wreak their vengeance. They had to be spirited away at night and given temporary lodging among neighbors, until a gunboat poked its nose into the Tappan Zee and the countryside resumed its normal tranquillity. When we were children, the dear "brown lady" often told of this—the only time when the slightest cloud had ever crossed the sunlit path of her childhood.

We liked to call her the "brown lady" because when her hair was brown, like her large thoughtful eyes, she generally wore some shade of the corresponding color. If then, in the spring-time of her life, she was beautiful, in the late autumn of her years she is no less so. Her head is crowned in silvery white; and her face, with a network of fine lines gathered at the eyes and mouth, is luminous as with the glory of some reflected light.

Sitting on the porch of her little Southern home, in the shade of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I asked her the other day to tell me the secret of her happiness. Realizing the complete luxury into which she had been born and with which she was surrounded

until well in the forties, I had often wondered about the philosophy which had made possible an entire readjustment without any visible revolt when their great wealth had been lost and they went to a meager Virginia farm to live.

"Yes," she said, "it was hard, very hard at times, especially when the children had to be educated. It hurt not to be able to give them the advantages that I had had; and at one period we suffered actual privations. I am like a cat, too—I cling so close to my own corner. Giving up the old home and leaving New York, the Hudson River, the yacht, and all my old associations cut deep, very deep. What right, though, had I to complain? Even if I had lost most material things, I was really very rich. I had married the man I loved, and that love has never failed me. For almost fifty years we have journeyed side by side. All of our children have been well and strong, and we have their love and devotion. And now their children have come to bless us."

The evening star had begun to twinkle over the everlasting hills, and the west was pink with glory. As I kissed her silently and turned away I heard her murmur: "Where there is no vision the people perish."



at the left, was a *débutante*—and side-saddles were de rigueur.

in the New World

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Yes, where there is no vision the people perish! And although not everybody has the "brown lady's" profound conception of spiritual values, still, it would be well if more people could realize today that there are many marriages worth working out. There is something so golden and satisfactory in a happy union. There are few marriages that haven't some compensating elements that are worth sacrificing oneself to preserve. Sometimes patience seems no longer to exist. But occasionally one runs across that virtue practiced to a sublime degree.

It was a hot summer day and we were lunching at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, a midday rendezvous in those hectic war-times of many members of the administration and other workers.

"Who is that good-looking man at the next table but one?" I asked my companion.

"Oh, that is Jones, one of the dollar-a-year men, and he is just as able as he is good-looking."

After that I seemed often to run across him, and a mutual friend told me his romantic story.

Working as a clerk in a railway office in a small Western town, he fell in love with the totally unsophisticated daughter of his landlady. As he played cards and drank a certain amount, the girl's Methodist parents considered him rather "fast." However, they were married. The girl, who was very religious, teaching a Sunday-school class and constantly attending prayer-meetings, also tried by cultivating herself to keep up with her more gifted husband.

All went well until Jones fell in with the "town siren." She had been a teacher in the high school, had married and been divorced, and was completely fascinating. Many men had fallen for her. Jones became so utterly infatuated he spoke quite openly to the men in his office of his wish to break with his wife

and marry the other woman. Apparently Mrs. Jones was unsuspecting until one day, at an entertainment in a local hotel, whether by chance or intention, the "vamp" dropped Jones' photograph out of her handbag. Mrs. Jones, who stood near by, picked it up. That evening on being questioned Jones confessed everything and asked his wife to release him.

During the trying days that followed, the wife kept asking herself: "Shall I divorce him and let him go to the dogs, as he probably will with that other woman?" Being very religious, she could not but believe that it was her duty to try to save him from himself. After prayer and much thought she went to him and said: "I am utterly in your power, but I am going to stay. I cannot leave you and see you wreck your life."

The period that followed could not have been easy for either one. However, Jones continued to rise in the world until he became president of a railroad. And after ten years his wife's patient devotion was rewarded by his falling again desperately in love with her. The "vamp" in the meantime had married, but continued having affairs, one of them resulting in the shooting of a lover—by her husband, it was alleged. There was an example of where patience on the part of the wife won the day.

Quite the reverse was the case of the daughter of one of my old schoolmates. Eleanor at twenty married Hugh on his twenty-first birthday. He was full of life and *esprit* and had an endless number of friends. He loved going to parties, and it was natural for him to flirt with almost every attractive woman he met. Being of a much more domestic disposition, Eleanor, who in the course of three years presented her husband with two daughters, deeply resented his frivolities. She held on for five years, and then threw up her hands. Impatient and perhaps somewhat intolerant, she secured a divorce and hastily married one of her

husband's college friends. Not two years later I met her on Fifth Avenue.

"How goes it?" I inquired.

"Oh, out of the frying-pan into the fire! Jack has a violent temper, and at least Hugh was never unkind."

With some of the persistence and sense of duty of Mrs. Jones, Eleanor might have gradually brought out the best in her first husband had she clung to him. Anyway, she would have saved herself much of the repining and unhappiness which came to her with the second. It would seem as if women should now be even more unselfish and long-suffering than the wives of a former day, as their status in many ways is so vastly improved. They are now treated by men so much more as equals, and are allowed so much greater freedom.

During the first years of her married life a young woman I knew well possessed a veritable treasure in an old colored cook, who had been passed on to her by a relative. Aunt Eliza was a real Southern character. My friend knew little about house-keeping, little about buying things, and nothing at all about cooking. But with Aunt Eliza in charge of the kitchen, everything ran on oiled wheels. She looked after the marketing, arranged the menus for luncheons and dinners; and when guests were expected, all the hostess had to do was tell her so many people were coming, and everything would be perfectly prepared. There seemed no flaw in the domestic machinery. Aunt Eliza seemed happy and contented. She was solicitous about the little family, and seemed genuinely fond of them. Secure and free from domestic worries, her employer looked upon her as a fixture. But to her mistress' dismay and surprise, a few months after the birth of a baby daughter, Eliza one day announced she was going to leave.

"But how can you leave us?" the young matron helplessly asked. "You know we depend on you. Do you want more wages?"

"No, missie, it aint wages, but I got to go—I jest got to go."

"But aren't you satisfied? I thought you were devoted to us."

"And so I is, missie, so I is. I don't want no more money, and I aint dissatisfied! I is devoted to you, I sure is. I like you; I like master; and I just love de baby. But I'm just daid sick o' the whole lot o' you."

It took my friend some years to understand the psychology of what then seemed inexplicable on the part of the old colored woman. For hers was only the ordinarily human reaction many get to feel after too long-continued and unrelieved intimate association. No matter how fond one may be of people, there are times when one gets "daid sick" if one sees them day in and day out without the relief of other associations, outside interests or change. No matter how much one may love people, even those nearest and dearest, there are times when one must get away. What was the difficulty with Eliza was one of the main troubles with the old-fashioned marriage relationship. Generally a man and woman saw too much of each other, intruded too thoughtlessly into each other's lives, or one sought to dominate and monopolize the other's entire existence, with the result they began, perhaps unconsciously, to resent the other's demands and to weary of the monotony of enforced companionship. They just got "daid sick" of the whole thing.

In 1903 I was one of a group of women who founded the Colony Club. There was much outspoken and even caustic criticism of the movement, especially on the part of older men. "What do these women mean, starting a club—clubs are for men," complained a sexagenarian member of the Union Club. "A woman's club is her home!" Which in a nutshell expressed the prevailing masculine angle upon the place and limitations of women thirty years or more ago. It was the average husband's point of view. If a girl was regarded only as a mere ornament, a beautiful side-issue of life for men's admiration, recreation or pastime, once she became a wife she often changed into a creature of domestic utility, as much part of the household machinery as tables and chairs and pots and pans—a sort of exalted servant who was expected to see that the home was properly run, that meals were prepared, the dusting attended to, social entertainments arranged, and everything kept in spick-and-span order for her lord and master's comfort and pleasure.

Aside from keeping a vigilant eye upon the kitchen and grocers' bills, a wife's supreme interests were confined to hemstitching fine linens for her expected babies, and once they had arrived, to supervising their upbringing. Symbolically if not literally—as was the actual case with the wives of the middle and working classes—the cookstove and cradle combined were the altar at which she was supposed to officiate. As the former Kaiser was said to have put it, her ideal functions were limited to "Kirche, Küche und Kinder." What tepid pleasures and diversions she was allowed consisted of entertaining her friends at tea, where the momen-

tous issues discussed involved children, domestic bills, new hats and dresses, and the gossip of her circle. Some husbands actually disapproved of their wives reading novels; certain ones even objected to their playing cards. Such pioneer women as advocated the franchise and an invasion by women of the professions were looked upon as dangerous freaks. While a wife was expected to be at the beck and call of her husband, attendant upon his whims and wishes, he might spend the night at his club playing cards, or be off attending to his pleasures and

affairs. But she must remain at home. No wonder some became "daid sick!"

And financially she was dependent upon the husband. Absolutely so. He filled, and was proud of, the rôle of grand provider. Even among the richer and more sheltered classes many women were not even given a cash allowance. What a woman bought she charged, and her husband took care of the bills. And what a how-do-you-do there often was over the accounts! If the butcher's or the grocer's or the milkman's bill was deemed excessive, what did she mean by such mismanagement! Not to speak of the statements from dressmakers and milliners! Many a wife was in terror of the arrival of the bill for her Easter bonnet! If she needed money, with what hesitancy and trepidation she approached the man who controlled the pursestrings! What diplomacy, what arts and artifices, she had to use to get actual cash! It seems incredible today, when few wives tolerate such humiliations and heartburnings, the sordid financial end of the old marital relationship. Shamefaced and ashamed, the old-fashioned wife had to endure a husband's criticisms of her household



Photo by Drochner & Co.

Mrs. Harriman's range of interests is wide and democratic. She is here shown entertaining Timothy Heeley, John Mitchell and other labor leaders at luncheon.



Photo by Henry Miller News Picture Service.

outlay, while he perhaps lavishly squandered money upon his own needs and extravagances.

It was often so miserably one-sided, so frightfully unfair. A wife was allowed no financial freedom, yet she was expected to be uncomplaining and contented. "Her board and keep"—however luxurious that was—was about all, literally, in some cases, she was rewarded with for the absolute surrender and effacement of her own life. Even where "pin-money" was allowed, which was not always, women often expended it on the household when bills for food and necessities were higher than usual, rather than face the criticisms and cross-questionings of the head of the family. Or else these pit-tances went for luxuries for the children, to the boy at college, or for the frills and feathers of a growing girl.

When they were courted, girls seldom dared inquire into the financial responsibilities of their fiancés. And after marriage they were generally kept in absolute ignorance of their husbands' business affairs. So far as their finances went, few husbands took their wives into their confidence, except when they got into trouble! Then, of course, it was up to the wives to economize and help them out. Such crises were the only occasions when they met on a common ground economically. When there was a crash, it was chiefly the wife who suffered.

"I never know how much money Charles is earning, or where I stand," a woman once said to me. "As soon as stocks go down, I am ordered to stop buying fruit and magazines, and the minute they go up, I'm told I can go to Tiffany's and get anything I like. One day he will tell me to order a lot of French clothes, and the next day say I must skimp on beef and potatoes."

An older woman once laughed gallantly as she remarked: "Come and see my new brougham! Willie is in Wall Street again, so I shall not in all probability have it next week."

Such a situation constantly left wives on tenterhooks, not knowing from day to day what financial reverses were going to descend out of the sky.

It was then indeed tragic for a wife when, as sometimes happened during panics, her husband lost everything he had in the world,



Mrs. Harriman in her war-time uniform. Above, a Washington hunt scene whose costumes well exemplify the change in women's status.

and it was impossible for her to go out and work as women can today. Unable to "chip in" and help, she just had to try and "keep up appearances," bravely hiding from her friends the desperate situation.

Not all women, however, were thus "put upon." There was a decade when the bankers and brokers and big business men of the East were overgenerous to their wives in material ways. In fact, numbers of women were sadly pampered and spoiled. Just as many men went to the extreme of denying their wives actual necessities, others went to excess in extending them every indulgence. There were men who slaved in the hot city all summer while their wives and daughters traveled in Europe or spent the season at Newport or Bar Harbor. To meet the extravagant expenditures of the family some seldom took vacations. They were in this way absolutely self-effacing. In that day, too, men took pride in seeing their womenkind looking like jewelers' show-windows as they reflected on their persons the wealth of the family bread-winner. As mere parasites these women were generally more bored than happy. They missed the best in marriage, which comes from teamwork and sharing alike in the responsibilities as well as the pleasures of life; for the surest cure for ennui is to have to work for what one gets.

The wife of one of America's greatest men—when he was suddenly thrust into a conspicuous position—asked advice about clothes for her daughters and herself. "I don't know much about such things," she admitted. "We have always had so little money, and when it came to a question of my husband having books or my having a new dress, I naturally insisted upon the former."

This woman had always been a real companion and loving helpmeet to her distinguished husband, and her unselfishness had its reward in finally seeing him achieve the highest office in the gift of the American people.

I have known at least two men in public life whose wives were lawyers and who helped them with their cases, and both were absolutely devoted couples. Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan were a perfect example of married bliss and concord. With the clear and logical mind of a man Mrs. Bryan (Continued on page 124)

The coyotes had been there, leaving tracks all about.



By Ross Santee

One of the Outfit

BUTTON and Shorty were asleep in the little tepee when the storm broke. At the first sharp clap of thunder Button sat up in his blankets and stared wildly about, forgetting for the moment where he was. But as the thunder crashed again directly overhead, he dived under the covers and pulled the tarp over his head.

As long as he could remember, Button had been afraid of storms. The lightning terrified him. At home when it had stormed in the night, his mother always had come into his room and sat by his bed. For somehow he couldn't help shaking. But he didn't want Shorty to find out that he was scared. He wondered how Shorty could sleep through anything like this, for between the crashes of thunder he could hear regular breathing. It was a good thing they weren't sleeping together, for he was shaking so he'd be bound to wake up Shorty. Presently he heard Shorty pull on his boots and go out of the tepee, but he was gone only for a moment.

"Somebody wrangles afoot in the mornin'," said Shorty, as he came back soaking wet. "One of the night horses has broke loose." But Button was shaking so he didn't dare answer lest Shorty find out. The rain was coming in torrents now. Button could feel the water dripping in on him from a little hole in the tepee, but he was too scared to move. "Rain is what this

You spend a few minutes in a cow-camp with its youngest member and with Ross Santee—to whom, for years, cow-camps were home. Here is the breath of the West. Nothing forced, nothing strange—to the "outfit" you're visiting.

Illustrated by the Author

three weeks now since he'd been on the job, and he hadn't lost a horse so far. By the time the outfit went to town for the Fourth of July rodeo, he'd have forty dollars comin', too. He didn't know how he'd spend quite all the money yet, but one thing was sure: he'd get that pair of long-shanked silver-mounted spurs in Charley Collins' saddle-shop. Mebbe he wouldn't strut! He even felt sorry for kids who lived in town and never got to ride a horse. He wouldn't trade places with anyone—if it only wouldn't storm.

It was still dark in the little tepee when Old Sourdough called "Chuck!" next morning. And as Button stirred drowsily in his blankets, he could hear the low voices of the punchers who were drinking coffee by the fire. Presently he heard Old Sourdough's voice—"All twelve-year-old kids are sleepy-headed." "I'll say he is," said Shorty. "He slept right through that storm last night."



Button made his first count. There was one horse missing.

country needs," said Shorty, pulling off his boots. But Button didn't trust himself to speak. By keeping his eyes closed tight and the tarp over his head, he managed to shut out the blinding flashes. But at each clap of thunder he burrowed deeper into his bed.

It seemed an age to Button, but presently the storm died away, almost as suddenly as it had come. He could still hear the rumble of distant thunder off toward the north; and he wondered if it was storming in town. But he wasn't shaking now. He even tried to move from the water dripping upon him. And as the distant rumblings grew fainter, he finally got up courage enough to raise his head from the covers. It was dark in the little tepee, but Shorty was snoring now. He envied Shorty!

He liked Shorty, too, better than most any of the other punchers. If he could ever rope like Shorty and ride like Pecos,

Button was glad that Shorty didn't know. For the storm seemed like a bad dream now. He sat up in his blankets and rubbed his eyes. He would have liked to carry his clothes out by the fire to dress as he always did at home. And until that day at Tin Cup Springs, he had dressed by the fire in cow-camp; but it was beneath his dignity now. So he slid into his Levi's, and by the time he had finished pulling on his boots, the first gray streaks of dawn were showing in the east.

Button never took his hat off when he washed his face in the morning; the water was too cold. And in cow-camp there was no one to look behind his ears. He had coffee in cow-camp, too, as many cups as he liked. But best of all he liked the steak and hot biscuits. For Button was always hungry, and Old Sourdough was a good cook, even if he was cranky at times and wouldn't let Button sit on the dutch-oven lid while he ate.

The punchers had all finished breakfast by the time Button filled his plate. But Pecos was still drinking coffee. Pecos never ate any breakfast. As Button stowed away the hot biscuits, he wondered how Pecos could live on coffee and cigarettes and ride the rough string, too.

Old Slocum was the horse that had broke loose in the night. Bill Jones had wrangled alone, and it was broad daylight when Bill came in sight with the *remuda*; and Old Slocum was the first horse down the trail to the water. Evidently he'd gone back to the *remuda* in the night. Old Rambler came next, and as the horses watered out, Button saw Fingertail, Smoky and Scout. Bill Jones hadn't had any breakfast yet. It was Pecos who took Bill's pony and drove the horses into the corral as soon as they had watered out.

"What horse do you want, Kid?" asked Shorty, shaking out a little loop.

"Old Rambler," said Button. Shorty always caught the wrangler's horse first. "Asia," said Bill Griggs as Shorty led Old Rambler out and Button slipped his bridle on. "Slippers," yelled Bill Jones, who was still eating by the fire. And as Button was pulling up his latigo, he heard Pecos ask for Tango. Unless the ponies were caught napping, they usually ducked and dodged.



Once they felt the rope about their necks, they were led out easily enough; but it took three punchers to drag Tango out to where Pecos' saddle lay.

Button would have liked to wait and see the fun, for Tango always bucked. But as soon as the last horse was caught up, Shorty took down the corral bars and helped Button turn the horses up the narrow trail to the big mesa. At the foot of the trail, Shorty pulled up his horse.

"You needn't bring 'em in at noon," he said, "for we wont want a change today. I'd graze 'em over toward Mud Springs an' throw 'em on the water about noon. Then if you're hungry, you can come on back to camp an' eat. We wont be back till late today."

Old Slocum was always the first horse up the narrow trail; for he was the leader of the *remuda* and acted accordingly. About halfway up the trail he always stopped to blow. Everything stopped when Old Slocum did. No amount of yelling on Button's part could make him move until he was ready. Everything below him he ignored completely unless the horses crowded him. Then as he raised his head and flattened his ears, the horses would fall away on all sides to give him room. But Button wasn't in a hurry this morning, and he let Old Slocum take his time.

For Button was watching the big corral, far below him now, where the punchers were all mounted, except Pecos. And as Button watched, he saw Pecos ease into the saddle and pull the blind. And the next moment he saw Tango and Pecos go into the air together.

It was an old story to Button now, but it always gave him a thrill to watch Pecos ease into the saddle and turn a wild one loose. The corral was so far below, Button couldn't hear a sound, but he

knew that Tango was bawling. He always bawled when he bucked. And Pecos was using that heavy quirt. Boy, what a rider he was! It wouldn't be much longer now until Tango finally quit. Yep. Tango's head was up already, for he didn't like that quirt. He was trotting around the corral, and the punchers were riding out. As Pecos rode out, he waved his hand, and Button waved back at him.

The sun was almost an hour high before Button topped out with the last of the horses. From the top of the big mesa he could see for miles. From the rim of Mescal clear out beyond the Soda Hills, as far as he could see, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. The white smoke was from the smelter in town. It was thirty miles, he knew. The nine moving dots in the distance were the outfit. He knew that Shorty was riding in the lead, and he tried to pick out Pecos. The distance was too great, however, but he watched them until they had crawled up the long limestone ridge and disappeared toward Haunted Cañon.

As the *remuda* moved off across the big mesa, Button made his first count. There was one horse missing, for there should be an even ninety head. Mebbe Six-X was gone? He caused more trouble than all the other horses put together. He was always pulling out for parts unknown. But presently Button located Six-X, who was grazing quietly in the middle of the herd. Again Button counted them, and this time the count was right. For a time he practiced with his rope, but he grew tired of this and for want of anything better to do, he rode down to

The nine dots in the distance were the outfit. They disappeared toward Haunted Cañon.

where the dead cow lay. The coyotes had been there since the rain, leaving tracks all about the place. Nearly every night they yelped about the camp; occasionally Button saw one trotting off across the great flats. Once he had happened onto one that was only half grown, and Button had chased him clear across the mesa. If he had only been riding Old Rambler that day instead of Scout, he was sure he would have got a throw at him with his rope.

The horses were still grazing quietly. Button was on the point of riding back to them when he spotted a little bunch of cattle in the distance, moving slowly across the mesa toward the water at Mud Springs. Mebbe there was a long-eared calf in the bunch. And as he kicked his pony into a gallop, he took down his rope and shook out a little loop.

There were only two calves in the bunch, but one was unbranded. As the cattle broke into a run, he dug his heels into Old Rambler and went flying in their wake. Old Rambler was an old cow-horse. There was no need to kick him now, for the game was old to him. As he flattened into a dead run, the wind stung Button's face. The cattle were splitting up, but the long-eared calf and one old cow were still running in the lead. Old Rambler was closing up the distance now at every jump, and as the cow and long-eared calf turned sharply from him, Button made his throw. He missed the calf and caught the old cow by both horns. This was something he hadn't bargained for. (Continued on page 104)



This flame-vivid drama of New York's night-life has already evoked widespread and enthusiastic comment from our readers—and well it may, for it's the most fascinating story thus far produced by that able writing man who has already won success by his "Loot," "Find the Woman," "Devil-May-Care," "Uneasy Street," and other notably popular stories.

Illustrated by
W. B. King

Fallen Angels

By
Arthur Somers Roche

The Story So Far:

BECAUSE of various failures to turn my talents to account, I was desperate—so desperate that I'd crazily attempted to hold up the jeweler Mannheim in his own store, had been captured on the spot, and now stood convicted before Judge Mantolini, awaiting sentence. It came—ten years in Sing Sing! And then into my dark despair came the voice of Judge Mantolini again: a brother-officer, he averred, had recognized me and pleaded my service overseas in extenuation of my crime; and—"Sentence suspended," the Judge announced. I walked forth on the streets of New York a free man, but vastly puzzled. True, I had been decorated for service overseas, but of course under my own name, Rance Rogers, and equally of course I had given a false one when arrested.

Soon, moreover, I realized that I was being followed; protesting to my shadower, I was taken to a restaurant, well fed—and an amazing proposal was laid before me by this hard-eyed fat man who gave his name as Johnson.

In brief, my suspension of sentence and release had been procured because Johnson wished to use a man of my sort. I was to go through a marriage ceremony with a certain young woman, was to receive ten thousand dollars and was then to get out—to the place farthest possible from New York. If I refused, the ten years in Sing Sing were mine. If I attempted any evasion or escape, I would be killed.

And of necessity I accepted—was driven to a house in Stuyvesant Terrace and on the way was given ten one-thousand-dollar bills. There I succeeded in winning my stipulation that I must speak with my strange bride alone before the ceremony, and receive her assurance that she was not being coerced. I was introduced to a girl of a singular and serene beauty—and her name was that of Ruth Van Leyden, heiress of an old and wealthy family!

As agreed, I was allowed to speak with her alone—and discovered with horror and amazement that she was, mentally,

no
Neve
go
riage
escap
give
marr
by
unde
there
a we
which
self
old c
callin
and
son
After
mine
some
thoug
door
sough
the re
by
upper
look
me,
voice
did n
"D
You
Oh!
he's g
In
her.
cries
"K
me th
God
And
hand
matic
"I
hugge
minut
for th
I h
"Th
white
She
descen
the fr
made
As
cided
her fa
someh
Mann
name,
again
illumin
friend
from
night
Wh
ing, e
entert
friend
glance
Johns
The
tempt
stayed
to go
Sure
but I
thus t

"Before we get through this little talk, maybe you'll know which side your bread is buttered on."

no more than a child. Nevertheless, I decided to go through with the marriage: if I was to help her escape, I must be alive to give the needed aid. The marriage was performed, by a clergyman also under some compulsion; there was the mockery of a wedding supper, during which Ruth conducted herself like a ten-year-old child at a party, calling me "Jim" and the man Johnson "Uncle Ted." Afterward, determined to escape and somehow bring aid, though I knew the door was guarded, I sought a trapdoor to the roof. I was met by Ruth in the upper hall. She looked straight at me, but raised her voice as though she did not see me.

"Don't touch me! You mustn't! Uncle Ted! Oh! The roof! Uncle Ted, he's going to the roof!"

In amazement I stared at her. From below came cries of rage.

"Kid," she whispered to me then, "for the love of God make your get-away!"

And into my astounded hand she thrust an automatic pistol.

"I nailed this when I hugged my dear uncle a minute ago," she said. "Use it, kid, if they try to stop you, for they're all ribbed up to send you out in the smoke."

I heard Johnson on the stairs. "But you—" I protested. "They think I'm goofy," she answered. "And you're too white a lad for me to let them bump you off. On your way!"

She pushed me into the automatic elevator, and I began descending as my enemies reached the top landing. And the front door below having now been left unguarded, I made my way to the street and to temporary safety.

As I sat in the hotel room where I sought refuge, I decided that I could not flee the town and leave this girl to her fate, but must somehow learn the truth of the situation, somehow rescue her. With this purpose I sought the jeweler Mannheim in his own home; but I wrung from him only one name, "John Little," before he called the police and I was forced again to make a hurried get-away. But that name later proved illuminating when, late that night—conveyed by a taxi-man whose friendship I had won by a kindness—I was following Johnson from the Stuyvesant Terrace house, he stopped at a notorious night club known as "Little Jack's."

When Johnson left, I sent the taxi-man to continue the shadowing, entered the place and sat down at a table. In one of the entertainers I recognized Julia, a girl who had been a childhood friend. It was while she sat at the table talking with me that I glanced up and saw standing not far away—my wife, the man Johnson and a fellow-scoundrel named Criney.

They recognized me, and I knew I should be shot if I attempted to leave. And that I likewise would be shot if I stayed, I learned a few minutes later from Julia: the lights were to go out suddenly, and then the guns of my enemies would roar. Sure enough, presently the lights winked out, and pistols flashed—but I as swiftly had thrown myself flat on the floor, crawled thus through a rear door, and as instructed by Julia, took refuge



in a dressing-room which she shared with a chorus-girl named Sally Dunning.

Sally hid me behind the curtains of her shower-bath when Little Jack and his henchmen burst in searching for me; afterward I knocked out a waiter she summoned, exchanged my dripping clothes for his and made my escape from the place. But I was now doubly in peril; for a man had been killed when the pistols blazed on the dance-floor that night, and the police were searching for me as his murderer: the neat plan of Johnson and Little Jack to kill two enemies at once, and make it appear that each had killed the other, had only so far miscarried. . . . Next day I went out to buy a new tuxedo to replace the one abandoned in Sally's bathroom. When I opened the door of my hotel room on my return—there on my bed sat Little Jack. (The story continues in detail:)

UPON his knee rested a pistol; its muzzle, round and gaping, pointed directly at the pit of my stomach. I have never seen a weapon that seemed as murderously large as that with which Little Jack had me covered.

"Better close the door," he suggested mildly.

One-fifth of a second; that was all I needed. In that tiny fraction of time I could take one stride and slam the door behind me. But, even as my eyes magnified the muzzle of the revolver, so they enlarged the taut sinews in the hand of Little Jack. I could see clearly the cordlike tendon that ran from the middle of his wrist along the back of his hand to the third joint of his forefinger. And I knew that before I could make the first quarter-turn toward flight a bullet would stop me.

So I shut the door.

"Wise lad," commented Little Jack. "Some suckers, because they've had a run of luck, press it too far."

HE waved his left hand toward a chair. The right hand never moved. Inwardly raging, silently cursing the overconfidence—I called it conceit at the time—which had caused me to think that I had outwitted all my enemies, I obeyed his gesture. There was nothing else for me to do. Little Jack, trying to kill two birds with one stone, had accomplished half his purpose last night when Rags Kennedy had been slain. Nothing that I had seen or heard led me to believe that he would hesitate to complete what Julia had termed the "double-header."

"Wise lad again," complimented Little Jack. "When you got 'em, you play 'em; when you haven't, you fold."

I found my voice at last. "And wait for another hand," I said. I hoped that he would not notice the tremor in my tones, that he would not observe my shaking hands. Why I should have cared whether or not Little Jack believed me courageous I don't know; I suppose it was because of a cheap vanity that could not bear to be thought cowardly as well as dull-witted.

He shook his head. "You don't draw cards again. You're out of the game."

Surprise had overwhelmed me at sight of him; but now the high tide of shock was receding. I was able to estimate matters more clearly than when I had entered the room. My eyes ceased to magnify Little Jack's weapon, and as my abnormal keenness of sight diminished, my brain began to recover from the stupefaction that discovery of him had caused.

Last night Little Jack had been ready and anxious to kill me at a word, I had guessed, from Johnson. There had been no parley, no negotiations; attempt at murder of me had followed almost instantly upon the revelation of my identity. At least the attempt had been delayed only long enough for Little Jack to make the necessary preparations.

But this evening Little Jack was obviously prepared to discuss matters. Seated in the chair to which he had waved me, I could look through the open door of my bathroom. There was not room enough for anyone to be concealed behind the door, and if anyone was hidden in the bathroom, that one must be jammed most uncomfortably into a corner. Only thus could he escape my observation. And inasmuch as a half-closed door would have effectually concealed, without discomfort, anyone who might have been brought along by Little Jack, I believed that the cabaret owner had come here alone.

Now, this was not in accordance with underworld procedure. My newspaper reading had been supplemented by six weeks in prison, and gossip with the other unfortunates confined there had broadened my education with regard to certain matters. I knew that such men as Little Jack never committed crimes of violence alone. In fact, men of Little Jack's preeminence in underworld society rarely if ever "turn the big trick" themselves. Their henchmen, incited by threat, bribe or drug, commit the murders.

Little Jack, then, was violating two canons of the rigid code of the underworld. That is, he was committing these violations if he meditated my murder.

I began to believe that Little Jack had come on an errand other than my immediate obliteration. And this belief did much to steady my nerves, to embolden me. "Well, if I'm out of the game, why bother with me?" I demanded.

"There might be another kind of a game," he suggested. "A smart guy like you, Roberts, or Petersen, or whatever the hell your name is, might declare himself in on another racket if he had guts enough."

"You know whether I have," I boasted. Into my voice I put insolent bravado. It was a certainty that Little Jack, crooked politician, leader in gang warfare and petty monarch of the underworld, was not going to advance an honorable proposition to me. Let him think me, then, a braggart. For braggarts are not squeamish over matters of honor.

"If I didn't think you had 'em, and brains too, I wouldn't be here," he said.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

He had round, babylike pop eyes, that were strangely out of place in that cadaverous countenance. They twinkled now with an almost childlike pride; and his voice, as he spoke, was even shriller than it was normally.

"I've said you had brains, Roberts," he said, "and you've probably got sense enough to know by now that I've got 'em too. If you think you can outmaneuver me, then you *are* a dumb-bell. How did I get here? Well, it won't do any harm for you to know just how I stand in this burg. Why, here you were, according to the dope handed me, a yegg up for sentence yesterday morning. You were supposed to be a sulky thug. Yet the minute you get your mitts on a bunch of dough, you rig yourself up with a lot of fancy clothes. You left your suit behind when you slugged the waiter in my wife's dressing-room. That wasn't so good, Roberts. Lucky for you that my wife says you didn't treat her rough, or I'd not be talking pleasant to you now."

"Your wife?" I flatter myself that my tones held the correct simulation of surprise.

"Sure. Julia Doran, the leading woman of my show. And what that fat-wit Pietro meant by asking my wife out to entertain a yokel is over my head. Well, my wife misunderstood and thought some friend of mine was asking for me. But Pietro ought to have got it straight. My wife aint entertaining gents she don't know."

"But that don't matter. I was talking about the suit you left behind. It had the name of the store where you bought it in the collar-band. I didn't think you'd be yap enough to go to the same store again, but just the same I figured you'd rig yourself out with another soup-and-fish. You'd be surprised if you knew how many men's clothing stores were watched all day today, in the hope that a guy like you would show up there. But when you got your suit, they missed you."

"But there's always several ways of doing a thing. If a guy went fall for liquor, you can get him with a woman; and if that don't work, try him with a poker-game. What I mean is that you don't have to quit because the first shot misses. And a wise guy like me—and when you meet a wiser, Roberts, jot his name down in a little red book—frequently shoots two barrels at the same time."

He paused, while with his left hand he extracted a cigarette from a most elaborately jeweled case which he drew from his waistcoat pocket. He snapped a patent lighter that matched the case. But not for a second during this operation did his eyes leave my face, nor did his taut grip of the pistol relax.

NOT for the cessation of his vigilance could I hope, but for what weakness his inordinate vanity would betray to me. For this trait marked him as individually as did his great height.

"Yes," he went on, "while some of the boys were watching the stores, others were following out other lines that I mapped out for them. You might buy another suit and you might not; but one thing was sure—you'd sleep. Now, that dinner-suit gave me a hunch. You weren't the kind of guy that would flop himself in a Mills hotel. You'd be just smart enough to figure that the best place for you to stop would be at some swell joint. Now, there are lots of classy hotels in this town, and some men would be stopped by the number. But not Little Jack. I began with the Ritz and worked my way down to the Fredonia. Each place I talked with the house dick, and asked if a bird had flown in along toward dawn, dressed in evening clothes."

"Well, there were plenty, but only two or three that looked like you. I got a slant at the others and that let them out. There was only you left, and when I took a look through your things—I got the house detectives of half the hotels in this town right in my vest pocket—and found a suit of clothes that came from the same store that sold the tuxedo you left in my cabaret, and when I found a brand-new tuxedo from another store, and in the box that came in discovered a bum suit like the one you took from my waiter, I just settled down for a pleasant wait. That wasn't so smart, not getting rid of the clothes you tore off my waiter."

I hid my embarrassment at this error of mine.

"Well, it wouldn't have done much good. You had me trailed," I complimented him.

"Sure I had. And I guess you must be convinced that I've got it all over you."

"Go ahead and lead your ace," I said.

"Lead my ace?"

I nodded. "You didn't go to all this trouble just to prove to me what a wise one you are. What's it all about?" I asked.

"Oh, don't worry. I've got all the aces in the deck. And it



"William tells me that it is a matter of life and death; otherwise I should not have received you."

don't need an ace to take you. But at that, you get wise quick. All right, how do you like the fat guy that slipped you the ten grand?"

"Johnson?" I asked.

"That's as good a monaker as any. Feel kind of friendly toward him?"

"About the same as I feel toward you," I rejoined.

"And if you told me different I'd know you lied. But before we get through this little talk, maybe you'll know which side your bread is buttered on. And maybe you'll be for the man who puts plenty sugar on the butter."

"Johnson wasn't stingy with his sugar," I reminded him.

Little Jack gestured contemptuously with the hand that held the cigarette. The movement made me think of one of those jointed corkscrews, so much longer did the arm seem in action than in repose.

"Them ten grand? That was flash money. He never intended or expected you to get a nickel of it. He was going to get rid of you, only you got wise to him and ducked. Just like"—and his voice was piercing as sudden fury shook him—"he intends to get rid of me!"

Now I began to see the darky in the woodpile of Little Jack's conversation. The thieves had fallen out, and an honest man—if I might venture to call myself that—might get his dues.

"So you and Johnson aren't so chummy?" I ventured.

A due regard for the laws governing printed matter restrains me from setting down Little Jack's reply to my question. At least, I cannot quote his opening words. But I gathered that Johnson had an oblique ancestry which had had unpleasant results upon his character.

"Why, last night when we planned to cook you and Rags

A peremptory knock sounded upon the door. Sally's lips moved in an inaudible whisper. "The fire-escape," she said.

Kennedy at the same time, Johnson had it all ribbed up to cook me! It was just my good old luck that saved me. I planned a double-header, but they weren't satisfied with that. Nothing less than a three-handed game would suit Johnson's bunch of double-crossing dogs. One of my own waiters was all framed to settle me, but his gat jammed, and one of my lads grabbed it out of his hand before he could try again. He made his get-away, but the boys caught up with him this morning, and before they threw him in the river, he squealed. Just like he served you, Johnson tried to serve me. My God, as if fifty million wasn't enough to split ten or twelve ways!"

I stared at him, incredulity on my face, I am sure. Not unbelief at the amount he mentioned, nor at the tale of treachery among traitors, but sheer amazement, that one man could face another and unashamedly relate his own intention and attempt to murder his auditor, possessed me.

As his own rage made him come to a choking pause, I spoke to him.

"You haven't led your ace yet," I reminded him.

"Lead it? I'm putting it in your hand," he cried.

"I don't get it yet," I said.

"Well, you're a bigger yap than you look, then. You're out with both sides, and I'm out with Johnson. But I'm declaring you in with me. Johnson's got the girl, but I've got you, and any time a king wont take a queen, I want to know why."

"Suppose you put up your gun and quit shouting," I suggested.

"The gun stays right where it is," he replied. "And if I shout it's only because I want to drive the situation right into your thick skull. Why, where do you get off to do any arguing? All I've got to do is holler for the house bull and it's you for Center Street."

"But you wont holler," I said shrewdly.

"Don't kid yourself. You'll do exactly what I tell you or I'll toss you overboard."

"A man with all the aces doesn't need to bluff," I reminded him.

"So you think I'm bluffing?" he snarled.

I didn't think he was; I suddenly knew he was. I was vitally important to whatever scheme he had in mind, or he would not have temporized thus long with me. But coincidentally with this certainty came a flash of cunning to my mind. If Little Jack thought me cowed by his threats, he would be less on his guard.

"Oh, don't get heated up," I said soothingly. "You've got me on the hip, and I know it. But with all the police in town



looking for me, I'm not crazy to have you shouting at the top of your lungs that you'll call in the bulls. Some one in the next room might hear you, and they might do the calling for the cops."

"All right. As long as you haven't any fool idea that I'm running some sort of a blazer on you—let's get down to cases. You know all about the girl you married yesterday, don't you?"

"I didn't know she ran as high as fifty millions," I said.

He licked his lips with the reddest and longest tongue a human being could possess. It was like the tongue of a dog.

"Every cent of that, and none of it in clumsy real-estate or mortgages. Plenty cash, and the rest bonds and stocks that you



could sell across the counter. And all belonging to a half-witted girl that came of age last week. All of it left to her outright when she's twenty-five, but to be given her any time after her eighteenth birthday if she's married."

"But her mental condition—" I objected.

"There was nothing the matter with her bean when she was a baby and the dough was left to her," he rejoined. "That's all been figured out and discounted. Suppose her guardians, her trustees, fight against turning over the kale? For every alienist they'll put on the stand, we'll put another. If they have experts to testify that she wasn't capable of making a marriage, we'll

have experts to prove that she's perfectly O. K., and that her guardians are a crooked bunch who want to keep control of her fortune. Don't worry; there's not a court in New York that won't say she's entitled to her dough. And suppose it looks bad for us? Damn it all, the girl's *married*, isn't she? Her trustees would want to knock that off the record, wouldn't they? There's such things as settlements out of court, aint there? Even ten per cent of fifty million could be split a dozen ways and nobody would have to worry about tomorrow morning's cakes. That's where Johnson and I split up. All the time he was satisfied with a percentage. He never had guts (*Continued on page 134*)

The WILL to Love

By

Robert Welles
Ritchie

Divorce and remarriage often hurl people into amazing situations—especially when the husband, who has been cast off, never ceases to love and when he encounters his wife again after having dwelt alone with his conscience on the edge of a California desert.



Illustrated by David Hendrickson

DOC BLAYNE swabbed the back of his bare neck and shook sweat from his fingers. He re-read a line that had arrested him:

"He raised the heaven; and He appointed a balance, that ye should not transgress in respect to the balance: Wherefore, observe a just weight and diminish not the balance."

The big fellow looked up from a copy of the Koran opened on a newspaper spread across his bare knees. His red face puckered in thought.

Transgress in respect to the balance—observe a just weight. . . . Um-m, that fellow Mohammed had a neat way of putting things. What was it somebody else said?

Doc Blayne fumbled in an overturned tomato crate—his Three-foot Shelf—and brought out a Bible. He pawed the pages for several minutes. . . . Hm-m-m:

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Same idea, see?

The Doctor closed his book and stepped outside his wire and burlap shelter to read the red pencil in a thermometer hanging on the bronze-gold trunk of one of his date palms.

One hundred and eighteen shade temperature!

As he stood there naked except for sleeveless shirt and shorts, his thick legs and arms broiled red, the wind blistered him—that eternal north wind which sweeps through Southern California's below-sea-level desert, day on torturing day, from June to October, never varying its velocity nor the scorching bite of its furnace heat. The clash of Doc Blayne's beloved date palms, frond against frond, gave the roar of surf.

He walked over to where a hose dribbled water, turned the

faucet full on and drenched himself with a tepid stream. Then he turned the water upon his rabbit-hutch shelter; evaporation from its burlap curtains would lower the temperature within by a few degrees, making existence therein a little less intolerable for perhaps an hour. The muffled *chur-r-r* of a telephone bell behind the burlap caused the Doc to drop his hose and plunge inside.

He removed the telephone from its protection of an overturned cracker box. "Hello!"

Silence on the wire. Again he hailed. Then a clear full voice which sounded heavy with majesty:

"I am Osiris, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, lord of the two countries, son of the Sun, lord of diadems. I am Rameses—" Suddenly the majesty of that voice failed. The message out of a world of quivering heat ended in a high cackle, followed by a click.

"Say!" The Doctor jiggled sharply the hook of the instrument. No response. A look of puzzlement deepened on his features. Here in the Valley, where at this hour every man was holed up away from the heat like one of a colony of prairie dogs in his burrow; where, indeed, it was dangerous for a man to stir abroad, some crazy nut—

The Doc lowered himself with a grunt into the sag of the chair and took up again the windy homilies of a successful prophet to lull him through torturing hours to sunset.

Burrowing—burrowing in his shirt and drawers under the desert's brass sky, this big fellow, who had been among the very first to pioneer the Conchilla with shoots of the Arabian date, and whose fifty acres of bearing palms now represented the finest garden in all the desert stretch, was a bit of a mystery to the other Conchilla folk. His only love, they said, was for his palms,



Dr. Blayne paused. Then—I cannot tell you what magic bridged the gap of time and circumstance.—
“In trouble, Natalie?” he asked.

for the great golden clusters like ambered honey which came in October to crown his labors of a year.

And he hated women—this was the whisper current among Conchilla's feminine gossips. They clinched that conclusion by quoting something Doc Blayne had said once. It was at blossom-time among the palms, when growers climbed into the trees to detach the male clusters, divide them and tie the pollen-bearing twigs amid the bracts of the female flowers.

“This,” said the Doc, “is the only form of marriage a man can decently be a party to. Wedlock in his own kind is an abomination.”

The Doctor read and hosed himself down alternately. The sun was touching Santa Rosa Mountain in the west when he entered his dripping retreat after a final dousing. Again the chutter of the telephone, which, subconsciously, he had braced himself to hear since that first insane message. He swooped upon the phone: “Yep!”

“Is this Frederick C. Blayne, M. D.?” queried the resonant voice he'd heard before.

The Doctor's eyes narrowed. “Yep.”

“The Dr. Blayne, one-time famous surgeon of Baltimore?”

The Doc's head reared back as if from a blow. Here in the furnace of Conchilla away on the opposite side of a continent

from what lay buried under the years, his dead life suddenly struck at him.

“Say,” he snarled, “who's this?”

A gurgling gust of laughter over the wire—something with a touch of madness in it. Then in histrionic measures this:

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

Then as before came the abrupt click of a disconnection.

The Doctor sat glaring into the black mouth of the transmitter. Suddenly a fury seized him. He rat-tatted the signal hook, sweat streaming into his eyes. At last the voice of the central operator in the hamlet of Eden twenty miles down the valley.

“Who was that galoot who just had me on the wire?”

“Why, Doc, le'ssee. I've went and pulled the plug out, but I think it came over the party line running over to the Mud Hills. Eight-party line, Doc, so I can't just say exactly—”

In exasperation the Doctor hung up. He got out of his chair and paced the grudging ten feet of his shelter.

“The Dr. Blayne, one-time famous surgeon of Baltimore—” Somebody in this wilderness of heat, some crazy man or one crazily drunk who knew something, had chosen to launch at him out of the quivering air a reminder that dead bones of the past had been unearthed by a busy ghoul. To what purpose?

He flung out of the screen door into a world afire—the desert's

high moment of the twenty-four-hour round. Santa Rosa Mountain was a glowing cinder. The day's sweep of wind was slackening with the languid movement of a machine running down. Came the high whinny of the Chinaman calling dinner. In his pongee suit, the Doctor went through the salad and cold-meat courses served under a grape arbor; but there was no savor in the meal. His mind raced over a thousand wild hypotheses predicated on that message of a disembodied ghoul.

After dinner, Dr. Blayne in hip boots and with shovel and hoe was guiding life-giving streams of water about the roots of his palms when the Chinaman's quavering wail carried to him: "Doc Blayny—te'phone."

He strode up to the house and sent his "Hello!" over the wire. "This time," the sly thought escaped his lips in a mutter, "I'll kid that fellow along—find out where he is." But—

"Doc, this is Blanchard out on the Mud Hills road. . . . Yeah, you know, the road out from Eden—east. Say, Doc, there's a little woman out here in all sorts of trouble—D'yuh hear me? . . . I say she's all beat up—

"Huh? . . . Her husband—yeah. Full o' tequila—got the bun of the world—violent—

"Sure, she comes over to our house just now—five miles across the desert—an' asks us to help her. . . . Yeh, an' when I says I'll get Doc Blayne out, she says: 'For God's sake, no!' Funny thing. . . .

"Yeah, like I said. Bad case. . . . You'll come? Atta boy, Doc!"

Date-grower though he was, and recluse, Doc Blayne was still the physician open to calls of distress, still the almoner of mercy. South he drove his little car to the village of Eden with its paltry lights illuminating the filling station on the highway, then east on the road to the Mud Hills over which, but a few years before, a man dared not fare without a plentiful cluster of canteens draped from the crosstrees of his burro's pack-saddle.

East and east, where the cat's whiskers of the ocatilla rose ghostly from the mean level of the creosote bushes—pallid light of a banana moon, whisper of sand traveling with a muted wind from the north, leap and play of silly jackrabbits across the bars of the headlights.

And something beyond his consciousness—perhaps that clairvoyance the desert imparts to those who understand its mysteries—told the Doc he was riding to the end of that wire over which a voice had come to shake his very soul's foundations.

"She's gone back, Doc," Blanchard, the Mud Hills rancher, greeted when Blayne drove up to a far speck of light on the valley's ultimate rim. "Couldn't keep her with us till you came. Show you the way to their ranch, though."

So out again on the road through a moon field until a light marked a turn from the double ruts of sand. The car came to a stop beside a 'dobe block of shadow which was a house.

Blanchard led him to a door. Even as they paused there, a demoniac laugh sounded from behind it—something between a bray and a howl. Dr. Blayne, carrying his emergency bag, pushed the door open without a knock.

OVERTURNED furniture, an oil lamp hanging askew under a broken shade, a telephone box pulled from the wall and lying in a wreck. And on a tumbled bed in a far corner a man thrashing like a wounded animal; beside him a woman who, startled by the entrance of the twain, swiftly crossed an arm over her bosom to hide where her gown had been ripped from her shoulders.

Dr. Blayne paused for just an instant under the light from the smoky lamp, his eyes taking in the scene as their pupils narrowed under the light. Then,—I cannot tell you what magic bridged the gap of time and circumstance,—*"In trouble, Natalie?"* he asked, casually, and stepped to the side of the bed. It was as if he had seen the woman only yesterday.

Just that instant of encounter: the woman, wide-eyed at recognition, one hand jumping up to cover a red weal on her cheek while the other held tight the torn fabric of her gown; the man all professional, veiling his single casual glance at her, absorbed wholly by the exigencies of an interesting case on the bed.

"You can go home in my car, Blanchard," he tossed over-shoulder as he was springing the hasp on his bag. "Handle this alone all O. K. Just bring my car back sometime tomorrow morning."

The fourth in that untidy interior faded away gratefully. Without ever a look at the woman he'd called Natalie, the Doc proceeded to assemble his hypodermic needle—coldly, with an air of complete detachment.

He found water to dissolve the opiate tablet in a pail by the

door; a glass which he first smelled of, then rinsed. He filled the glass barrel of his hypodermic with the opiate solution, went to the raving man on the bed, surveyed him for an instant, fought him for a vantage over less than an instant, and injected the contents of his little squirt-gun under the white skin. Then he sat upon the patient so that his bulk restrained flailing legs while his hands pinioned the other's arms.

Still not so much as a single glance toward the woman who had withdrawn herself into a darkened corner of the room.

THE face Doc Blayne looked down upon was a strange one. Under the madness of alcohol it was the face of a satyr, what with the tip-tilted black brows, heavy strands of black hair curving away from the forehead like a young goat's horns, eyes rolled up so that only a slight crescent of the pupils showed.

The physician, himself in his early forties, tried to read the tally of years under the stain of drink overspread on the features against a pillow. Perhaps jealousy swayed his estimate. He placed this raving man around thirty-two or -three. Heavily muscled, he was; that the Doc could gauge truly enough. Body of an athlete. Away from liquor, this fellow would be counted handsome—winning, manly.

But he was far from being any of those things now. The fellow had passed beyond the borderland of that fantastic country bootleg alcohol points to, and was fairly in the jungle.

Perhaps fifteen minutes passed with the Doc stilling twitchings and terrible flexures, with the room echoing to beastly noises. Then the drug worked to soothe. The physician arose and turned to the woman. She met his gaze falteringly, she with the tattered rags of beauty and breeding drooping under ignominy.

"Take down that hand!"—brusquely from the Doc as he made a step toward her. She complied meekly. A livid weal showed where her fingers had screened its path from chin to eye.

"He hit you, eh?" Delicate finger-tips were running ever so lightly over puffed flesh—so lightly and so dispassionately.

"Yes," she murmured, and then in quick recall: "Of course, he didn't know what he was doing. When he was talking folly to you over the phone this afternoon, and I tried to stop him. You see—"

An eloquent hand pointed to the ruin of the telephone box. The Doc's eyes came back to hers instantly. He shot two words at her: "Your husband?"

She nodded bleakly.

"Pleased to make his acquaintance—thus," Blayne vented a laugh which sounded like a curse, and turned to the bed, whence uneasy mutterings sounded. The woman he'd called Natalie followed, to lay light, pleading fingers on his arm.

"Fred,"—her words came rushing,—*"please don't be cruel! I—did not want you to come out here—and find me—find him. It was Blanchard who insisted."*

"A pleasure, I'm sure," he grunted as he stooped to lay a finger-tip against an artery in the neck of the prone man. She made a gesture of despair unseen of him, and hurried on:

"I brought Stanton out West here three months ago to get him away from—from what is killing him. I thought—oh, I prayed that we'd buried ourselves here in the desert where none who knew us could ever find us."

"And I did that same thing nine years ago—buried myself in the desert where none could find me," was the dry echo coming over Blayne's shoulder. The woman flinched.

"When my hus—when he came back from the village this afternoon and said he'd heard you were living in the valley, when he called you on the phone with that dreadful gibberish and I knew you—you were at the other end of the wire—oh—"

The Doc turned to give her a wry smile: "Never did think you'd call in your first husband to treat your second for alcoholic delirium, eh?"

She shrank back as though he'd struck her. Her wide eyes searched his face hopelessly.

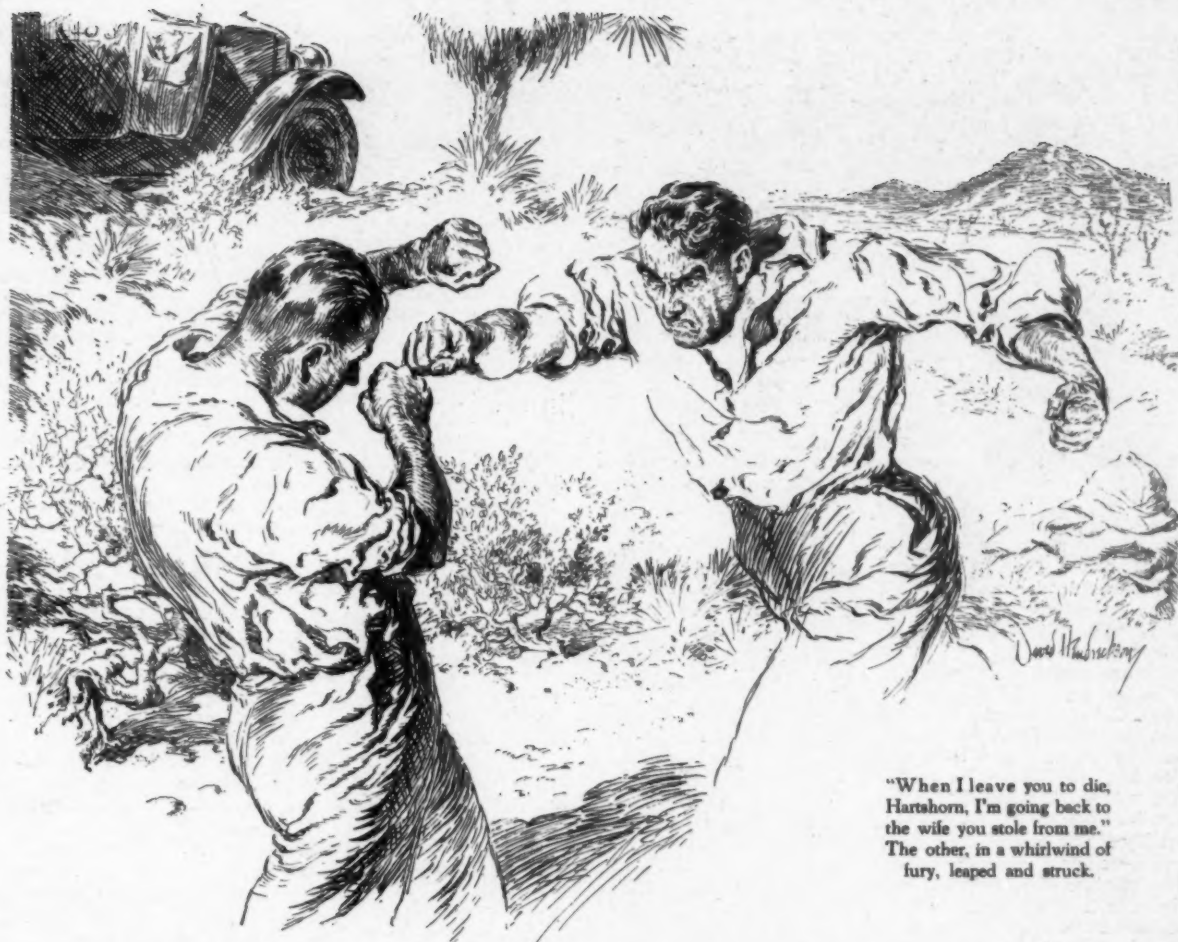
"Oh," she finally whispered, "you haven't changed. You still can be hard—hard!"

Perhaps the thick cyst of bitterness Dr. Blayne had built up about a nine-year-old wound was pierced by this cry. Perhaps his secret soul winced at that despairing accusation thrown at him—"hard—hard!"—knowing the truth of it.

"Natalie," he said, and his tone was not quite so coldly professional, "how long has this been going on?"

"Three days!"—dully. "I thought yesterday would be the end, but he found the spark-plugs I had unscrewed from the car, went into town this morning and came back—worse."

"It has been hard on you." The Doctor did not let her see his



"When I leave you to die, Hartshorn, I'm going back to the wife you stole from me." The other, in a whirlwind of fury, leaped and struck.

face as he said this; it was bent over little sheaves of vials in his bag. He selected one, shook tiny pellets into his palm.

"Sleep is what you need most." At her gesture of dissent, he repeated with an edge of sharpness: "Sleep, I say."

Still the woman Natalie hesitated. The Doctor essayed to read her unspoken doubts and gave her a twisted smile:

"Oh, you need have no fear of leaving me alone with—that." A nod of the head toward the bed. "Though I meet the gentleman for the first time tonight, it is in the capacity of physician and not as an outraged husband—or ex-husband. Nine years, my dear Natalie; nine years in this desert have a tendency to smudge out all silly impulses toward mock heroics. Now drink this."

Yielding, she drank the draught he had prepared for her. He cast an eye about the disordered room and scowled.

"You have some other place where you can lie down, some place where noises wont disturb you?"

"Noises?" He caught the look of alarm in her eyes and brusquely anticipated: "Yes, when the effect of the opiate wears off from him. You've heard enough such noises, so—"

"There's a cot under the fig tree—his cot," she yielded. ("Ah yes," the Doctor made mental comment, "under the fig tree, where there may be a little coolness—his cot there.")

With no more words, she went out under the blazing heavens.

Alone with the man in stupor, the Doctor moved dully over to sit on the edge of the bed and look down at the features of him so lately an insensate satyr. Not pretty; a little better than bestial; yet the jealous eye of this critic could not ignore certain fundamentals in line and contour. Take the puffiness away from those eyes, and they'd be fine, with their uptwist of brows; forehead of a dreamer, a poet—always alluring to women, they. But little of force in that brow, nor force in the line of the mouth, however patrician its cast.

So here was the man who had stolen Natalie from him!

Bitter ashes of burnt years sifted to give the bedside watcher visions in re trospect: those first wondrous years with Natalie—a radiantly beautiful and ardently loving Natalie. His work and his Natalie: heart's twin treasures. Then as he climbed painfully

the rungs of an exacting profession, as it absorbed more and more his every energy, still there was his Natalie, to whom he could turn tired eyes in worship. Deeper absorption in the craft of mending broken bodies—congresses to be attended—lectures to be delivered before international pundits—and suddenly the splitting of his whole world asunder:

"Fred, you must give me my freedom before I do something—something unworthy of that queer twisted love I think you still hold for me, and unworthy of my respect for the love I once gave you."

Suddenly as the physician gloomed over the unconscious drunkard, a line of print danced before his inner eye:

"Wherefore observe a just weight and diminish not the balance."

WHEN Blayne had advised Natalie she should remove beyond noise, his precaution was not unfounded. There was noise in that desert 'dobe before the white light marched up from the east—dreadful noise which must needs be stilled by more opiates. And battlings of muscle against muscle, a man of science exorcising a demon. To all of which the sleeper under the fig tree was mercifully unconscious.

Dawn found victory on the side of the Doctor.

He awoke from a cat-nap in a chair, to discover the room filled with light and the beginnings of a new day's heat. He discovered, too, eyes of the man in bed bearing fixedly upon him, the light in them normal, though an odd satiric beam edged the look.

"Good morning," called the patient with a cheerfulness a bit unreal. The Doctor allowed a faint smile to crease his heavy face. "I hope you'll find it so," was his answer. With an air of diablerie, the man on the bed tossed the Doc a twisted grin.

"I have a feeling the night just passed—not so good."

"You may say so," grunted Blayne as he arose to stretch himself. The other curiously watched the Doctor walk into a leanto kitchen on the far side of the single room and return with a stone-ware jug and a glass. He tilted the spout over the glass to pour half a tumblerful of water-white liquid. This he

offered the patient. The latter drew back with a shake of the head and a renewal of his n. cking smile.

"Not quite so soon, thank you."

"Very well, not at all, then," quoth the Doctor. He went to the door giving onto a stone-paved courtyard and dashed glass and jug upon the rocks. The reek of tequila was wafted back.

"That's a little hasty of you, Dr. Blayne—for you are Dr. Blayne, I'm sure; so much seems to stick in my memory."

"Not too hasty if you wish to live a little longer, Mr.—ah—"

"Hartshorn is my name—Stanton Hartshorn," the patient supplied with the slightest inclination of his head in mock politeness. "Odd that my wife—that our—how shall I call Natalie?—did not tell you my name."

"Your wife, Hartshorn, was not concerned with matters of etiquette when I arrived last night. For one thing, she was trying to keep covered a mark on her face where you struck her."

HARTSHORN received this information without the quiver of an eyelash. "By the way, where is the dear girl? She'll want to hear that I'm all right again."

Doc Blayne's hard eyes were unwavering in their bearing upon the other man. You would have said he had an unusual subject on his dissecting table and was noting with absorption certain abnormal characteristics.

"The lady is asleep, under an opiate, Hartshorn, and will not awake for several hours. Now sit up, please."

With brusque professionalism the Doctor applied his stethoscope over the patient's heart. That and other tests appeared to satisfy him. "You may get up now and cook me some breakfast," he curtly commanded.

Hartshorn wrinkled his brows quizzically. "But Natalie is the cook around here. She knows—"

"Nevertheless,"—blandly from the Doctor,—"*you* are going to get me some breakfast. And don't overlook yourself, I'd advise, because you're going on a little journey."

"Journey," the other echoed. "Why a journey?"

"For your better health."

Hartshorn shrugged, scrambled to his feet, where he swayed unsteadily for an instant, then made his way to the kitchen. Dr. Blayne went into the yard to douse his head under a faucet. Before he reentered, he noiselessly rigged a blanket awning over the cot beneath the fig tree where Natalie Hartshorn slept. Then he pinned a note scribbled on a prescription pad on the under side of the blanket where she would see it upon awakening, but where another pair of eyes would not be so quick to find it.

Hartshorn and he breakfasted on figs, boiled eggs and coffee of a sort. At first Hartshorn tried to play the host with light graces of conversation, all the time that veiled diablerie in his eyes. But Blayne did not encourage talk. He fed himself mechanically, then pushed back his plate.

"When you are ready—" he suggested bluntly. The other demurred:

"But, my dear Doctor, this journey you hint at so delicately—if it has anything to do with your admirable cure, let me say that, thanks to your care, I never felt healthier in my life."

"So much the better," Blayne grunted. "I suspected you were fit, and assured myself of it by my examination awhile ago."

"Perhaps you will not object to telling me whither bound."

"It will not be to the county hospital for the insane," was the Doctor's cryptic answer. The other lifted his shoulders in mock gesture of resignation and found a pith helmet. As they crossed the dooryard to where Hartshorn's car stood beneath a leanto shed, its owner cast a careless glance in the direction of the blanket-tented cot under the fig tree.

"Our Natalie," he drawled, "might be curious to know where I am going."

"Quite possibly," grunted Blayne. "Get into the car."

He took down from a nail a quart canteen and filled it at a near-by faucet. The car's radiator he had already charged while Hartshorn was busy about breakfast. Blayne took his seat behind the wheel and tooled the car out onto the road. There he put the engine to a smart clip.

Hartshorn's demeanor under this surprising domination by the Doctor was that of tolerant amusement, of a good sport willing to see through to the end some silly bit of horseplay. Nor did he alter his pose when he saw his companion turn at the ranch gate, not in the direction of the Blanchard ranch and the thickly clustered oases of palms in the floor of the valley, but east to the near-by line of the Mud Hills.

Thither lay desolation beyond Conchilla's easternmost boundary. Incandescent masses of ashen-gray scoria gouged and twisted

and tortured by cloudbursts of ages gone; naked bowels of earth pushed out into the light to be a lasting abomination.

A wagon-track wends upward through this vacant terrain to end away off where a group of mines sets a milepost to desolation. Twice a week heavy freight-wagons crawl over this road from Eden in the valley; Doc Blayne knew this was not one of those days of passage. No other vehicle ventures there.

Though it was barely eight of the morning, when the first portal, of the Mud Hills closed behind them, the roaring wind down from the north was shut off as if by a gate valve, and breathless heat shut down upon the twain in the car: heat with the weight of sand, stifling, sucking at body pores to drain them of all moisture. Close down to the twists and back-trackings of the wheel ruts pushed the gray backs of monsters baked in slime, hurling heat from their flanks. A stifling dust-cloud closed about the slow-moving car.

Under pouring sweat Hartshorn's satyrlike features held their mask of indifference. He did not even reach for the canteen, because his companion had not set the precedent.

The car snarled through a sand-trap to where the road threaded through a little flat. Here the Doc backed and turned the machine with its radiator pointing homeward.

"We get out here," he said, simply, as he stepped to the ground. Hartshorn, eying him shrewdly, followed. The Doc wiped sweat from his eyes and spoke levelly:

"Hartshorn, you have been weakened a little by a mild attack of alcoholic delirium. I probably am ten years older than you are, so that puts us about on an equal basis physically, with the advantage lying with you, if anything."

The Doctor took off his sun-hat and stripped off his coat.

"Hartshorn, the fact you once stole my wife does not enter into the situation I purposely have created here; that's ancient history. The single fact I consider now is that you are a cad and a brute and don't deserve to live. And you want."

"After I have given you the thrashing of your life, Hartshorn, I'll leave you here. It's only ten miles back to your ranch, but you'll never make it, Hartshorn. No man could—without a canteen, and that goes with me."

Hartshorn was folding his coat across a stone with meticulous care. He looked up at the Doctor with his faun's grin: "Rather hot here for your carefully planned heroics, my dear Doctor; but if you prefer to collect your fee for excellent services rendered in terms of mauling, why—"

Dr. Blayne was watching narrowly—so narrowly—for the bleach of fear on those saturnine features. Instead there was laughter. He launched his final bolt:

"And when I leave you here to die, Hartshorn, I'm going back to take the wife you stole from me. She expects me."

The other, in a whirlwind fury, leaped and struck.

ROARING of the ceaseless wind through leaves of the fig tree. Steady downpour of heat. Sickly-sweet odor of burst fruits.

These twain under the tree's tent of shade: Natalie Hartshorn and Doctor Blayne, waiting—waiting.

As if answering one of her dry sobs, he went back in reiteration of something he'd said many times in past hours:

"He'll come, Natalie. He'll come, because for the first time he has discovered he loves you—that you are precious."

"Oh, but if he doesn't!"

"No man will fight for a woman he doesn't love, my dear. You see, Natalie, I tested him—plumbed him to the depths, I tell you. For himself he had no fear; but when I made him think he must fight—and live for you, why, I touched the solid core of the man. And that's sound, my girl—sound!"

Silence again between them, while the green surf above them thundered. Then the Doctor's soothing voice once more:

"That canteen I left behind when I was lucky enough to put him out—enough water in it to get him here. That water and will-power. Will to live—will really to love! He'll come back a different man—a real man. A lover! My gift to you, dear, my—"

A cry from the woman. She was on her feet and running to where an arch of palms showed the road.

There a figure wavered, stumbled to the dust and painfully lifted itself. A figure white with alkali dust, carrying like a cross the desert's savage brand.

Stanton Hartshorn winning back from hell. . . .

The Doctor stood. He saw Natalie's arms go about the drooping man in a gesture maternal, saw one of Hartshorn's hands lift to caress her head. The Doctor looked at his watch.

"Just about time to get back to my place and turn the water onto my palms."

EACH an independent writer before their marriage, Alma and Paul Ellerbe have since only worked in collaboration in their southern California home. Just at present, however, they're carrying on their work during a sojourn in Italy.

Something for Nothing

By

Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Illustrated by J. W. Collins



"I thought I'd run into you some day," he said with his old nervous half-laugh.

academies, made paper flowers, tinted photographs of Lower East Side families, or done any haphazard thing whatever, to keep herself going, while hope and her slender capital bled out of her, and old Matthew Purdy superintended, as gently as he could, the gradations of her long, slow fall from the pleasant sunshiny front room she had taken when she came, to the little inside one between the elevator and the public bath that she went to now.

With the same stiff unconsciousness she crossed to the dresser and stopped there, pulling mechanically at her gloves and staring into the mirror without trying to see: a shabby-smart, once-pretty woman in black cape and fawn-colored gigolo, with a gay boutonniere stuck on in patent, futile bravado—sagging a little everywhere from weariness, her hair as dry and

JANE BROMLEY found the bill waiting for her when she returned from Matthew Purdy's funeral. It removed the gentle little old man from her life more thoroughly than the closing of his grave. For ten years, as clerk of the Regal Hotel, he had held back her bills whenever she couldn't pay them. His successor gave her this one, along with her key, with the impersonality of a slot-machine.

"To 8 weeks Room, \$80." She could as easily have found eight thousand. She hadn't, in fact, eight. And: "The Management must request immediate payment."

She walked toward the elevator with so stiff an earnestness, so unseeingly, that even the new clerk had to know that tragedy had befallen her.

Jane Bromley had had, unfortunately, what her little Midwestern town had called "a voice." She had left her husband and come to New York to sing. She had sung a little, sporadically, in choruses and cabarets, but mostly she had taught "gentlemen to lead correctly, and ladies to follow with ease" in dancing

brittle as shavings, her frightened defeated face sallow and puffed and lined, her eyes as dim as her hopes. But a wiser, deeper, realer human being than she had ever been before. Capable now of comprehending life and living it strongly and well—now that she had fallen out of her orbit and had no life to live!

"Eighty dollars," she said aloud, "immediate payment!" and was turning absently away when her eye fell upon a piece of paper stuck in a corner of the mirror frame, where she was in the habit of posting memoranda.

She took it down and looked at it, while her breath grew short and the red flowed into her cheeks.

"You've got to live somehow," she said, "—if you can." She straightened her little fawn-colored hat, put the piece of paper into her bag and went on out again.

As she passed through the lobby, she had an overpowering sense of her husband. She couldn't see his face—that never quite came through clear; but she felt him all about her, like a warm rush of air. A starving man's vision of food! It left her a

little weak. She had thought she cared more for her "art" than for him. He was a druggist in their little home town, firmly embedded in monotonous mediocrity. She had divorced him ten years ago and come away to sing. And while she was learning that she couldn't sing, she had learned also that she loved him. But by that time he had married again.

Twenty-four hours after she had put the little piece of paper into her bag and gone out, she met him on the Avenue!

THE lines were gone from her face; her skin looked as soft and creamy as a girl's; her hair had back its old color and sheen; the beautiful reticent modeling of her face was accented by such a bob as little towns may never know; and her clothes and hat and shoes were delicately and yet conspicuously perfect and right, if a bit youthful. In those twenty-four hours she had gone down a hill, she told herself, that she would never climb again, but she could remain for a while longer in the Regal's cheapest room, and she could eat. There was in her still a tough will-to-live.

She had stopped to get the full-length effect of herself in a mirror inside a show-window when Harry Bromley came up and stood beside her. She hadn't thought he would remarry, and when he did, something had broken within her. There had been no word between them since. She had never expected to see him again.

And now there they were standing side by side looking at her out of the mirror, very much as they had stood once in a church. Life could scarcely have arranged anything more improbable.

"I—I thought I'd run into you some day," he said with his old nervous half-laugh. "I've been coming here off and on for a long time, and I've always had an eye out for you." His voice hadn't changed; there was the same rounded boyish bluster in it, which she had alternately loved and hated. It did things to the flesh of her back.

"You're—looking fine, Jane," he added.

"I'm getting along well enough," she lied straight into his honest eyes, thanking God for the clothes. Laura had never had such clothes in her life—couldn't have worn them. Laura was his wife.

They fell into the familiar compromise rhythm they used to walk to—longer than her step and shorter than his.

"Anyhow," something said inside of her, "anyhow, he didn't come yesterday! He'll go away, and he won't have known!" She couldn't have him sorry for her. She could stand anything but that.

"I'm awfully glad I met you," he said. "Because if the time ever comes when you aren't getting along very well—or if you ever want—er—a little extra capital, or anything of that sort, maybe you'd like to know that I—well, that I don't—er—hold your going away against you, and that I'm

—well, still behind you if you ever need me, Jane."

Her hand almost stole out to his arm of its own accord. Her fingers tingled as must the feet of weary birds for their accustomed resting-place. A faint mist in her eyes blurred him out. She winked it away and seemed to be looking at him from a distance. All about him like an aura she saw Laura, whom she had known from childhood: blonde and stout and settled, possessive as a bank, acquiring him when she had discarded him, as women of her type buy twenty-year endowment policies. She thought the empty spaces in her that ached so hungrily, in him were all comfortably full of Laura. She had not been so much alone in all the years since she had left him.

"You are the best man in the world," she said unsteadily, "to say that to me after what I did to you. I would have walked around the world to hear it!"

He gave her a startled look. He walked on for a minute before he trusted himself to speak. "I didn't know you cared."

"I didn't know it myself until I had gone too far to come back. I didn't know anything when I married you! I—I've wanted to say this for years and years! I wrote it to you once, and then I heard you were married and tore up the letter. I was a selfish conceited little fool! You gave me everything, and I gave you nothing. *Something for nothing*—my whole life was that. I thought that things would just come to me. God knows why, but I did. I didn't know I had to earn them. I've learned better since. I earn them now! I,"—she looked into his eyes,—"*I pay ten times over for every crumb of the things I snatched from you without even gratitude. Have you ever forgiven me, Harry?*"

HE was watching her intently, his face pale with excitement. "I forgave you long ago," he stammered. "You see—I didn't know it when I married Laura, of course, but I found it out soon afterward, and it got clearer and clearer every day we were together—I—"

"Were together?" she said breathlessly. "Were? Where is she now? Have you—"

"Didn't you know Laura was dead?"

The tide of traffic turned slowly like a wheel before her eyes. "No; I didn't know."

There was a moment like wind after rain. She felt great cloudbanks rolling back and away on all sides of them.

"She died in June. I never really loved her, Jane. I've never really loved anyone but you. I've nearly died just for the sight of you! You don't talk about 'forgiving' water, do you, when you are burning up with thirst? Will you—will you come back with me?"

The clouds were all gone. She could see clearly now all around. There was nothing there. She gave one dry matter-of-fact sob.

"I've loved you too," she said, "—every lonely, miserable minute! I'd have gone with you yesterday. But I can't go with you now!" She made a little gesture toward her clothes. "Oh, Harry, I—I'm not like this—really! The real me's old and shabby and wrinkled and worn out! I'm a fake! I can't sing! I can't dance! I can't act! I can't do anything! I tried to get something for nothing here too—until I took to making paper flowers and teaching dancing. And—and today I sold what little was left of me—my privacy, my self-respect!"

SHE took from her bag the crumpled piece of paper that had been in the corner of the mirror-frame, and put it into his hand. It was a clipping from a daily paper.

"Here! Read it! The woman it tells about was me. You couldn't marry that woman."

They stood still in the immense privacy of the crowd, while people flowed around them like water round a rock, and he read it.

"Youth Fount to Bubble. Manufacturers of Toilet Preparations Will Turn Back Years on Woman of 50 Today. A woman, preferably past fifty," (she was not that old, but God knows she had looked the part!) "will be renovated and made to look a girl again tomorrow afternoon at a demonstration in the Vanderdorf Hotel. This will be a feature of the Convention of Associated Manufacturers of Toilet Preparations, which started Monday. The candidate, who will be picked from such applicants as present themselves today at two o'clock, will be treated for removal of wrinkles. She will be given a permanent wave and if necessary a hair-dye. Her complexion will be treated, and the experts promise when they get through with her she will have a skin one willingly would touch. A well-known shop will fit her out with gown and hat and shoes. A syndicate will furnish photographs of her 'before' and 'after' to the Sunday supplements of the papers, and these will likewise be shown in the motion-picture news-reels of the week. A cold-cream manufacturer announces that if the change is sufficiently startling, he will purchase the right to use the photographs as a trademark for his product."

When he looked up at her and they began to walk on again, "The change," she said, her voice flat as the sound of their feet on the sidewalk, "was sufficiently startling. Why—why didn't you come yesterday?"

They walked for a moment or two in silence, and then: "I was there," he said gently, "when they did it. The druggists are having a convention too, and most of us went. That's how I found you. I saw it all. I'd never have had the courage to follow you if you had really been like this. It won't be 'something for nothing' now. You've got everything to give me now. It was all in your face, until those make-up people wiped it out."

ONE OF THE OUTFIT

(Continued from page 91)

She was a big cow, too! Well, there wasn't anything else to do but turn her loose. He'd seen the punchers do it lots of times. He reckoned he could, too. But gee, he wished that Shorty was along. There wasn't a bush or tree in sight, and she'd probably charge him when he turned her loose. He even thought of slipping the loop from off the saddle-horn; but if the punchers ever found he'd turned her loose with his rope on, he'd never hear the last of it. That wouldn't do.

Old Rambler, old cow-horse that he was, was keeping the rope tight; but as Button urged him toward her, the old cow trotted off. Button put Old Rambler into a trot

behind her, and as the rope slacked off, he flipped it over the cow's right hip just as he'd seen Shorty do. As the rope sagged almost to the ground, he dug his heels into Old Rambler and put him into a run at the same time turning sharply to the left.

Button came near losing his seat as Old Rambler hit the end of the rope. But he was off his horse the moment he saw the old cow hit the ground, and he worked feverishly—the old cow might try to get up at any moment now. Slipping the old cow's tail between her legs and pulling it toward him with his left hand, at the same time putting all his weight against her back, he tugged at the loop around her horns. He

couldn't budge the loop, however, for Old Rambler was holding on his end of the rope as hard as he knew how. Then Button did as he'd seen Shorty do so many times before: jerking the rope twice sharply, he called to Old Rambler, and the old cow-horse moved up enough to give him slack. The cow was beginning to struggle, but it was only the work of a moment to slip the loop from off her horns, and the instant the rope was free, Button made a run for his horse.

HE was in the saddle, coiling up his rope, by the time the old cow regained her feet. If he had been on the ground, she would have charged him; but now she trotted

Rich vegetable nutriment in this delicious Pea Soup!



Tripping blithely on my way,
Here's a rhyme I gladly say:
Campbell's Soup inside of you
Makes you happy through and through.

12 cents
a can

It is a wise mother who serves good pea soup as a regular dish on her table, not only for the sake of her children but for every one in the family.

Campbell's Pea Soup is pure, rich, wholesome vegetable food—the kind of food that contributes so much to rosy, vigorous health.

Sweet delicious peas are blended by Campbell's in a smooth puree, with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A soup that mothers can trust for its strict quality and that all enjoy for its appealing pea flavor. Especially attractive prepared as Cream of Pea Soup according to the simple directions on the label.



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

off after the other cattle, shaking her head as she went. She had had enough. Button could still see the unbranded calf in the distance, but he'd had enough roping for one day, too. He rode slowly back to the horses.

The thunderheads were piling up. He hadn't noticed them before; but all about the rim of the horizon now were clouds. Gee, he hoped it wouldn't storm! It must be after ten o'clock, for he was getting hungry, too. Well, it wouldn't be long until he watered the *remuda* out; then he'd go to camp and eat.

As he rode slowly around the horses, he made his second count. Some were asleep. Old Slocum always slept standing. He counted twenty head that were stretched out on the ground. The sun made Button sleepy too, and after riding slowly around the herd again, he dismounted from Old Rambler and stretched out.

Button didn't know he'd been asleep until, at a rumble of distant thunder, he sat bolt upright and stared about. The air was deathly still. The sky was dark with heavy clouds, and over toward Mescal the thunderheads were boiling. Old Rambler was the only horse in sight. Which way had they gone? Maybe they were on the water at Mud Springs, for it must be long past noon.

As Button swung into the saddle, he dug his heels into Old Rambler and put him into a dead run. The other wrangler had gone to sleep and lost eight head; he had

quit when Shorty offered to help him pack a horse and carry his bed along with him. Now what would Shorty say? For Button had gone to sleep and lost them all with a storm coming on. Why wouldn't Old Rambler run?

Old Rambler was running as fast as he knew how, but Button's heels still beat a tattoo against his ribs. If he only hadn't gone to sleep, he'd be in camp with Old Sourdough. If the horses were on the water at Mud Springs, maybe, he could make it yet before the storm broke.

Button's heels were still drumming a tattoo against Old Rambler's ribs when he came in sight of the first horses. He hadn't lost them after all. They had watered out and were grazing in little bunches all about the Springs. But the storm was breaking over Mescal. He was wheeling Old Rambler about for the run to camp when something in the distance caught his eye—something moving toward Mescal. And Button's heart sank, for he knew it was a horse.

Maybe it wasn't his; but a quick count showed him he was one horse short and Old Six-X was gone. For the first time Button wished himself in town and the horses all in hell.

Yes, it was his, all right; but let him go. Hadn't Shorty told him he could come to camp at noon? Shorty wouldn't know. He couldn't even see Old Six-X, for the storm was coming fast. It was only one horse

anyway, an' anyone was apt to lose a horse occasionally. . . . But he hadn't lost a horse since he'd been on the job.

Button was crying, and at each blinding flash, he closed his eyes; but one of the outfit couldn't ride to camp and let Old Six-X go. . . . The first big drops of rain were falling as he turned Old Rambler toward Mescal.

It was late that evening when the outfit rode into camp. Button hadn't returned. The punchers had dismounted and were gathered about the fire. Shorty and Pecos were on the point of riding out in search of him when Old Slocum came into view.

"He probably lost a bunch today," said Old Sourdough, "for he never come in an' eat no bait at noon."

"I wouldn't blame him none if he'd lost 'em all," said Pecos, who was easing toward the coffee-pot. "Lighthin' scares me plumb to death, an' he's nothin' but a kid."

But Shorty was making a silent count as the horses filed slowly down the narrow trail. Presently the last one of the horses appeared—Old Six-X, and at his heels was Button.

It was a tired and bedraggled Button who rode slowly down the trail that night. He was hungry too; but he wouldn't have traded places with anyone on earth. For he was one of the outfit, and he knew that he'd made good.

WHAT OF IT?

(Continued from page 62)

temptuous slits of our eyes at the non-giving males.

We roll our stockings into socks, and stick powder-puffs into them.

We are sticklers for the externals of sex equality.

But, sisters—on the whole, what have we done as a class, as a mass, as a sex, to demonstrate in the last seven years, that we deserve or want it? Two swallows do not make a summer, nor the right to vote, equal suffrage.

As always, a few stanch souls have toiled valiantly toward some glory that to them seems to foretell the coming of the dawn of a tomorrow.

The Woman's Party has grimly gone ahead on the unspectacular job of making enfranchisement a reality instead of a phrase, and although no brilliantly equipped figures, or figure for that matter, has sprung full-grown from the ranks of the newly enfranchised to spur them into keener awareness, much legislation that is fine and forward and civilizing has sprung out of even these few years of certain women in politics.

But in the main—psychologically, spiritually—it is a sorry-enough story.

To the average American woman, the Woman's Party is merely a phrase.

The average American woman hasn't her heart in it.

Talk to almost any employed girl, and see how she regards her job. As a stepping-stone to a new world of new opportunities? Not so, usually. As a bridge of sighs that leads to marriage.

The middle-class married woman in her home today is more of a chattel than her grand- or great-grandmother ever was.

Her grandmothers, great and not so great, earned their board and keep. Her grandmothers did the family washing (not *via* electric washing machine) the family cooking, the farmhand cooking, nursed their own large families of children, and at the end of a work-day were entitled to share with their husbands the provender they had earned.

They were producers.

The granddaughter of that caliber woman today does not play the game with her husband in that fashion. She is the consumer.

Either her housekeeping is simplified by the devices of electricity, apartment living and kitchenette régime to the turning of faucets, the pushing of buttons and the manipulating of dumbwaiters, or she can or does afford servants. Schools or nurses are at hand to relieve her of her small family of children. If!

THE middle-class woman today who bridges, *thés-dansants*, shops and matinéés her days away is a chattel. A less emancipated woman in her right to equality with her husband than her great-grandmother.

The prosperous middle-class American woman who lives in an apartment-hotel, an efficiency apartment, or is a delicatessen wife whose scepter is a can-opener, and who bridge-whists, *thés* and matinéés the major part of each afternoon, is as classic an example of chattel as any wife in days of old when knights were bold. She is a kept woman in the literal sense of that phrase. Kept, housed, fed, clothed and groomed by a male who foots the bills and the responsibilities alone. A less emancipated woman in her right to equality with her husband whose burdens she does not share, than her grandmother.

What woman with an ounce of love of liberty would accept from a man she decides is unfit to live with, money in the form of alimony!

Sisters, practically Everywoman!

It is ethical to accept money from a man you no longer love, and to whom you are no longer married.

It is immoral to accept it from a man you love and to whom you are not yet married.

The average divorced woman is out after alimony! The exceptions are so few that they are conspicuous.

Where there are children, of course, and she must have the help toward their support, a woman must needs bow her head to the dreary necessity of alimony.

But what about the hordes of women with earning capacity who accept, indeed expect and demand legally, keep-money from the men from whom they are divorced or separated?

Apparently she is accepted and acceptable. Alimony. Surely one of the most despicable forms of barter that can exchange human hands.

Equal right. Emancipation. Liberty. Alimony!

Hisses, and sounds of angry protest!

Sisters, but these are the sealed fastnesses of the analytical chamber. Presently I too shall emerge and to the world at large, along the well-worn ruts of my vocal cords, shall slide the dear old, the moss-grown rhythms of our self-justification.

We haven't had time—

More hisses and sounds of angry protest.

But why, even in the fastnesses, confront us with facts nobody wants to hear. They probably aren't facts at all. Why in the face of all the glowing, the fastidious, the fine, the true things that might be said about our sex of wives, mothers (don't forget we are the mothers!) sweethearts, sisters, spinsters (bachelor girls), nuns, (Have you seen Lillian Gish in "The White Sister?") queens, flappers, widows (grass and sod), why kick up unnecessary dust?

We are the sex that rocks the cradle, the perambulator or whatever it is one rocks offspring in nowadays. We are the fair sex that now experiences the same pride in tanning itself from wind and exposure that a pipe-lover feels over coloring his meerschaum. We are the gentle sex that swims the English Channel, that wears a frank Number Six-and-a-half shoe. The frail sex that patters lightly through wind, sleet and storm in knee frocks, sheer stockings, high-heeled silk slippers, bare-neck and twelve inches of fur about the bottom of our coats.

We are the mothers of men. We have gone through the ages on that alibi. Why not stick to it? We are the mothers of men! Than which—

OF course we have failed, almost as grossly as our men have, through one age or another or another.

We are not always the fair-and-square sex. But why harp on it, even in the fastnesses?

The hand that rocks the cradle sometimes rocks the boat.

Our gold-digging spirit isn't always that



"... Like tropical flowers, in their brilliant frocks—how do the women of these exclusive cottage colonies take care of their skin?"



AT THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORTS

NEWPORT + BAR HARBOR + LAKE PLACID CLUB

+ THE MOUNT ROYAL IN MONTREAL +

*Society women find it
"a perfect soap for the skin"*

NEWPORT, with its white palaces above the sea—Bar Harbor, where the yachts of millionaires flash back and forth like sea-gulls—Lake Placid Club and Mount Royal, with their wonderful winter sports—

Society has made these places her own.

Here, in the season, the most beautiful women in America are to be seen—riding, golfing, swimming, dancing—or, wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter, making the loveliest of pictures as they skate, ski, toboggan.

How do these women, accustomed to every luxury, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to keep the texture smooth, soft, exquisite?

In the fashionable cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor—three-fourths of the 193 women we questioned said they find Woodbury's Facial Soap best for their skin.

Among 208 women guests at Lake Placid Club—nearly two-thirds were using Woodbury's.

At beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal three out of every four women guests were enthusiastic Woodbury users: "Truly the most cleansing and non-irritating soap," they said. "The only satisfactory soap for the face." "Perfect!"

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater

refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

**Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!**



Demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1715 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial".

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1715 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

of '49 or '76. We are frauds of one sort or another, pretty nearly all of the time.

But dear delightful frauds. Aren't we all? Our so-called emancipation may be phony.

But after all, we are the Mothers of Men! They can't take that away from us. That rather automatically safeguards us against their undue awareness of our failures.

Besides, supposing for the historical moment that this most important sociological event, our emancipation, as the serious-

minded so solemnly label it—suppose it is, or it isn't, what it is cracked up to be? It's our emancipation, isn't it? Anyway, even if it isn't all there, the fundamentals are! The fundamentals that make us, if we do say so ourselves, pretty nice as a sex. Besides, as we may have mentioned before, we are the mothers of men! Ask them what they think of the job we have made of them!

We may bob our hair, paint our fingernails, whittle down our silhouettes, and wear

next to nothing, next to nothing, but the hand that wields the vacuum-cleaner and the electric washing-, sewing-, and coffee-machines still rocks the cradle, one way or another. And makes as good a job of it as she ever has. Maybe better. Well, then, you serious-minded folk, go look in your biologies and see how much more is expected of us.

That's the "Well, what of it?" isn't it? Yes, sisters, that's the well, what of it? You win.

WOLF SONG

(Continued from page 59)

Missouri came back loaded with flour, sugar, coffee, dried fruit and bacon.

Bent's cook was a darky named Green, and he used pots big enough to drown a man in. When a meal was ready, he tolled a bell that hung in the courtyard, and all that could hear it were welcome to the table. Bent never knew how many he fed, but sometimes there were hundreds. Women ate at a separate table; Indian children got fat hanging around the kitchen door; and squaws filched from the storerooms. Bent made such enormous profits on his trade that he could feed them all and never know it.

At Bent's there were dances, weddings, horse-races and games, but few fights. Bent wouldn't have them. Who came there got his rights and held his peace.

WHEN Sam Lash came out to saddle and pack, the Fort was very quiet. Nearly all mountain men were already on their way to high country for the fall trapping season, because some of them would go as far south as Sonora and some as far north as the Yellowstone. Utes and 'Rapahoes now were camped in the mountains, and Cheyenne were planting corn far to the east. About the Fort were only a few that worked for Bent, and women and children others had left behind, and all of these were indoors now because it was hot. The only sound in the courtyard was the singing of mockingbirds that Owl Woman kept there in wooden cages. Bent's pair of tame eagles roosted sleepy on the roof, and the watchman in his tower looked drowsily at the smoke of his own pipe.

Sam Lash was the only man of his kind around the place, and he should have been on his way a week before and knew it. He felt like a squaw-man hanging around when everyone else had gone.

His face was pale, and there was trouble in his eyes as he saddled his big roan in the high-walled corral behind the Fort.

The roan was fat and even a little potbellied from idle days on good grass, and his coat was smooth and shiny. He looked like a ripe strawberry. When Sam tightened the cinch with a knee against him, he swung his head and nipped at Sam's elbow with his teeth, half in play and half in anger.

Sam worked slowly at getting ready be-

cause he didn't like what came after. He tied his pack-sack on behind the saddle and stood off and looked at his horse. The roan was a good horse and for the mountains a big horse, sixteen hands high, wide between the forelegs, short-coupled, with an arched neck and heavy mane and tail of mixed black and gray. He had a deep dark eye with no white showing—he was a horse you could trust. He had a fine spring in his haunches and could beat an Indian pony for a quarter-mile, and yet he was a good trail-horse with power enough to lift a heavy load over mountains. There was good blood in him, but he was mustang enough to rustle a living wherever he found himself. He would eat cottonwood and scrub oak in a pinch, and dig to grass through a foot of snow. He would stick around camp like a dog and come to Sam when he whistled.

Sam Lash rested his eyes on his horse and felt better. He longed to be in the saddle and moving. He craved saddle leather as a hungry man craves food.

When he had finished with his horse he went and caught his pack-mule, which he called Buckskin because she was the color of new buckskin, with a black stripe from neck to tail and a stripe across her withers. She was a Spanish mule, sired by a burro and dammed by a mustang mare and no taller than her dam, but she was built trim as a deer with little round hoofs, hard as flint. Sam had bought her off a Mexican mule-train, and she had to be handled Mexican style. First he blindfolded her with a beaded buckskin blinder that fitted over her ears. Then he put the grass pad on her back and cinched it up with a wide grass-cinch that bit into her belly as though it would cut her in two. But that was only because she blew herself full of wind. At the same time she hunched her back, laid her ears, and made her skin crawl and twitch all over, but she wouldn't move a foot with her blinder on. She went through the same show every time and it didn't mean anything. There wasn't a sore on her neck. Sam slapped her on the rump and threw the *alforjas* across the pad. He piled his possibles into them, balancing the load with care, and threw on top his Navajo blanket and his squaw-tanned buffalo robe, folded square. Then he made it all fast with a rawhide rope tied in a squaw hitch, and pulled the blinder off. Buckskin let out her wind in a deep sigh and hitched over on three legs and looked around at him as much as to say: "Thank God, that's over!"

Sam started for the courtyard and then stopped and looked back at his animals standing there strong and ready, their sleek hides shining in the sun. They had never looked so good to him.

When he went into the dim room where he had lived so much in ten days, he stopped a minute in the doorway to get his eyes used to the dim light.

Lola was lying face down on the *zaguan* with her bare arms up around her head and her long black hair spread all over them. The odor and feel of her long thick hair had been all over him for ten days. He felt as though he were trapped and tangled in her long hair.

The old woman Louisa sat on the floor over against the wall with her knees drawn up under her chin. She was so skinny she could fold herself up like a Barlow knife. Her black *reboso* was wrapped all around her and hooded over her head. Thin wisps of gray hair leaked out from under it and fell across her face, which was shriveled like a potato in the sun. Her almost toothless mouth was a slit under her great bony nose. She sucked at a little flat corn-husk cigarette, and smoke leaked in a thin steady stream from her nose as though she were afire and smoldering inside. She looked as though something inside were burning her out and she was slowly shriveling in the heat. Her little deep-set eyes were on Sam all the time, unblinking, and they made him uncomfortable. Whether she was a witch or not, she sure looked like the Devil.

All the Mexicans and some of the whites believed she turned into a cat or a coyote at night and went around working spells. They claimed that she had cat eyes in the morning, and that was why she kept them covered with her shawl. Whether she had or not, she was a mean-looking old wench and Sam wished she was out of there.

She had hated him from the first. She had never given him a smile. Maybe she never smiled, anyway, at least not at a man. She hung around the Fort and worked for any woman she could. She was a nurse and a midwife and knew all kinds of big medicine. She had fastened onto Lola from the first and had taken good care of her, no doubt of that. Lola would have had a worse time without her. She had waited on Lola hand and foot, washed and fed and dressed her. . . .

What was Lola going to say to him now? They had had it all out two or three times over a bucket of tears, but they would have it all out again. He had to go; there was no two ways about that. He had never known women could be so hard to handle.

BUT when she raised her head, he knew she wasn't going to put up another fight. Her eyes were wide with the weariness of spent emotion, and her mouth was soft and bowed, craving pity. She came up to him and put her arms around him and rested herself upon him, clinging to him all over.

"Don't go, *querido*," she begged in her soft Spanish. "I am nothing without you now. If you go and don't come back, I am lost. I know you mean to come back, but what if you die? What if Indians kill you—or a bear? I dreamed of you last night with blood on your head. Please, my *querido*, you cannot go—"

Her voice started to rise, but it broke into tears, and she hung on him, pleading with her arms and her breast and her soft mouth lifted toward his, hardened against her. There was no fight left in her.

Sweat stood out on Sam's face. He felt as though his muscles had turned to water.

How she weakened and softened him! How hard it was to break her so-tender hold! No grip of a strong man in a fight had ever been so hard to break. He rent his own flesh now when he pulled away. It had never been like this before.

BARRY BENEFIELD

That captor of Romance,
leads you into the lives of
two great lovers in a remarkable novel beginning
in the September issue of
The Red Book Magazine.



Walden

+ + + + Chosen by women of rank, they offer you wise lore for keeping all your loveliness + + + +

LOVELINESS and a way to make this loveliness endure! The shimmering beauty of firm, clear skin—how to keep it undimmed for many years! These are every woman's heart's desire!

Everywhere lurk the enemies of a naturally lovely skin—sun that parches, wind that harshens, dust and soot that coarsen, late hours and just the years that etch implacable lines.

To be serene in all one's youth and loveliness, one must have a daily method that can be depended upon to counteract these foes. The leaders

H. M. VICTORIA EUGENIA

Queen of Spain

H. R. H. HENRIETTE

Duchess of Vendome

Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT

Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Miss ANNE MORGAN

The DUQUESA de ALBA

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

of the fashionable world who *must* be secure in beauty, have learned that Pond's Two Creams offer precisely this.

For a gentle cleansing that frees the pores, use Pond's Cold Cream, often during the day and always before retiring. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. For a dry skin, leave some of the cream on overnight.

For a velvet flower-like finish, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after each cleansing except the bedtime one. It gives you a new allure, holds your powder reassuringly, and protects the skin from all irritation.

FREE OFFER: Try these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's—for a gentle cleansing, an exquisite finish. Mail coupon for sample tubes of each—to acquaint you with their purity, fragrance, fine texture.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. V. 108 Hudson St., New York City

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

He had to go! He clung desperately to his resolution. He was a mountain man, a trapper, not a squaw-man. Even if they went back to Taos together, even if her family took him in, he could not sit around like a greaser against a wall. He would rot on a Mexican life of idleness.

They had fought it all out before. There was no use fighting it out again. And anyway she was beaten. He lifted her and carried her back to the *saguan*, laid her down, kissed her.

"I have to go," he told her quietly. "I will come back—nothing will kill me. I will come back sooner than you think."

Her wail followed him out the door, stinging his ears like a sand-storm. Worse than that, so did the old witch Louisa. He was aware of her, following, like a black moving shadow across the courtyard. He went through the gate into the corral and shut the gate after him and heard it open and close again.

She squatted there against the wall in the bright sunlight with the hood of her shawl hiding her eyes. When he turned upon her, uncertain what to say, she rose slowly and pointed a long skinny finger at him.

"*Maldito gringo!*" she shrieked. "A curse on your soul and body!"

"A curse on your father and mother!"

"May the devil fly away with your brothers and sisters and the cousin of your grandmother!"

"May coyotes devour the bones of your uncles and aunts!"

She came toward him until her finger was shaking right under his nose.

"Son of a sleeping mother who was too tired to eat!" she yelled. "For this your soul will lodge in purgatory until it goes to hell! For this I will haunt you and follow you with bad luck while you live on earth! For this your gun will miss fire and your horse will stumble. Indians will dog your trail and storms will strike you!"

Sam climbed into his saddle and rode for the corral gate, bending low like a man running from thunder. When he pulled the gate closed behind him, its bang cut her off in the middle of another flight.

Then she came out and stood in the gateway, and her parting curse came to his ears, faint but furious with the ancient hatred of waiting woman for man who rides away.

"Gringo pig!" she yelled. "Wherever you go I go with you, and you are damned!"

Chapter Eleven

THE swift yellow water gurgled almost belly-deep around his horse's legs as Sam forded the river. Water was still high from melting snow but dropping as white patches dwindled on purple mountains far to the west.

That old woman, she would give anybody the creeps. And what could you do? You couldn't shut her up. If he was a greaser now, he would be scared. He looked back over his shoulder, half expecting to see a black thing gliding after him like a shadow over the ground, but he saw only the Fort asleep in the sun. Lola would be all right there.

That old wench believed she flew around at night, all right. She was *loco*. All witches and medicine men were *loco*, but strange things happened. . . .

An unseen terrible world crowded around Sam, and he spurred into a trot. He remem-

bered a hound-dog back in Kentucky that howled every time somebody was going to die, and it was never known to fail, and the black cat that crossed his grandmother's path before she took her death of ague, and the devil that came up out of the Boiling Spring and wrestled with Black Harris, and Joe Meek paying a Crow medicine-man two ponies to make medicine and tell him where his lost partner was, and he went there and found his bones. . . .

He spurred up through low hills and came out on the mesa. Cool wind whipped at his face, and rich purple-tinged country rolled away forty miles to blue mountains. A real world began to claim him. He lived again in his eyes. Scattered antelope were pale dots all over the prairie. They ranged solitary now, when does were dropping their fawns. He would pick off a yearling buck somewhere and take along haunch and saddle. Tracks of five unshod ponies and a *travois* making two lines showed him where a Ute family had crossed the day before, and a thin wisp of smoke, miles off to the south-east, told him they were camped at the forks of the Purgatoire and the Arkansas. They were on their way to the mountains and nothing to bother about.

Every mile he put between him and the Fort made woman and witch seem more remote and unreal to him. The country took him back to itself, seizing him by every sense. Wind heavy with earth-smell washed the memory of her hair out of his nose, and the steady beat of hoof on sod soothed away the sting of curses.

WHEN he saw an easy chance, he dropped off his horse behind a rise in the land, crawled up on a feeding antelope and killed it. While he was skinning, he noticed a coyote sitting on its haunches a hundred yards away waiting for him to finish. Funny how when you killed, one always showed up from nowhere. In winter when they were hungry they would follow for days and get tamer all the time, more and more like a dog. A lone lobo wolf would do it too, but he stayed farther off.

As he rode away with fresh meat rolled in a hide on top of his pack, he looked back and saw the coyote eating at his leavings. A little later he was surprised to see it loping along about a hundred yards to the right. It was staying with him. That was unusual at this time of year. It made him faintly uneasy.

When he dropped into the valley of the Purgatoire late in the afternoon, the coyote was with him; and when he stopped to camp, she was sitting on her haunches, her tongue hanging out, just a hundred yards away.

With two hours of daylight still before him, he made camp leisurely. He turned his stock loose, without hobbling them, because he knew they wouldn't move far on such good grass. It was a foot high in the bottoms. Down along the sandy edge of the river he gathered water-borne wood that would burn hot and easy and make a fine bed of coals.

He loved a camp like this, with good grass and plenty wood. To spread his robe and blanket, he picked a high bare spot back against the sandhills that bounded the narrow valley. Then he built his fire and broiled the antelope's liver. The other meat was still too fresh. He was very particular about meat, and knew all ways to cut and cook and cure it, but other victuals didn't

mean much to him. He had a round loaf of bread they had given him at the Fort. It was made of white flour hauled all the way from the Missouri. He broke it in half and munched it with his meat, but it tasted flat to him.

When he had finished eating, he went down to the stream, lay flat and took a long deep drink. He lifted a dripping face to watch a beaver swimming across the stream. The beaver saw the movement, slapped the water with a flat tail and dived—*swatchoog!* Way down the river he heard another answering *swatchoog*. When one slapped and dived, every other beaver in the water caught the signal and did the same. Beaver couldn't talk, but they kept touch with each other better than men.

IT was dusk now of a clear, still evening, and everything was astir. Over his head bullbats dipped and zoomed in mating play. Pale gray jack-rabbits came out in a little open place on the bank and played, silent as ghosts, stopping to cock long ears and lifted muzzles to the wind, fading into the brush when a coyote yapped. Crickets and frogs began their music, and somewhere in a bush a little bird sang, waited and sang again. Sam stretched his legs and drew a deep breath. Alone, and miles from men, for the first time in weeks he sat safe and easy.

When it got dark he went back to camp and piled big chunks of cottonwood on his fire so it flamed high. Out of a beaded buckskin bag that hung around his neck he took a red sandstone pipe and fitted a long reed stem into it. He filled it with a mixture of bright yellow Virginia tobacco and red kinnikinnick, made from the inner bark of willow. With a coal from the fire he lit up and smoked in long, slow, thoughtful puffs. Like an Indian he treated tobacco with reverence. He smoked only at night, and then he gave himself wholly to his smoking.

The roan and the buckskin, with their bellies round from good grass and deep drinks, came and stood just outside the circle of firelight which shone into their great warm contented eyes. They always came close to camp that way when they were on good grass, and he gave them sugar or Indian corn when he could, to keep them in the habit.

He felt good there in the small red circle of firelight with all his things around him. Everything he needed was within reach of his hands. Horse and rifle, pack and saddle, trap and blanket—with these he was complete and independent as a wild animal. Once more he was whole and alone. He who had been caught and torn apart, once more was complete and free!

As he always did, last thing at night, he made a circle all around his camp, looked and listened, noticed that the wild things were unfrightened at their play and that the sky was clear. The only thing he could see that bothered him at all was the eyes of a coyote shining yellow in the dark just beyond the range of his fire.

Chapter Twelve

SAM followed up the Purgatoire to the foot of the mountains and then turned due south.

It was five days' travel to where he was supposed to meet Chabonard and the others, and the going was good. Water, wood and game waited for him at every stop, and summer storms held off to give him bright clear days.

It was good going, but every mile of it seemed harder for him. Day by day his temper got worse, so that he cursed his animals for no reason at all. He seemed to forget how to do things. Once he

RITA WEIMAN

In our next issue reveals the never-suspected truth of two people—and a third—in a transcript of life entitled:
"WHEN THE GODS SMILE"

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



***Extra help! You, too, will want it
within your reach!***

There's an important human element in the extra washing help of Fels-Naptha—the saving of wear-and-tear on you. It is worth more to you than you can measure.

Even if you got no other benefit, the saving of your strength alone is worth many times a penny or so more a week. Why deprive yourself of this extra washing help!

You'll like the easier way of getting cleaner, whiter clothes. Because good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working hand-in-hand in Fels-Naptha,

loosen dirt so quickly. Fels-Naptha gives you extra help you'd hardly expect from any other soap in any form.

Get a Golden Bar from your grocer. Try it in your own way. Let it prove to you its extra value. Then you'll want a carton (10 bars) to be sure you'll have this extra help always handy.



You'll surely want the extra help of Fels-Naptha while traveling or camping this summer. Loosens ground-in dirt from clothes so easily. Even with cool water it frees dishes from grease, and thoroughly cleans them. © Fels & Co.

FELS-NAPTHA



JUST NOTICE

*the fine skins of the
men who shave with
Williams!*

THE glove-smooth skin after a Williams shave is due to a special conditioning effect of this soothing lather. Williams actually makes your face feel better after shaving than it did before.

Williams lather is *saturated* with moisture and this moisture drenches each bristle through and through—soaks the beard so soft that your razor just *glides*.

Try Williams for a week FREE. We'll send a trial tube in exchange for the coupon below—or a postcard. Williams sells for 35c and 50c a tube.

Our new after-shaving liquid, *Aqua Velva*, keeps the face as well-conditioned and comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. Write Dept. 208 for generous test bottle.

Williams

Shaving Cream



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 108, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name _____
Address _____

Red Book, 9-37

crawled up on a drinking buck to kill it and forgot to shake powder into the pan of his rifle, so that when he pulled the trigger it only clicked. The buck went bounding up the mountain, stopping once to look back at him, and was gone before he could try again. He had never done such a thing before.

Whenever he saw a coyote—and there was one in sight most of the time—he felt like shooting it, but he never did.

Each day he was in a worse temper than the day before. His days were bad, but it was the nights he couldn't stand. He never had another peaceful night like that first one when it felt so good to be alone and on the trail again.

He thought he would forget her until it was time to go back. He thought he could leave her behind as he had left other women. Instead he found she was still with him just as she had been that night in Taos after the *baile*.

She came back to him first at night when he was asleep, and then in the daytime too. If he was not bewitched, he might as well have been.

While he rode along trying to keep his mind on trail and weather, on track and sign, as a man must if he goes alone and keeps his hair, she came back to him in every different moment he had known her. He cursed her because she made him lose his way and forget whether he had crossed the north fork of Turkey Creek or not. When he should have been watching for a big boulder where you turn left and go over the ridge, he was remembering how she came forward to meet him when he did his breakdown at the *baile* in Taos. Neither of them knew what they were getting into then. It was like when two fellows start to spar in play, and first thing you know one draws blood, and they have got to fight it out.

When she pressed herself against him, that was what started all the trouble. Before that he was half scared of her because she was so different from what he was used to—he couldn't get past the fact that she was a *rica*. But after that she was woman to him—her clothes and her family didn't matter.

When she horned into his fight with Gullion, that made him feel queer. He never thought she would have had it in her. That set him back about fifteen years and made him feel like a kid being led home by his mamma. They all gave him the horse laugh, but he didn't give a damn. She shone that night, but she was plenty scared afterward.

WHEN they had stood up to be married in the Fort, she was shaking like a cold dog and it had made him feel sorrowful. He was glad when old Louisa took her and led her away and made a fuss over her. She was used to that, and it made her feel better. When it came to going to her, he had the fantods himself. After all he had done to get her, he felt scared, and he had never felt that way about a woman before. When he went to the door of the room where she was, he could hardly move a hand to open it; and when he finally did, she was standing there with a scared mouth and eyes as big as dollars, and a *serape* she had grabbed up wrapped around her. One big tallow candle made unsteady light in a draft.

He stood there in the door, and for a minute he couldn't say a word or lift a foot. . . . She was so much prettier than he had known anything could be. He couldn't believe she was a real woman waiting there for him. She seemed more like a dream woman, same as she was now. When she saw how she had flabbergasted him, that seemed to make her feel better. Fear died slowly out of her eyes, and she began to smile. . . .

He spurred his horse so it jumped and snorted and went thundering down the

trail. He ran from a wraith of memory as he had never run from living foe. He wasn't going back—that was one thing sure!

He pulled up the roan suddenly, realizing that he was a fool to go slamming along that way in a country where he knew Indians were traveling. She would be the death of him if he didn't get her out of his head!

Scared by his own recklessness, he went slowly the rest of the day and kept a sharp lookout for track and sign. Late in the afternoon he picked up two unshod tracks, made by a horse ridden and one led. He followed cautiously till the tracks turned west and apparently went over the range. That made him feel better. Pony tracks like that meant probably a Cheyenne or Comanche warrior on a lone warpath, and that was the worst kind of Indian to have around. An Indian with no squaw along was twice as reckless and had about twice as much fight in him as one that dragged a family. Come to think of it, you could say the same of a white man.

AS he rode along in the daytime she bothered him that way, once in a while. The memory of her seemed to stick to his skin, as though she had put her brand on him and the burn still hurt. But he was schooled to keep his eye peeled all the time, and one thing and another called him back to where he was. At night it was different. She had him at her mercy then. Each night she was with him a little more than the night before. Asleep he dreamed about her, and lying awake he remembered the feel of her arms and threw out his own to clutch a phantom. . . .

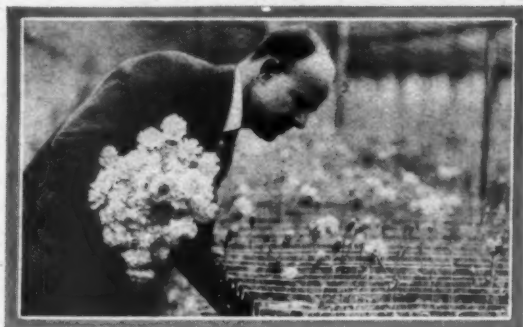
One night he waked up with the echo of her voice in his ears. He was sure he had heard something. He sat up and listened, and after a little while he heard it again and he knew what it was—a mountain lion on the prowl. They made a noise just like a woman, only it sounded kind of crazy, like a woman out of her mind. The damned thing would scream every few minutes, and it made him uneasy as a cow in a thunder-storm.

Next morning he went out and looked for tracks and found them, large around as the crown of a hat, where the lion had drunk at the creek. It was a big one. Staring at the tracks, he could picture the deadly bow-curve of the crouching back, the muscular upthrust of the withers, the yellow-eyed angular head that lapped and listened and lapped again. At least he knew it was a lion. Of course he knew that, anyway. But there was something uncanny about those big sneaky critters that were nearly always just a shadow and a voice. All day long he had a followed feeling, and he even looked over his shoulder a time or two. He didn't see anything, but he heard one again that night, and every time it yelled he waked up with a start.

LOSS of sleep began to tell on him. He felt skittish like a man that's just getting over a spree, and he found it harder than ever to keep his mind on his business. While he rode one way, his mind kept going back the other. Could that old woman have fed him something in his soup? She sold a kind of medicine to Mexican girls that was supposed to make their *queridos* love them more—something that was bound to bring a man back. . . .

He spurred the roan and slapped the mule on the rump. Buckskin, insulted, jumped out of the trail, squatted and whirled quick as a rabbit and ran back the way she had come. Red, and cursing fit to curl a gun-barrel, Sam put out after her and headed her back toward the south.

"You travel where yo're pointed, you contrary little devil!" he shouted. "This outfit's bound for the Gila!"



Mr. G. HAYDEN DUNN, whose hobby is raising flowers

"I once thought I would always be ill"

"UP TO THE TIME of the War my life had been uneventful, tranquil.

"Then—the trenches. Cold. Forced marches. Hunger. Thirst. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When I returned I was a physical wreck. For four years I fought in vain to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last I began eating it—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

"My favorite pastime is working with the flowers and vegetables

around our home. Now, no matter how strenuous my day has been, I still have energy left to indulge this hobby in the evening."

G. HAYDEN DUNN, Medford, Mass.

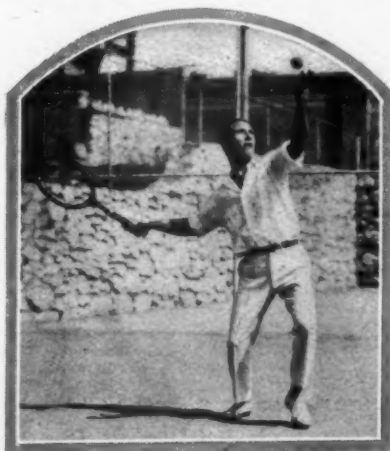
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is composed of millions of tiny living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. They keep the whole intestinal tract clean, checking the absorption of poisons into the blood. They strengthen the muscles of elimination, banishing constipation and its evil results, an unhealthy skin and stomach disorders.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

LEFT

MR. DE PASZTHORY is an all-round athlete. At the University of Southern California he won the middle-weight wrestling championship. He writes: "Ever since high school days I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion was upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY, Pasadena, Calif.



For the health that can be yours—do this:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

CHRISTINE INGLIS, Vancouver, B. C.



Pipe Smoker Waxes Poetic Over His Favorite Tobacco

Here is a bit of pipe-smoking sentiment pretty well expressed, in our opinion:

"A Prescription"

Have you ever noticed
right after a meal
How tired and lazy
you always feel?
I'm telling you folks
it isn't a joke,
It will freshen you up
if you try a good smoke.
But whatever you do
these lines you must heed,
There's a certain tobacco
of course, that you need.
It's packed in a tin,
the tin's colored blue.
Not only the smoking
but the chewing kind too.
Of course if you never
are bothered this way,
Just keep the prescription
for some other day.
Ask for tobacco,
the best that's on earth;
To shorten the story,
just call it "Edgeworth."

Chas. J. Butler
Owensboro, Ky.
Feb. 2, 1927



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother

Company, 8 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 250 meters.]

NOON of the fifth day he topped a ridge and looked down on the valley of the Cimarron.

It lay just where the mountains met the prairie on the well-watered eastern slope.

The Cimarron Creek came down from high ridges, bare of timber and topped with naked rock, through a deep box cañon that widened here into a pretty meadow half a mile long with the creek in the middle showing white riffles and silver pools through willow cover. It was a favorite stopping-place for red men and white; water, wood and grass were as good here as ever you would find. It was sheltered from storms, and horses could forage in the meadow all winter long. No place could a man kill more kinds of meat. The best of the buffalo country rolled away to the east, purple-tinged as always after spring rains, patched with dark moving cloud shadows. Way down there he could see scattered herds, and right in the mouth of the cañon antelope were dotted thick as sheep in pasture. Black-tail deer abounded in the heavy cover of the ridges; cow elk drank at the creek every morning, and the old bulls were near timberline growing new antlers. Far up toward melting snow ranged the big-horned mountain sheep from which the country took its Mexican name.

It was a sweet place and a dangerous one, for all kinds of Indians passed here—Apaches and Utes coming down from the mountains to hunt buffalo, Cheyenne and Comanche coming up from the prairies to raid the Mexican settlements across the range. Much blood had wet the meadows of the Cimarron.

Here Sam was supposed to meet his party—unless they had gone on and left a message marked on the ground for him to follow.

With weary legs he climbed a rocky spur of the ridge and studied the little valley. He knew where they would have camped; and even if their camp had been out of sight, he would have seen horses in the meadow. . . . There was not a horse or a man in sight.

WHEN he knew they had gone on, it seemed to him the last of his energy oozed out of his legs. He sat down limp and discouraged. Fighting against a back-pull he couldn't understand, he had come this far and he had counted on his fellows to carry him along.

Riding with the bunch would have been different. Singing and chanting they rode, and he would have been swept along with them. He couldn't have gone back then. Why had he started so late?

He rode down into the valley and got off his horse. While the roan and the buckskin eagerly munched new-sprung bluegrass and wild oats, Sam lay down by the creek and drank deep from a pool where long shadowy forms of trout fanned water clear as air with lazy tails.

He moved himself wearily to the shade of a lone blue spruce that spread itself wide beside the creek, leaned back against the trunk of it with legs stretched heavy on the ground. It was still and bright, and the quiet little valley, rain-wet and sun-warm, breathed a sweet heavy smell and a soft sleepy sound of locust, bee and water.

He felt as though something had shot him this far, and here he lay aimless and spent. It was so peaceful there, it seemed as if he were not in the mountains but in a meadow on a farm back in Kentucky. That smell of grass and hum of bugs was like Kentucky. He could almost expect to hear the voice of a woman singing at her work somewhere in a hidden house. He wished some one would ring a dinner-bell and all he had to do was get up and walk to it. He wished he didn't have to kill to eat.

The little valley would have made a farm. It had never struck him before. Here were

timber and stone to build, and land that would show black and rich under plow, and water that would turn a mill, and grass for a thousand cows. . . .

As always when a man sits still in the mountains, life began to show and stir all around him. Down the creek a hundred yards a doe came out of the brush and stood with little sharp feet close-planted and lifted head, studying the wind with a wet muzzle before she crossed the open. He knew she had been down to drink and had a fawn hidden in the timber and was eager to get back to it, with heavy udder. On a rock in the creek two water wrens appeared and bobbed and bowed to each other and flew away again. Then came a pair of jays, flitting from bush to bush and shouting for everything to hear that they saw something strange.

They came and perched almost over his nose. They were deep indigo blue with black topknots and long tails tipped with black. They looked at him with bright inquisitive eyes, cocking their heads. He never moved a muscle, and they decided he was some strange kind of a root growing out of that tree. They forgot him and began to chase each other roundabout in mating play. Fluttering and screaming with excitement, they flashed among green leaves, bright blue fragments of life for which the rest of the world had ceased to be.

Sam watched them with a fellow-feeling so keen it hurt. He followed every move of their eager pirouetting. His whole being hung upon a fluttering eagerness of poised desire. When they flew away, the world seemed suddenly desolate. It seemed to him that he was the only lone thing in it.

Heavy-legged and inert he lay, as he thought of the miles of wilderness before him. Mountains that had been home to him were now an awful empty space he sped across, rootless and aimless as a falling star.

When he thought of the miles before him, his blood turned to water and his muscle went limp. He wanted to go on, but there was no go in him. And yet when he thought back toward Bent's, and remembered again the tangle of her love-rumpled hair, energy flowed into him as though it had come up from the earth.

And as though urgent forces of earth had lifted him, he rose. He jumped the creek. He snatched the roan's astonished head out of the grass and gave the mule a kick.

"Out of that, you lazy burros!" he shouted. "This outfit's going back!"

Chapter Thirteen

BLACK WOLF, southern Cheyenne, painted his face and rode away alone.

He was twenty-one years old, and this was the first time he had gone alone on a warpath. Unless he could return driving horses enough to please the father of Ameertschee, he would never return at all. This he had vowed to the Maiyun. He was riding toward power and love, or else he was bound for the camps of the dead; and so his mood was solemn and exalted.

Leaving the white circle of lodges on the Arkansas, where his people had planted corn and squash and settled down for the summer, he rode for ten days across vast levels with blue mountains for his goal. He was safe on the prairie, and he rode at a jog, the feet of his horses sinking to the fetlocks in spring growth of grass and primrose, singing the wolf songs which are always sung by lone warriors. Wolf songs are always about women, for every lone warrior rides away from a woman.

"Beloved," he sang sadly, "why do you hide from me in your lodge?"

"Beloved," he sang eagerly, "come out of your lodge, that I may see you!"

"O beloved, I see you!" he sang, and his



Added Benefit in the Out-of-Doors

The family can come and go in safety—everyone's enjoyment un-marred by fatigue or nerve-strain—when the car rides on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

The Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon, with scientifically designed tread, permits free flexing which gives you easier riding, extra comfort and safety, added confidence. The ordinary balloon, with heavy, flat tread design, is naturally stiffer; it rides harder and steers harder. Besides, the excess rubber at the edges of the tread is not only wasted but puts such a strain on the carcass that it soon breaks through at the "shoulders"—causing inconvenience and short tire-life.



With Firestone Balloons, at no extra cost, you have the benefits of Gum-Dipping—the process which saturates the cords in a rubber solution, making the tire much more flexible and strong and adding many thousands of miles of service.

Firestone Dealers are the experienced tire men in your community. They are given the advantages of Firestone Repair Schools and Educational Meetings where tire design and construction are discussed. They can explain to you the difference between tires "made to serve" and those "made to sell." Get the benefit of their expert advice; see the nearest Firestone Dealer today.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . .

Harvey Firestone

voice rolled across the prairie in a deep chant of triumph, making the antelope lift their heads and jump, filling the air with the frightened wings of crane and plover.

When he had finished his song, he would ride silent and sad for a while, knowing that he had sung a dream, and then he would begin it all over again.

Ameertschee he had loved as a child, and he had been the first to wait outside her lodge to court her. But other men came to her lodge door, for she had such small hands and ankles and such a deep ringing laugh, and her father was rich. Dressed in blue buckskin trimmed with red porcupine quills and a sash of scarlet trade cloth about her waist, with the thick braids of her black hair hanging below her hips, she turned the heads of young men as though with a strong hand. Sometimes in the evening five of them waited in a row to court her, and she went in turn to the arms of each, as was the custom. She went last to the arms of Black Wolf, who stood next to the lodge door and in his arms she stayed long after all the others had gone. She let Black Wolf tear a wristlet from her arm and carry it away.

The parents of Black Wolf had been poor, and they had died of the cholera. He had only two horses, and one of those was not very good. He went on three war-parties and each time he came back empty-handed. It became more and more clear that the Maiyun were not kind to him. He was a powerful youth and used a four-foot horn bow that few men could draw. He could shoot far and straight. None could ride better, and he had a gift of managing bad horses. He was a man of ability, but the gods were against him.

Rich young men courted Ameertschee and sent friends to her father with offers of many horses. Black Wolf had no horses to offer. To buy a girl, friends would give him a few, but as Ameertschee grew more and more popular, it became clear to Black Wolf that he could not hope to have her unless his fortunes changed. He learned by gossip that when his name was mentioned in the lodge of her father, they laughed.

Thunders-in-the-Night was a dandy, and his father was rich. Thunders-in-the-Night spent much time plucking the whiskers out of his face with a bone tweezer, greasing his heavy black hair and painting his cheeks with striking designs in black and vermilion. Wearing beaded moccasins and new fringed leggings, wrapped in a clean red blanket, mounted on a white pony which he washed at the river every day, he would ride about the camp that women might admire his beauty.

At dusk Thunders-in-the-Night waited outside her lodge for Ameertschee, and step by step he moved to the chosen place next to the lodge door.

When a messenger came to Black Wolf from the girl and demanded the wristlet he had torn off her arm, an invisible hand struck him a blow in the stomach. For an instant he saw his spirit standing apart from his body, and he knew it longed to be off for the camps of the dead. Black Wolf knew now that he must suffer and gain power and the help of the Maiyun, or else he must die.

NEXT morning, therefore, he went up in the hills to fast four days, taking with him nothing but a pipe and tobacco.

On the last morning of his fast, as he lay weak, he closed his eyes and saw himself riding into camp on a great horse and driving many other horses before him. He shouted in triumph, and people poured from the lodges to welcome him.

He opened his eyes and saw a magpie sitting on a limb of a juniper bush ten feet away. It was a magnificent bird, glossy greenish black, with a snow-white

belly and a white triangle on either wing, and its tail was a foot long. Turning its head slowly from side to side, it looked at him first with one eye and then with the other. Black Wolf watched it, scarcely breathing, for the magpie is a sacred bird, and if he had won the protection of a special power it might well come to him in the form of this bird.

As he looked, the magpie seemed to swell until it was large as an eagle, and he heard a voice which seemed to come from the bird saying: "Follow me." Then the magpie shrank back to its natural size, and flew away straight into the west until it was lost to sight.

BLACK WOLF rode his small spotted pony which had no speed. With his rawhide lariat he led a tall rawboned sorrel mare. She carried nothing but a buffalo hide pad stuffed with grass, and a pack containing a few pounds of pemmican and some extra moccasins. For this was his running horse, to be reserved for battle and hunting.

When he struck the Cimarron near the foot of the mountains, he rode slowly and sang no more but watched on all sides and studied the ground, for he was now in a country where he might meet anything. Mexican, gringo, Ute, Apache, Pawnee and 'Rapaho passed and camped here every summer.

He scouted the valley from end to end, up one side and down the other, finding old tracks of two small war-parties of Utes, the deserted camp of a large band of trappers—and then the fresh trail of a large horse and a small mule, both shod.

The tracks puzzled him, for they came down into the valley and then turned and went back the same way with the long strides that show hurry. No camp had been made. He found only where a man had lain by the creek to drink, and where he had rested in the shade of a tree, and where the butt of his rifle had touched the ground.

A white man with a rifle had ridden into the valley and then turned and ridden out in a hurry as though some one had chased him. Black Wolf sought long and patiently for the tracks of what had chased the white man out of the valley, but there was no mark. Of that he made sure, for nothing could move on feet without leaving a trace that he could see. This man must have been chased by a ghost.

The trail was easy to follow, and Black Wolf followed it at a fast trot. He knew the cañon where the man would almost surely camp, but he dismounted and crept up to every hilltop before he rode over. He was going to make no mistakes. The Maiyun had sent this white man for a gift to him. With a white man's buffalo horse between his knees, the ponies of the Utes and Crows would be his easy gain. Driving many ponies, riding a tall shod horse, he would return. And this man was careless. He rode hard and without stopping to watch his back track.

Late in the afternoon Black Wolf saw a blue ribbon of smoke rising from the small cañon where he had known it would be.

Leaving the trail, he rode far up in the timber and hid his horses in an aspen thicket and stripped himself to moccasins and breech-clout, taking only his bow and quiver and a knife in his belt. He crept down the ridge as softly as a hunting bobcat. From a scrub oak thicket he peered down upon a little glade where a spring filled a rock basin with its slow drip, and tall yellow pines inclosed a few acres of good grass.

The white man had made his camp in the middle of the open as white men do, trusting to the long range of his rifle for safety. His pack lay on the ground, and his animals were picketed near it. The

man was nowhere to be seen, but Black Wolf knew that he was probably back in the timber gathering more wood for his night fire.

Meantime it was the horse that held Black Wolf's eye. The mule was good too, but the horse to him was priceless—a red roan two hands taller than any Indian pony, with the straight legs that make speed and the deep barrel that carries bottom. The horse was in splendid condition. Its sleek coat glowed like a garnet in the sun as it cropped the thick grass and lashed a long tail at flies.

The white man came out of the timber on the other side of the cañon with an armful of wood. He threw it down and stood with his rifle in his hands looking all around him. He was a tall young man with thick yellow hair hanging to his shoulders and a face burned by sun and wind to the color of a piece of meat.

Now a temptation came to Black Wolf that made his fingers twitch. The white man was more than a hundred paces away, and that was too far for a sure shot. Black Wolf had been trained never to shoot at game or enemy more than sixty paces away unless it was necessary. Moreover, as he had read dream and sign, he was not to kill but only to steal horses.

He ought not to shoot, but his fingers itched for the bowstring. And he was a Bowman of unusual power. More than once he had put an arrow into a deer at over a hundred paces.

If he shot and missed, he had a choice between precarious flight and a battle against a man with a gun. But if he shot and reached heart, throat or eye, his fortunes were made. He would have not only the horse but also the rifle, and the yellow hair of the white man would hang at his belt. Ute scalps as well as Ute ponies then he would take. He would return a warrior and a rich man, and women would dance the scalp-dance in his honor.

His mind only half assenting, his fingers fitted an arrow to the string. Moving cautiously, as the white man turned his head, he braced himself against a rock and with a firm sure pull drew the arrow.

He had drawn it almost to the head when a magpie came flitting from bush to bush and gave its loud harsh cry as it saw him. The white man whirled on his heel and stood studying the bushes.

Black Wolf's right arm lost its strength as though the muscle had been cut, and a feeling of guilt and fear stabbed his heart. Motionless, scarcely breathing, he crouched, while the magpie perched almost over him, turning its head slowly from side to side, looking at him first with one eye, then with the other. He could not bear its look.

When the white man had turned again to his work, Black Wolf crept silently away, the magpie flying before him.

He went back to where he had hidden his horses, made a prayer, lay down and did not move again until the stars told him it was near midnight. Then he rode to the little cañon at a point about half a mile above where the white man was camped.

A rough and difficult way led up this cañon to the top of the range.

Here he tied his horses short to the same tree with a hitch that could be released by a single jerk.

It was the first hour after midnight when he felt the wind with a wet finger and went down the cañon, placing each foot with care.

Chapter Fourteen

THE snort of the buckskin mule tore Sam's eyes open and jerked him upright.

He had slept through louder sounds. The squall of a bobcat, the hoot of a horned

Les Poudres Exquises



The new double compact has rouge in four shades; powder in three. The odors are Le Parfum Ideal and Quelques Fleurs—\$2.50.

Face powder tints are naturelle, rosée, ocre, vanille, ocre rosée; also blanche. The powder retains its full fragrance to the last bit in the box—\$1.50.



THE face is so precious a thing! It ought to have the finest, smoothest, most lasting powder—a powder pleasingly fragrant, and in a tint suitable for the individual tone of the skin. **C** Face powder by Houbigant is the finest it is possible to create. It eliminates the "made-up" look, but clings enduringly to the skin with an appearance of natural loveliness. It comes in the odors Subtilité, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Mon Boudoir and Le Temps des Lilas. **C** The new double compact, with the same excellent powder in compact form, and rouge in smart shades, was designed by a Parisian jeweler, exclusively for Houbigant. It is six-sided, thin, and light in weight. Most good shops, which have the powder, are also showing the new double compact.

Please write for the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper," and five sachets perfumed with Houbigant odors. Among them you may find your favorite. Houbigant, Inc., Dept. 251, 539 West 45th Street, New York.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS



An irresistible, soft, pearly appearance that blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing, seductive beauty. You will be delighted with your vastly improved appearance in comparison with Face Powder complexions that continually streak, spot and rub off. The dawn of a new, lasting beauty awaits your use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Constant "touching up" is a thing of the past. The "24 hour complexion" rendered retains a soft, bewitching appearance, unaffected by outdoor sports, dancing or weather conditions. Astringent and antiseptic, giving exceptional results in treating blemishes, flabbiness, wrinkles, tan, muddy skins, etc. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette Street
New York



Send 10c. for Trial Size R.B.

Check shade desired:
White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

M-31-7

owl, the snuffle and spatter of a family of black bears about the waterhole—these had not disturbed his rest. But he had trained his ears to listen for that warning snort even when he was asleep.

He was wide awake now, hoping it was only another lion that had scared his animals. Next minute he was up, rifle in hand and running toward where he had picketed them.

Ropes cut with a sharp knife told him the story. He stood still a moment, and way up the cañon heard shod hoofs striking rock.

He ripped out a few curses, but he wasted no time at all. He knew what his chances were without any long thinking. If the Indians were many, it was a case of dead loss. If one or two had done the trick, he might yet get his stock back.

They didn't know he had waked up. They would figure on him not to start till daylight. He knew they had gone up the cañon by the sound he had heard, and there he had another bulge on them. Otherwise he would have had to wait till daylight to look for tracks. Up the cañon they would have to go as far as the top of the range.

They would ride all night and camp at daybreak, for a grass-fed horse cannot go many hours at a stretch and needs an hour upon the best of grass for every two hours he travels. He knew a meat-fed man can run down a grass-fed horse if he has anything like an even break.

Working fast and silently, he rolled his possibilities in his buffalo robe and cached it in the fork of a tree far back in the timber. He carried nothing but a few pounds of dried meat and his rifle.

Four dark hours he stumbled up the little cañon which narrowed to a gulch with a thin trickle of water in the rocky streambed. Round pebbles rolled under his fumbling feet and more than once threw him to his knees. Thick brush lashed at his face, and he butted through it with his eyes closed.

This was a little-traveled trail made mostly by game crossing from one side of the range to the other.

Now and then he came to a shallow pool and took a quick drink, for he was hot and sweating. Whenever he drank, he ate jerked meat, tearing the tough strips with his teeth as he strode along. Often he heard the smash of brush and the thump-thump of a running deer. Fire-eyes of night-hunting critters stared and vanished. Owls hooted and foxes barked.

JUST before daylight he came to the edge of an open and lay down to wait till he could see. This far he knew the Indians must have followed the same route. Here he must pick up the trail.

Dawn showed him one of the wide grassy swales that lie just below timberline, with short dense forest of black spruce all around it, and purple flowers patching forty acres of thick grass, with a bald peak of bare rock outlined against the paling sky beyond.

Here they might have stopped, but he didn't think so. Over the divide and down into the first cañon on the other side they would almost certainly go to camp, for they would be harder to find in the broken country of the western slope.

Snow-patches on the baldy peak turned red in the rising light, and the swale shone with a million sun-touched dewdrops.

He skirted the open, keeping just inside the timber. His eyes were glued to the ground except when he stopped for a long careful look all around.

He felt new strength in his legs when he found fresh tracks where three horses and a mule had crossed the open and gone up toward the crest of the range. Only one horse was ridden. He could tell that by the way it wrangled the other three.

It was a lone warrior he had to deal with. He pulled up his belt, ate a chunk of meat, drank at the last pool of snow-water and took the plain trail at a fast clip, watching it forty feet ahead, never wavering for direction.

When the sun was an hour high, he was crossing the top of the divide where grass grew short and thick as fur on a fox, and low arctic willow patched the slopes, and ground-pine crouched and writhed in an endless battle with a never-resting wind. A lone eagle patrolled a rocky peak to the north, and from a ledge a great mountain ram with curling horns looked down at him and gave a long whistling snort of surprise.

He crossed the divide and looked down upon a cañon which carried glimpses of shining water through a forest of pine and spruce and aspen toward the far-away shadowy gorge of the Rio Grande. Somewhere in that timbered cañon the Indian had hidden for the day and was watching his back-track while the horses fed.

Sam left the tracks as soon as he saw they led down into the cañon, swung a mile to the west and took to the first timber on top of the ridge that bounded the cañon on that side. Slowly he worked his way down, first through dense dark spruce forest where the ground was littered with white fallen trunks like the rotting bones of dead monsters, and sun came through only in patches, then into the lower forest of pine and fir shooting up a hundred feet in clean straight stems, opening into glades edged with the white and green of young aspen. Broods of grouse here ran like chickens from his path, and deer that had never seen a man trotted aside and turned to stare at him with shy curiosity.

Keeping his course by the slope and the look of the timber, he never rested till he peered out from the forest across the open bottom of a cañon with a willow-bowered stream in the middle of it. Creeping out to this cover, he made his cautious way to the first place a mounted man would have to ford, and saw where his quarry had crossed.

On down the creek, often in icy water to his waist, he made his way until he found a ford where nothing had crossed. Then he knew the Indian was hidden somewhere in the dense forest on the slope above. He climbed the opposite hill a little way and hid where he had a long look up and down.

It was a crafty man he was trailing. Indians that had stolen horses generally made one long hard run and then went into camp, feeling safe because they had left their enemies afoot. They were cunning enough but they lacked the long patient care that keeps a good mountain man safe, just as they lacked his power of quick and sure decision.

Sam would not have been surprised to see his horse grazing in the open and to spot the Indian near by, but he had no such luck. This wary buck must have taken the horses far up the mountain-side to some hidden glade, and there he would keep them till near dark. Sooner or later he would have to come out—he would take the trail again; and Sam waited for him, grim and motionless, with cramped legs and gnawing belly—for he had eaten the last of his meat.

THE sun was down but the light still good when he heard the unmistakable sound of steel striking rock way up the cañon. He could feel himself gather and harden. He looked into his priming-pan and cocked his rifle.

After a little while he could hear the steady drum and shuffle of hoofs in the trail, but presently the sound stopped. He knew the Indian must have left the horses behind and gone ahead to scout. This was a crafty buck, for fair! Sam moved no



Will
you "sell"
yourself today?
Yes — if you feel fine!

YOU'VE got to, you say. There's your wife—and youngsters. Every capable and red-blooded man wants to make his mark for himself and for the sake of his family. But will you attain it? Not if you have that dull, tired feeling all the time. Nothing really wrong, but — you worry about expenses, and the children get on your nerves with their boisterousness. Your office associates seem unappreciative, somehow, and your dreams of advancement seem farther away than ever. It's time to take stock of yourself.

What's wrong, you wonder?

"Maybe it's my health?" The answer is so distasteful you laugh it off with an "Oh, I'm all right."

Strange that when your health is below par you stand up for yourself with more fervor than ever. And the reason is a simple one: "A physical ill is blockading your will."

You refuse to think of a physical cause. You hate ailments. You reject advice.

But Health won't drop down out of the sky! You've got to break that blockade for yourself. There's a quick, sure way. Say to yourself "*I'm going to feel fine,*" and have it ring with *meaning*.

The very words are magic. They make you realize, it's *your* stomach that's upset and makes you sour. It's *your* nerves that play tricks and make everyone want to keep out of your way. It's *your* mind that's blocked against using the simple, efficacious remedies which will change your drab, cross life to optimistic confidence-spreading enthusiasm that answers, "*How do I feel? Why, I feel fine!*"

Health! There's something contagious about it. It's far more catching than the dums. It's the secret of a happy home life. It's the key that unlocks success.

Joyous living is just around the corner for all of us—and you've captured it if you can say, "*I feel fine!*"

YOU can do more and better work if you take sane, practical care of your health. Thousands of physicians have put their trust in McK & R products and could tell you of McKesson & Robbins' preparation of medicines of unquestioned purity for 94 years.

A few of the products physicians all over the world have trusted for 94 years to restore and retain health and happiness

LIQUID ALBOLENE—The original Russian mineral oil endorsed by physicians for 30 years.

AGAR-ALBOLENE—(plain and compound)—Albolene made more palatable and less apt to seep by the addition of Agar-Agar.

McK & R MILK OF MAGNESIA—More colloidal than others. Mild laxative and corrector of acidity in mouth and stomach.

McK & R STEARATE OF ZINC—(Plain, with Boric Acid, or with Balsam of Peru). The original waterproof baby powder.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER—The only oxygen dentifrice—it purifies and cleanses.



McKESSON & ROBBINS

INCORPORATED

SERVING THE PUBLIC HEALTH FOR 94 YEARS THROUGH PHYSICIANS, DRUGGISTS AND DENTISTS



more than a rock while he knew the Indian was studying the trail from somewhere within a hundred yards or so.

Hoofs moved again. They splashed in the last ford he had studied, and out of the willow brush along the creek came his own buckskin mule, tied short neck and neck with a spotted Indian pony. Ten feet behind the span the Indian rode out of the brush, sitting Sam's roan, watching ahead with a steady anxious eye, leading another horse.

Sam saw him over a rifle-sight that drew slowly, steadily toward a bead.

The buckskin mule, catching a familiar whiff on the wind, suddenly planted both forefeet, bringing the spotted pony up short, cocked his ears forward and gave a long snort of amazement.

The Indian, quick as a prairie-dog in the mouth of a hole, dropped behind the roan, showing only one leg and a hand clutching the mane. At the same time he gave a yell and a kick, and the roan sprang into a run, knocking the mule and pony out of the way, thundering down the trail.

There was nothing else for it! Rising to his feet, Sam covered his own good horse and pulled the trigger.

The crash of his rifle filled the cañon. The roan made a last mighty plunge, stuck his nose into the dirt and somersaulted like a shot rabbit, spilling his rider ten feet ahead.

The fallen man rolled over twice and came up on his feet, facing Sam, who stood coolly pouring out a measure of powder to reload.

Now would the Indian take to the brush at once or try to get in an arrow first? He did neither. Deliberately he thumped himself on the chest with his fist and gave his battle-yell: "*Ecough-yough-yough!*" Then he snatched a knife from his belt and dashed at Sam, clearing the creek in a twelve-foot leap, running straight for his death as though he craved it.

So fast he ran that Sam had no time to prime his pan. He dropped the rifle, drew his long Green River knife and crouched to meet the charge.

The Indian sprang hard and sudden. They both missed with their knives and rolled down the hill, locked hard in each other's arms and struggling to see which should first get a hand loose for action.

Sam felt steel bite his back and jerked himself free as they bumped a little spruce. He came to his knees and the Indian rose above him with blood on his knife and blood in his eye. Sam saw an opening and took a long chance, throwing his heavy knife with an overhand jerk he had learned from the Mexicans. It buried almost to the hilt in the brown naked belly of his foe, and the Indian pitched down upon him, his hands closing in a hard spasm on Sam's throat.

A minute he writhed, choking, his eyes full of red as though he were drowning at the bottom of a sea of blood. Then the Indian's grip broke, Sam threw him off and they lay a few feet apart, gasping, neither able to move.

AFTER a long moment the Indian rolled over and came up on an elbow, and Sam also half rose to meet him, feeling as though his head were a ball of iron he could scarcely move. The Indian's lifted hand said feebly in sign language that he was dying and Sam was glad to let him die in peace.

They lay there like picnickers on the grass, their battle-fury spent with their blood: Antagonists by accident, they looked at each other without hatred, with a mild surprise.

In a thin husky voice the Indian began to chant his death-song. Three times he started, and each time his voice died in a gurgle. Then his throat began to swell and turn purple, for the knife had pierced his lung. Suddenly a great gout of purple blood broke from his mouth, and he fell on his

back, twitched his knees, quivered all over and died with a long deep rattling sigh.

Sam lay still, feeling his strength come back slowly, while the peace of evening crept down the cañon again. A vesper sparrow sang, and trout began leaping for gnats in a smooth pool, breaking its polished surface with arcs and circles of silver.

When at last his breath came easy, he crawled down to the creek and drank and rested and drank again. He felt of his back and found a long shallow cut under one shoulder-blade, and knew that he would lose enough blood to weaken him but that he wasn't rubbed out. Slowly he got to his feet, found his legs sound, straightened up and took a deep breath.

Erect alone in the wilderness he stood—seed of civilization—a bloodstained atom of unconquerable life.

Chapter Fifteen

FOR the third time Sam Lash came to the door of the padre's house.

Once he had come as a hungry waif to be fed, and once as a man triumphant and bearing gifts.

This time he came sore, dirty and half-starved, his buckskin stained with blood, and his shoulder swollen so that he could scarcely move his arm.

Apple trees heavy with fruit hung branches over the high wall behind the padre's house. From within came the voice of a woman singing at her work, and bees in the garden accompanied her with a strong deep sleepy hum. The padre's house seemed rooted in permanence and blessed with peace.

Sam knocked at the door and waited. After a while a girl opened it. Her eyes widened in fear as she stared at Sam Lash, making him think for the first time in many days how he must look, unshaven, dirty and haggard. She nodded and closed the door quickly in his face when he asked for the padre.

Her master greeted Sam with a suave smile that revealed no surprise.

"How are you, friend?" he asked in his rich voice of a priest, in his carefully learned, heavily accented English. "Come in!"

He led Sam into a long cool room, white-walled, dim-lit by two narrow barred windows set with mica. The room contained only a bed, rolled and covered with a Navajo blanket, making a low comfortable seat, a heavy wooden table and a chair, both homemade of yellow pine. In a corner was a canopied shrine.

"Sit down, friend!" the priest commanded. Sam sat on the bed, resting his good shoulder carefully against the wall, and the padre perched on the chair sideways, erect, looking at him with alert shrewd eyes that shone with something like triumph.

"What brings you here, my son?" he asked. "And what can I do to serve you? My house is yours."

Sam Lash moved and winced a little. His mood was truculent.

"I reckon you know what brings me here," he said. "I reckon you know all about it. When I got back to Bent's, they told me old Salazar had come with about ten of his sheep-herders and taken Lola away. Nobody there felt any call to try and stop him. They told me she hollered and carried on. And jest as I was leaving, that evil-eyed old wench Louisa told me to come to you. That was all she told me—that was all I could get out of her."

The padre heard this without a flicker. "What hurts your shoulder, my son?" he inquired.

"I rubbed out a Cheyenne that tried to leave me afoot," Sam explained, "and he put a knife in my hump-ribs. I killed my own horse in the ruckion. And then I got caught in the damndest storm that ever

broke, and lost another horse in that, and caught the ague in this cut. I've had every kind of hard luck this side of hell!"

It was half a complaint and half a boast. "I've still got my hair," he added grimly, "and that's about all I have got that I started with."

The padre nodded in grave sympathy. Sitting safe in his house, he sympathized remotely with the wandering victim of storm and battle. "Have you eaten, son?" he inquired softly.

"Not since yesterday," said Sam Lash. "But that aint nothing. What I want to know—"

"Wait!" The padre held up a hand. He rose and walked rapidly out of the room. His commanding voice in a far part of the house came back faintly, and obedient voices answered it.

Sam sat uneasy for a long while. Then there came in a little old bearded, shriveled greaser in a ragged shirt and leather pants, barefooted. He motioned Sam to come along, and Sam followed him across the *plazita* and into another room at the back corner of the house. There was nothing in it but a large wooden tub full of steaming water and a pile of clothes on a blanket.

The little old man told Sam to sit down and started to pull off his moccasins. It was the first time he could remember that anybody had ever done that for him, but he was so stiff in the back he let the greaser have his own way. When it came to getting his shirt off, he needed help, because it was plastered to his back with dry blood. The little man soaked it off with hot water so it hardly hurt at all. He shaved Sam and he washed him as if he had been a baby. Then he doused the wound with some kind of medicine and rubbed it with grease. When he had dried and combed him, he handed Sam clothes—first a linen undershirt and a pair of long linen drawers and Missouri wool socks, then a blue shirt and a pair of black leather pants split and laced Mexican fashion from the knee down.

Sam walked out of there feeling weaker, feeling softened like a piece of tough rawhide that a squaw dips in water and works and dresses with gentle hands.

The little man then led him to another room where the padre waited for him and greeted him kindly.

SAM could hardly see the padre. He could see nothing but the table which shone under the light of two thick white candles. It was spread with a white cloth and set with hammered silver dishes rubbed bright as a new blade. In the middle of the table stood a great bowl filled with a stew, and it reached across the room and touched his nose with its savory steam of young mutton, brown beans and chile, making him slaver so he had to swallow, waking the hunger that had died of neglect under his tightened belt.

When they had sat down, a red-skirted, soft-footed girl came in and set before each a good-sized gourd filled with liquor. The padre lifted his with grace, smiling.

"This brandy was made from grape wine by the Brothers in El Paso forty years ago next fall," he said. "I hope you will like it. I drink to your good health!"

To the last drop the ancient brandy slid down Sam's throat, gentle as spring water, leaving no such trail of fire as the corn liquors he had mostly known. And yet in a minute he could feel it to his fingers and his toes, flooding him with a weakening happiness.

He sat grinning like a possum, feeling a helpless fool. The grim determinations he had brought here were still in his mind, but the grim mood that supported them was dissolving. Warm water, brandy and kindness were breaking a strength that knew how to feed only on battle.



"Ala Russe"

PARIS DELIGHTS HERSELF

with Gorgeous New Russian Shades of Rouge

KRASNY
*A Vogue inspired
 by the make-up of the Imperial Exiles
 of the court of Russia*

When the Czar and his brilliant court and all the magnificent aristocracy of Russia went down to ruin in the Revolution, those who escaped death became exiles, homeless wanderers on the face of the earth.

Paris took them in—Paris with her flair for novelty and romance, was thrilled to welcome these magnificent women of a vanished dream—with their grand style, their infinite allure, above all their gorgeous color. Over night they were a new vogue!

Color is the Russian note—marvelously struck in the make-up of these splendid infinitely *chic mondaines!*

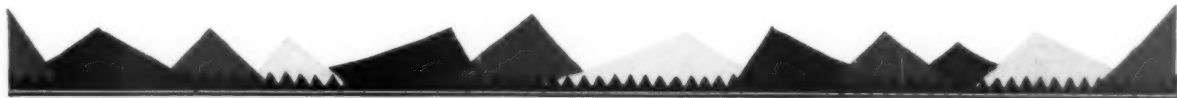
Like the American women, they have vivid personality, they are not afraid of glowing, heart-arresting effects. Paris, seeing their beautiful and thrilling art of make-up, has responded as Paris always responds—she has made it her own! Krasny!

And we have brought Krasny to America for you—those gorgeous shades of Rouge. And we must say it, too—in quality there is no rouge in the world like Krasny—so silky in texture, so caressing to the skin, an undreamed of delicacy in a dry rouge, exquisitely plastic.

A fashion rouge as delightful as it looks! And with it of course Krasny lipstick to match Krasny powder, too indispensable for the Krasny make-up (a light powder that clings—utterly new too), and Krasny creams. Try one Krasny make-up—you will never, never use anything else! Lovely! Luxor Limited, Paris, New York, Chicago.



*The Rouge Compact is 50c
 Face Powder \$1.00—Lipstick 75c
 Bath Powder 50c—Creams 50c*



H A V E A C A M E L



Camels—created for enjoyment

THE people of this modern age are the busiest workers of all time. But they are wise enough to seek relaxation, and they place Camel first among cigarettes.

For Camel is the modern word for *enjoyment*. In your work and in your play, through busy days or restful evenings, Camel will answer your every mood.

The world's largest tobacco organization secures the best of everything for Camels. The choicest tobaccos grown.

Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Now the girl was filling a deep silver plate with the stew and putting beside it another piled high with corn-cakes, steaming hot, and thin as the blade of a knife. In place of the brandy gourd stood a cup of red wine that he could never empty.

Sam ate with the silent intensity of starvation, crouching red-faced over his plate. Too many desperate hungers he had known ever to eat with lazy grace like the padre, who plucked choice morsels from the stew with long clean fingers, plumped them neatly into his mouth and licked his fingers clean before he lifted his winecup.

At first Sam's hunger seemed to grow as he ate, and he looked uneasily at the dwindling stew and followed the girl with anxious eyes when she carried it away. But she was soon back with a large boiled fowl almost buried under potatoes and carrots. She brought him more *tortillas* and filled his cup.

When the chicken was a wreck of bones, she came with a plate of custard cooked with raisins and *piñones* and a cup of black coffee, and when he had got outside of that, Sam knew that at last, and for the first time in days, he was full. He became aware of the padre's tolerant smile.

IN the padre's eyes shone a light of native good-fellowship strong enough to overcome a prejudice, but in them also was the wisdom of the ancient church to whom all men are one to be saved, and all are children to be ruled.

"Did you enjoy your supper, my son?" he asked.

Sam nodded his solid satisfaction.

"*Muchas gracias!*" he said. "That was the one best feed ever I et."

Sam filled a pipe, and the padre rolled native tobacco in a corn-husk. He clapped his hands, and a girl came running with a coal. They lit and puffed, each waiting for the other to begin.

The padre was a subtle man, but Sam was not.

"What I want to know," he blurted at last, "is what *she* said. Does she want me back? Because if she does—"

The padre raised a hand, deprecating such brutal gringo directness.

"She has suffered much," he evaded. "She came to me, her Father in God, for comfort. She has been much in my house ever since she returned to Taos. I counseled forgiveness—"

"What were they going to do with her?" Sam demanded.

"They wanted to send her to a convent in Durango," the padre replied after a moment of consideration.

"And she wouldn't go?"

The padre waved aside the question of her choice as irrelevant.

"I told them not to," he said. "She has no vocation."

Sam meditated this over slow puffs.

"What else did you tell 'em, Padre?" he asked at last.

The padre knocked yellow ash off his cigarette and stared at its glowing tip a full minute before he spoke.

"I told them to forgive," he said at last.

"I told them you are a brave, strong young man whom any might be proud to have for son. I said, when this strong, brave young man returns,—and he will return,—let us receive him. I said the arms of the Church are open to all who have faith, and God's will must be ours. I said, let us receive this strong young man into the Church and then into the family. I said, let him be married again in the rite of the Church, and become one of us, and he will strengthen us against our enemies."

Sam sat silent, grappling with smooth words.

He had come for a woman, determined to take her by stealth or force as he could. He had come ready to fight.

He had come for a woman, and he was being offered a Church and a family.

How many strings were tied to this woman? She was anchored like a trap by hidden chains.

And her arms were white and round, and once incredibly a long time ago they had held him. . . .

The padre, watching him close, thrust again with smooth quick words.

"The Salazars, you know, have a grant of land from the Government across the mountains on the Cimarron. They are supposed to send men there, build and plant, make a new outpost against the Indians and the Texans, trade with the Sioux, the Cheyenne and the 'Rapaho. But who is to lead? They need a man who knows Indian language and how to fight Indians. I said to old Salazar, here God has sent you a son who can do what the sons of your loins cannot. And he listened to me patiently, for he is always disgusted with his own sons. They spend their nights with many women and their days betting on cockfights. I said here is a man who has trapped and fought all over the mountains. And he knows that the days of the trapper are soon over. Already beaver is worth half what it was, and the best of the streams have all been exhausted. This man, I said, is able to do what you need of a son. He will settle your lands and make the title good in your family. He will become a Mexican citizen—"

Sam lifted an interrupting hand. He was getting too much all at once. He had come for a woman. He was being offered a Church and a ranch and a nation. He was to plow and build and trade. All of these things, it seemed, went with the woman as the tail goes with the hide. Everything that binds a man down goes with a woman. What a hell of a lot of things are tied to a skirt!

The valley of the Cimarron where he had been a week ago. . . . Soil that would cut black under a plow, water that would turn a mill, grass for a thousand cows. . . . He had sprawled there in the sun and watched two birds flutter and play.

Timber and stone to build a house—a thick-walled house to shelter his homeless spirit, a house that would hold him like a trap. . . . Her hold soft but unbreakable about his shoulders, her tangling hair that had held him, go where he would. . . .

He could not get these things straight.

Think what he would, he always thought back to her. Go where he will, a man comes back to a woman. She pulls him down. She holds him down. She takes out of him power and longing to go. She makes him plow and build, who would rather wander and fight.

FOR a long time he sat silent, trying to think, trying to frame a reply, but no words came. He could not match the words of the priest. He could not refuse.

"What do you want me to say, Padre?" he asked at last, helplessly.

The padre moved back his chair and stood. His head was lifted and his face was solemn.

"You must give me your word that you will be married in the rites of the Church. You must become one of us—"

Sam got up and held out his hand.

"There it is," he said. "And I aint never gone back on it yit."

The padre shook hands with him warmly.

"Come," he said, and Sam followed him out into the hallway that pierced the front of the house and across the *plazita* to the door of another room. The padre opened the door to absolute darkness. He clapped his hands, and the girl who had waited on them came with a candle. The padre took it as he entered, and went about touching the tips of other candles in tall silver holders that stood on the floor, bringing to light a

small square windowless room hung from floor to ceiling with some black stuff. At the far side of it was a shrine under a life-sized figure of Christ crucified. The room smelled heavily of incense. It was hard to breathe in there.

Sam stood uneasily, sweat prickling out all over him. The black walls and heavy air made him feel trapped.

The padre, with his eyes fixed on the sacred figure, went down upon his knees. He bent his head, murmuring. His groping hand found Sam's. Gently, insistently, he tugged. . . .

Sam hesitated; he wavered; he felt like breaking for the door. But his knees gave, as so much in him had given, and he knelt. Beaten he knelt before the God of her people. In his heart he knelt to her.

He got to his feet in a daze and met the padre's look with a smile of bewildered peace. The padre seized his hand, looked long into his eyes—then with a sudden grip almost crushed his fingers. . . .

"My son, my son!" His suavity was gone. His voice almost broke. "You have come to your God!"

THEY went back across the *plazita*, the padre lighting the way with his candle. "Now you must rest," he said.

"But padre, aint there no way you could get word to her now? How long will it take to make this deal?"

The padre walked on rapidly.

"Patience, my son," he said. "These things take time."

At last he stopped before a door and stood, his face yellow in the glare of his candle, smiling.

"This is my room for honored guests," he said formally, his hand on the latch. "Often my parishioners come to me when they are in bitter trouble, and this room I have set apart for them. Many a beautiful girl, crossed in love and at war with her family, has found the peace of God here and has slept in this room. It is perfumed with the presence of beautiful souls. I hope you will sleep well."

Words, beautiful words! Sam groped for other words of answer. But the padre had pushed the door ajar and placed the candle in his hand.

"Good night, my son," he said, and padded swiftly away.

Sam looked after him a moment and then pushed open the door, holding his candle high. . . .

The light of it was reflected in her eyes as she stood waiting for him at the far side of the room.

Sam rocked on his heels in the shock of surprise, for he had not caught the padre's hint.

Her heavy hair hung loose about her shoulders. Her eyes seemed to have grown because her face was thinner.

Her face was a record of all she had felt. He was not the only one that had lived through storms and battles.

Her head was high, and her look was proud. She seemed about a foot taller than he remembered, and there was no welcome in her eyes or on her lips. She seemed tall and terrible, and Sam felt as though he were shrinking every minute. . . .

Just as before, it was his weakness that softened her. After all, she had won.

Tenderly triumphant she smiled, looking down, but did not move. He must come to her—he who had run away.

He touched her at first as though she had been of dangerous substance, but when his hands felt her unresisting warmth, he lost his fear. He crushed her in his arms, and her face, back-flung to meet his kiss, was a mask of willing pain. . . .

Antagonists who could neither triumph, they struggled in a grip neither could break.

THE END



So much to do
everyday
everyday!

Why our hurried, nervous lives, our pleasures and our work, induce Auto-Intoxication, the self-poisoning that lowers vitality and keeps us miserable and depressed.

In these quick-step times thousands of American women are on the go from morning until night. Somehow they manage to run a household—to bring up children and to rush to parties and to dinners. They are active in society and in clubs. They work hard and they play hard.

But under the pressing demands of this twentieth century life—too many of us—men and women alike—neglect to take care of our physical selves. We are irregular in our habits—we exercise only in spurts—most of us eat more than we should.

And so, headaches, indigestion, and that "tired feeling" are common—and all too often the food we eat remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and setting up a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication. This self-poisoning is at the root of most of our modern ills.

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication and its bad effects, the first step is to correct the stoppage and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep feeling physically fit.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J-87, 71 West St.
N. Y. C.

Sal
Hepatica



© 1927.

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 89)

conferred with him on all important matters and supplemented his vision and idealism with her perhaps more practical point of view.

"It is surprising," some one remarked lately, "how many contented couples one runs across in Washington." And I agreed. In New York it was the striking exception for a wife to take any interest in her husband's business affairs, especially if he was interested in finance or commercial lines. But, as one can observe in the national capital, there seems to be something in a man's occupying a prominent and important position which cements their interests and gives them a common satisfaction. Even where a wife does not actively work with her husband behind the scenes, she shares his sense of public duty and takes pride in his service and success.

Generally among the higher types of young people today there appears to be this growing conception that a wife is an equal member of a union in which, to find happiness and success, there must be mutual trust and teamwork. Nowadays, before a girl marries, she generally knows about a man's prospects. And she feels she has the right to know. Her fiancé likewise expects her to be interested in his ambitions and to help him toward attainment. If marriage is to mean economy and self-sacrifice, she is prepared for that, and in nine cases out of ten can turn her own hand, if necessary, toward making ends meet. The false standard that a husband should be the sole provider and the wife a helpless dependent now seldom prevails. If two young people are so much in love they cannot wait until there is a "nest-egg" laid away, both can work or follow chosen professions. Hundreds of young couples are doing this, with the result that there is a new sense of mutual helpfulness.

HOW much Charles D—, today a distinguished novelist, owes to the help of his wife few readers of his brilliant books know. Few have ever heard of Alma. Alma was brought up in Chicago, on whose shores the surf of the World War's aftermath washed somewhat later than it did in New York. But Alma was considerably in advance of the girls of her age, and had quite modern ideas. When she married Charles, then a reporter on a Chicago paper, she realized the precariousness of becoming a writer's wife. Charles was irked by the grind of daily reporting. He wanted to write books. And if he had confidence in himself, so had Alma. She was willing to gamble upon his future. She had been given an excellent musical education, and she played well.

"Throw up your job and make a try at something permanent," she told Charles. "There's no future to reporting. Write books."

"On what?" Charles shrugged his shoulders cynically.

"Why, on what I am going to earn," Alma rejoined confidently. "What good is my musical education unless I put it to some practical use? What good am I as a wife unless I can help you? You're too tired out after work on the paper to write at night and do your best. You must have a free mind. Now I've decided to give music-lessons. I know a lot of people—I'm sure I can get pupils. We'll try it, anyway."

Alma succeeded in securing many pupils, and for three years provided for the home while her husband devoted himself to serious fiction. His first two books attracted favorable critical attention, but had no sale; his third caught on, and since then he has written several notable novels. Formerly it would have been considered degrading and unmanly for a sturdy male to let his wife work, pay the rent and the bills, while he was trying to get a foothold scribbling.

Charles would have had to hold his bread-and-butter job and would probably never have gotten anywhere. His wife would have been a drag. Under the freedom of present conditions, with her belief a goad and inspiration to continued effort, he has been able to win a growing public and to achieve a unique position. And he frankly admits he owes his success to Alma. Isn't that worth having?

TWENTY years ago one of the "six best sellers" was a novel which especially appealed to women and whose popularity was doubtless due to its expressing what was then so prevalent a point of view among them. Mrs. Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calamady" was the story of a woman who married a cripple. More than one friend told me that she envied that wife because she would always enjoy an absolute possession of the man. Because of his deformity he would remain at home, and she need never fear the rivalry of other women.

"I think it is perfectly wonderful," one said. "I'll tell you frankly it expresses just where I stand. I want my husband always with me. I'd rather have him deformed and be sure of him, than live in constant fear of losing him."

Did they ever stop to consider how it must chafe the average man to be under constant surveillance and suspicion? How it must have vexed a husband to be cross-questioned and rebuked when he came home late at night? How he must have yearned for a free breathing-spell when his wife insisted on keeping him at home or else tagging along wherever he went?

I know a divorced woman—she is about forty-five—who had the chance of making a good marriage. She is quite poor, but aside from the marriage being desirable in a material way, she was deeply in love with the man. But she was afraid of losing him to other women, and wanted him with her all the time. She was constantly calling him on the telephone; she never left him alone for a day. She tried to possess him absolutely. She made herself abject in her attentions and protestations of devotion. She didn't have the sense to realize that no man can stand being nagged, and that no one has the right to try to appropriate another's life. The man was really fond of her, but was eventually repelled by her overlavish insistences. He stopped to think what would happen if he ever married her, and he broke the engagement. The quickest way to kill love is to surfeit one with it.

WHEN I visited England a dozen years ago or more, a friend told me of an experiment which had been made by a great and famous psychologist. This man was one of the pioneers in the study of the psychology of love and of sexual relationships, and had come to the conclusion that what sometimes destroys sex-attraction and the interest of married people in each other is too intimate contact. So he and his wife agreed to live apart. Two houses were built,—on the same grounds, however,—and the philosopher and his wife lived in these divided households. They had their individual servants, and separately entertained their friends. When they so desired they would have dinner together or visit each other. There was no uninvited intrusion upon one another's privacy. Each was free. At that time this arrangement of their ménage shocked many people. But consider the result! After living separately for so many years these two pioneers—an old man and an old woman with gray hair today—are still passionately attached in an affection which has ripened and deepened with the years. The philosopher proved his theory.

don't fool
yourself



It ruins romance

Do you ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Can you imagine yourself married to a person offending this way? Halitosis is the unforgivable social offence, and don't fool yourself by thinking you never have it.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never can tell.

The way to avoid such offence is

$\frac{1}{3}$
Had Halitosis

120 hotel clerks, 40 of them in the better class hotels, say that nearly every third person inquiring for a room has halitosis. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

to rinse the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Immediately it removes every unpleasant odor—even a powerful one like that of the onion.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office—so that you may always put

yourself on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?



You can keep strong, thick hair

Worrying about your hair?

PERHAPS your hair seems thinner, less healthily vigorous—you have wondered whether "anything could be done to help it . . ."

Two common scalp troubles cause thinning hair—dandruff and sluggish circulation. This simple treatment corrects quickly both these hair ills:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Give yourself this Pinaud treatment every morning—feel the new glow of swift scalp circulation—notice the absence of dandruff—the fact that your hair is thicker, more vigorous!

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.



PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

A few years ago a popular story-writer married a musician. The wife announced they would follow the example of the famous Englishman and live in separate apartments. This no longer created any stir, as the idea of "paddling one's own canoe" had already come to be accepted. So far as I know, the experience has worked out quite satisfactorily. Generally, however, I question the wisdom of a course which seems less to tend to a bringing together and more likely to cause a drifting apart.

AMONG a great majority who followed the trend of the times in rushing hastily or thoughtlessly into marriage, the relationship is inevitably bound to be impermanent. When the first flush of physical attraction wanes, and when there is nothing more substantial than that, the logical end is separation. On the other hand, the fact that a woman was economically a clinging vine under former conditions was often the most pressing if not the only reason for her sticking by her contract after she had ceased to love. Many such women would have been happier and better off if they had left men whom they had ceased to love, or worse, had come to resent and despise.

As to questioning whether it is better for children to be brought up in an atmosphere of bickering and antagonism—as was often the case where fidelity was enforced by conventions—than to be reared by one of their divorced parents, I am inclined to think the children of divorce are in some cases better off in being saved from the evil examples and influence of a disrupted home. Granted there is a current tendency to laxity in the conjugal relationship—and one cannot deny the impressive increase in divorce statistics,—among the more intelligent classes the new freedom of women may be making for higher standards and an ultimately more substantial basis for marriage.

IF Hope were a man, she'd be President of the United States some day." It was at a club on Long Island, and we were all mounted and ready to ride to hounds. Startled by the contemplative observation of my friend, my gaze followed his toward a girl sitting upon a spirited horse. In her well-cut riding habit there was something regal about Hope. She was in the true sense of the word handsome. When I saw her, I sometimes thought of Juno, goddess of wisdom, but I had never before considered her in the light of a potential President. Women were never thought of by such a term then.

Hope had been graduated from college with high honors and had won degrees. Of outstanding mentality, she was one of the most interesting women I have ever known. Her vision was like a crystal lens, clear, sharply defined. When problems arose, she was quick to see a solution. Of great ability, she possessed a real executive mind. I could have imagined Hope at the head of a big corporation or directing a political campaign, she was so efficient, so gifted with a power to lead. Women instinctively adopted her suggestions and followed them. Yes, I think she was in fact not only the most able woman I have ever met, but one of the most spiritual.

In a day when most avenues—politics, the professions, business—were closed to women, Hope aspired to an educational career. She would have made a brilliant and commanding president of a college. I often wonder what services she might have rendered her sex. After taking degrees in philosophy she prepared to enter a college as a professor. At this juncture she fell in love, and as often happens, it was the case of an attraction of opposites. She married a man infinitely inferior to herself, physically good-looking but narrow-minded, selfish and dogmatic. He couldn't see that a woman could be a good

wife and pursue a career. Hope, being much in love and conforming to the traditions, elected to sacrifice her own future, all her ambitions, and devote herself to the man with whom she cast her lot. As petty men often do, he assumed an arrogant lordship over this magnificent woman. And as small minds often are, he was self-assertive, boastful, vain, contemptuous of others and superciliously critical.

Rumors came to me of Hope's unhappiness. What she endured, confined to her home and circumscribed to paltry interests, one can only imagine. Her dreams crushed, her health began to fail. It was like the collapse of some majestic temple into ruin. But she was game and never complained. When her husband—doubtless resenting a superiority instinctively felt—was rude to her before their friends, with sneering sarcastic remarks, she merely tried to smile. She went down with her flag flying. . . . She died in giving birth to a child. Not long after her death her husband married again. His second wife found him unendurable and soon divorced him. Was that man worth the sacrifice of such a woman as Hope?

ONLY when one considers the unrestricted fields which are open to young women today, and the brilliant and outstanding successes made by so many, can one realize the vast arc which women have described in a comparatively few years of freedom and progress. No field, practically, is closed except perhaps a military or naval career. One is no longer surprised to hear that a woman—Mrs. Blanche R. Green, general sales manager of a corset manufacturing concern—earns a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year. One accepts it as right and fitting that a woman—Mrs. Mabel W. Wilbrandt—should be an assistant attorney-general of the United States. One knows of women lawyers who are as brilliant advocates before the bar as the leading men of the profession. Women—as yet, alas, too few—are popularly elected to political office—as governors of States and representatives to Congress—and share in the councils of the great political parties. They are competing with men and making good in business, finance, the professions; they are directing corporations, acting as executives in banks, producing plays, directing motion pictures, writing advertisements for fifty thousand or more a year. Not to speak of what they are doing in the arts. Many of the most notable exhibitions in painting and sculpture in recent years have been by very young women. It is the uncommon thing now for a girl not to take up some special profession, business or course of study. Hundreds are mastering science, the higher mathematics, political economy, psychology, philosophy—studies once believed possible only to more masterly male minds. And because they are doing this, have they become less eligible as good wives, less potentially efficient mothers?

Her horizon limited, the old-fashioned girl did often become petty. But now, instead of hats and dresses and small-minded gossip, she has bigger things to talk about. The modern wife, with her business or her interests, isn't usually a complaining or nagging wife. And the woman who hasn't attracted men and to whom marriage is denied, or who doesn't desire marriage, is not destined to an empty and sterile life of ridicule and bitterness. That tragic figure of the past, so often caricatured in the funny papers and books, the old maid—sharp-featured and sharp-tongued, bitter, envious and spiteful, the gossip-monger of her town and inveterate trouble-maker—has passed away. Balzac would now find few prototypes for a *Cousin Betty* among the bachelor girls of America. The unoccupied spinster of a former day now finds a substitute for marriage in varied occupations and interests.

AT one time there was a sharply defined demarcation between what women might do professionally and in a dilettante way for their amusement. Among certain classes it would not have been considered quite "the thing" to keep a tea-shop. If a girl had artistic talent, say in painting or music, there was a wide gulf between a playful dipping into the thing and a development of it to make money. A girl might have a real gift, and it was all right for her to dab upon canvas as a recreation, but to have studied it until she became a professional artist and then to have exhibited and sold pictures, would have been all wrong.

Now society women, and the daughters of society women, are painting pictures, giving exhibits of sculptures, and writing books which have won for them an enviable distinction. One of the most gifted sculptors living is a rich woman whose family is very prominent. Acclaimed both in America and France, she has filled important commissions for groups for which she receives large sums of money. She is regarded as artistically superior to many men contemporaries.

When she first had a studio years ago downtown in New York, near Washington Square, some of her more conservative acquaintances were shocked. Others scoffed at the idea of a woman of leisure becoming a sculptress. Now that she has established herself, she is respected and admired. Not only that, but her daughter has also developed a fine talent. In every way her mother encouraged it. The girl studied in Paris, and both there and in New York has won favorable attention through her work.

Another girl who has achieved an international success is the daughter of a man who made a fortune building submarines. Her work is unconventional and marked by a bizarre genius, but is distinguished by an imagination, a mastery of stroke and power which seems almost masculine. Her canvases sell for big prices. She doesn't need the money—but should she give her work away? Like many artists, she is temperamental, wild, unconventional to a degree of audacity, scornful of convention, social as well as artistic. Friends declared she would never settle down, and some pitied the man she might marry. She fell in love with a student at Yale. There was a romantic if unnecessary elopement; but could you expect the "devil-driver"—as the newspapers called her in recounting her arrests for motor speeding—to marry tamely as others did? She has continued her work, and between pictures has managed to have three children. And her husband adores her.

STILL another girl smiles a reminder when people question the possibility of freedom and independence in connection with marriage.

Satiated with all that money could buy and caught in the modern current of thought that the young should be economically free, Gladys one summer evening ran away from her parents' home in Vermont. Throughout her life she had had everything she could wish for or her mother could shower upon her. One might have thought this "idle daughter of the rich" would have been corrupted by a too effete luxury. But not so. She became impatient in her life of idleness. She wanted to be free. So this product of our chaotic civilization, at nineteen, much more than ordinarily pretty and with a flair for writing as her only asset, traveled to the Golden Gate to seek her fortune with but two hundred dollars in her pocket. Her destination was Hollywood, her ambition to become a scenario writer. It wasn't, of course, any greed for money that spurred her; but she coveted the laurels of Jeanie MacPherson, Frances Marion and Anita Loos. She was a girl of dreams, and she wanted to share her dreams with others through the shadow dramas of the screen.

A leading dealer near you is ready to demonstrate why Filmo is the world's highest quality personal movie equipment. Write for his name and descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See You Get."



"What You See You Get"

BELL & HOWELL

Filmo

Automatic
CAMERA
and
PROJECTOR

Easy

with Filmo equipment, to have MOTION PICTURES of Your Children

THOUSANDS have learned—as you will learn—that taking motion pictures with the Bell & Howell Filmo is easier than taking snapshots with an ordinary camera. Simply look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. That is all there is to it. No cranking, no focusing, no shutter adjustment, no tripod required. Without previous photographic experience of any kind you can take first-class movies with Filmo on the first try.

Think what this simplicity means to you—who would treasure movies of your children almost as you treasure the children themselves! Every move, gesture, fleeting expression and characteristic mannerism faithfully recorded for the future!

Filmo Camera—and automatic Projector for showing your movies—are made with all the beauty and precision that enter the larger Bell & Howell Cameras, with which nearly all motion pictures shown at best theatres are made.

Eastman Safety Film (16 mm)—in the yellow box—used in Filmo camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and postage to your door. Then comes the thrill of seeing your own movies at home, using Filmo automatic Projector.

Write for descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See You Get," telling all the interesting details.



BELL & HOWELL CO.

1844 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.)

Established 1907

The clearness and sparkle noticeable in Ansco prints explain their popularity better than all the words in the world.



—the counter-sign
of good film

RIGHT at your elbow in scores of the stores that you visit every day is the handy new Ansco Dispenser—absolute assurance of fine, fresh film. It reminds you of a purchase you often might forget. Reminds you, too, of Speedex—the principle that distinguishes Ansco from all other film and makes good picture-taking easy under the widest possible range of light conditions.

There is no better film than Ansco Speedex. It adds an extra margin of certainty to every exposure you make.

Ansco percentage is 6 out of 6—in any well-handled camera. You won't know how good your camera really is until you've tried it out with Speedex! Buy from the Ansco Dispenser.



The Sesquicentennial Gold Medal for Excellence in Camera Design and Manufacture was awarded to

ANSCO

Ansco Cameras have never failed to take the Gold Medal in any competition they have entered.

ANSCO

The early history of photography in America is woven about a few outstanding pioneer names—among them Anthony, Scovill, Adams and Goodwin—all now represented in Ansco. The record dates back to 1842. The distinction of originating roll-film, of being the first in America to make cameras and the first to establish a full line of professional supplies all belongs to Ansco.



ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Ansco Cameras—Cyko & Noko Paper—Ansco Speedex Film

Gladys arrived in Los Angeles, and she found herself like most idealists with dreams to sell. It wasn't possible to give them away. Her money was soon gone, and when the necessity of immediate cash confronted her, she "hired out" as a waitress in a restaurant. She came to know privation. Humiliated at first, she was obliged to accept paltry tips, and then, with other girls, began to count her tips at the end of the day. Discouraged? Oh, yes! But she never winced, never gave in. She was going to succeed as a writer, and this was "human experience." It was. Like the life of a private in the army, the work brought such physical fatigue at the end of the day that she had little time or energy left to cultivate her literary talents or even to dream. Yet for one year she persisted. Exhausted as she was, she sometimes managed to work sporadically at night, turning out synopses of pictures and short stories. These were all returned. She came to lack clothes, and lived in a small and meager room; she was able to eat enough food in the restaurant, but she had no pleasure, no friends. She scorned all assistance from home.

IN New York, Gladys had met a boy who had vainly sought to marry her. She admitted she liked him, and they had much in common. He was a writer himself, struggling to get a foothold, and then futilely seeking a job on a magazine. But she declared she would not marry until she could support herself. Just as she had determined she would not be dependent upon her parents, she took the stand she could not be a parasitic wife. When she made good, well—

During her absence in California the boy secured work writing advertising "copy." In the year of separation he managed to save enough for a trip West, and to have "something ahead." Learning of her whereabouts, he sought her out. One can picture that meeting in the restaurant—this nice well-bred boy, shocked, almost horrified, yet delighted to find the girl; this exquisite dainty creature, accustomed to all the refinements and delicacies of life, in the white-aproned habiliments of a waitress and carrying a tray, greeting him in incredulous yet happy surprise. Marble-topped tables, paper napkins, clatter of dishes and rattle of imitation silverware. People coarsely devouring food. Babble of voices. Laughter. "Hey, there, git a move on—how long does it take yuh to fry an aig?" "Where's that coffee I ordered? Make it snappy!" Waitresses rushing to and fro like figures in a delirium. "Two fried, golden side up." "One hash brown." "One coffee—make it two."

Amid the clamor and the odors and the hurry and bustle the two staring at each other: "Oh, Jack, you're the first friend I've seen in a year." "And I'm going to take you back—for keeps, honey. I have a job now." "If the manager sees me here, I'll lose mine. You'd better sit down and I'll take your order. I'm off at nine o'clock."

Time 9:05 P. M. Scene: street in Los Angeles.

JACK: "Your mother wants me to bring you home. Says she'll be glad if you marry me. Isn't that better than being a waitress?"

GLADYS: "When I marry, it'll be because I want to—not because my mother approves. I have my own life to make, and I don't have to ask anything of anyone. I have yet to prove myself."

JACK: "And can't I help you?"

GLADYS: "Maybe. But not with money. I'd never allow a man to support me. I'd feel like a beggar or a parasite. I want fame; I want fortune; and I'm going to get them, and 'on my own.'"

JACK: "You want that so much you have no place for love?"

GLADYS: "Yes, if I were free to love—to

give love voluntarily and not depend for food and shelter in pay for it. Love must be given, not bartered for. When I begin to establish myself I may be fitted to marry."

She insisted she would never take any money from her parents until she had demonstrated she could be self-supporting. She refused to become dependent on him. But at last they compromised. He sympathized with her ambitions and wanted her to succeed. She knew he was sincere. With his experience and ability, he offered to work with her, edit her stories and train her how to write. And they agreed to live only on what they could earn between them. He would pursue his own work, and she would struggle toward success in her own. When both earned enough, each would be financially free. On these terms she consented to marry him.

And the end of the story? Jack is now earning ten thousand dollars a year in an advertising agency, and Gladys' name appears frequently in popular magazines. She has not succeeded as a scenario writer, an ambition she gave up for short-story writing, but for the picture rights of a tale which appeared in a weekly she received—in cash actually—seven thousand and five hundred dollars! She is gaining a mastery of story technique, and earns enough to go fifty-fifty on their apartment expenses and to buy her own clothes. Incidentally, the story whose picture rights brought a substantial change in fortune was about the romantic adventure of a beautiful heiress who became a waitress.

MUCH has been gained by women, yes. One cannot, however, but recognize that with many certain vital things have been lost. Women's influence is immeasurably greater than it has ever been. If they have proven their efficiency in business, in art, in politics, will they fail to make a success of the institution—hitherto never perfect—most necessary as a safeguard to civilization and the race?

Freed of obligatory economic dependence and an enforced propinquity of companionship and dominance which often killed affection, freed from taboos which forbade development and the full expression of their personalities, fully able to stand on their own feet, women can be comrades to their mates as they never were before. Compared to the multitude of insincere, unoccupied and pleasure-seeking, the more serious, ambitious and high-minded women who are struggling and achieving may constitute a decided minority. Yet it is these who will surely help to bring equilibrium out of the present upset, perhaps by their example bring the more careless to their senses and maybe regain from the past the spiritual ideals and standards which seem to have gone under.

Many people are saying that marriage is crumbling and that we are destined for unimaginable demoralization. Much that was unsound and false in marriage has indeed largely passed away. But if one is to judge of the future one must seek out the better examples of marriage. These are the criteria to measure by.

Nevertheless there is for young married couples a serious danger in this new freedom—a danger of too little mutual consideration, too little patience, liberty carried to excess, with the danger of drifting apart. Given their independence, what gain will it mean unless in larger opportunities for service? Given this amazing freedom, what gain if all that was precious in the life of the old-time fireside is lost? Young married women may make notable and material success outside of marriage, but of what value "if they gain the whole world" and lose that which is a pearl of great price?

To be lasting, marriage should primarily be founded on friendship—a friendship that

Guardian of the

flight of Time

Winton WATCHES

WITH A CENTURY OF
PRESTIGE

IF a wrist watch is wanted for adornment only, a mere bracelet will do as well. But for accuracy added to beauty—buy a Winton.

Winton Watches have long been and are now the standard of the world for perfection of movement. Winton innovations create the new styles of watches.

But through all the variety of designs, the broad range of prices, Winton Watches maintain their three-point supremacy of accuracy, beauty, and durability.



Winton Wrist Watch
Sonia

A charmingly original design—the case exquisitely chased, with black ribbon wrist band. 14K White Gold Filled Case and Clasp. 15 Jewel Movement.

Price \$32.50

Other exclusive Winton designs range from \$25 to \$200.

DIDISHEIM
BREGUET
FACIO
RICHARD
CRESSIN
BENLEIN
GALLERD

The Winton Watch Division
of the
HIPP-DIDISHEIM CO. INC.
NEW YORK



A very necessary precaution in summer

THE cleanness of the closet bowl is important at all times of the year. But it is especially important in summer. You need to be very sure that it is purified, often.

Use Sani-Flush. Sprinkle it into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Every stain, mark and incrustation is gone. Foul odors are banished. And the hidden, unhealthful trap—impossible to reach with a brush—is purified too.

Easy to use, of course. And the use of Sani-Flush has taken the drudgery out of every necessary duty. Harmless to plumbing connections. Keep a can of it handy. Use it often.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 8-28



Selling Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York, N. Y.

slipped naturally into love and out of which passion grew. Then when the first glamour of physical attraction has passed, there is a beautiful companionship to fall back on. Even where the occupations may differ, there is possible a deep understanding and sympathy in each other's work, with mutual interests in their children and maintaining a home.

Back of all the present turmoil lies the necessity of something substantial to hold on to—the belief that this world is but a training-school for future effort and progress, that we must not seek our own happiness at the expense of others, that what we need is more love in our hearts, more unselfishness, and a pause before we act to try to realize what would be Christ's way. In fact—as did the "brown lady"—to remember "where there is no vision, the people perish."

(In 1888, when Mrs. Harriman became

engaged to be married, there were only 28,669 divorces in the United States. In 1925, according to the last report issued by the Department of Commerce, the number had risen to 175,495. Even allowing for the increase in population, the increase of divorces is out of all proportion in ratio. And in the growing laxity of the marriage relationship and startling increase in divorces is a problem giving serious concern to all who are interested in the preservation of the home life and the welfare of the nation and the race. Should divorce be made easier or marriage more difficult? Should easy divorces be permitted or discouraged? What of the children of divorce? Should changes be made in legislation—if so, what? Toward what is the facile dissolution of marriage tending? With this problem Mrs. Harriman will deal in the September issue of The Red Book Magazine.)

THE MOVIES MAKE THE MAN

(Continued from page 51)

"God's gift to the silver screen!" exclaims Cole. "Then I can count on him doing just what he's told to do?"

"He's got that habit," says I. "Know why I was a day late returning to this art center?"

"No," returns Barney. "What were you doing? Mooning around with the merry milkmaids of Milkvale?"

"Yeh," I tell him, sarcastic. "I was a social riot. One night I took the freight-shed out for a walk in the public swamp and the next afternoon I attended a soiree in a hog wallow and split a quart of sheep-dip with a pair of quarantined cows. I stayed over," I goes on, "because Elmer's wife wouldn't let the General go until he'd finished up with the week's wash."

"The week's which?" queries Cole.

"Wash," I repeats. "When I first spotted your dashing hero, he was laying over a tub playing rub-a-dub-dub with the wet goods. Coddle's just the town nix, and the only work he's ever done in his life is what his Frau makes him do. She's the mister of the house, and she sure has that loafer leaping."

"Interesting but unimportant," shrugs Barney. "When I get done directing him, the dops" (dear old public) "will swear that in private life he strangles full-grown tigers before breakfast every morning and that his favorite dish is hyena hearts garnished with cobra's fangs. Elmer looks like Funston, doesn't he?"

"More so than Funston did," I assured him; "but you'll have a swell time staging heroics with that baby. Elmer's got about as much nerve as an anemic rabbit with an inferiority complex. He won't even drink coffee out of a cup. He's afraid the spoon might put his eye out."

"That's nothing," says Cole. "With trick photography, miniatures and doubles—"

"With Elmer," I cuts in, "you'll even need a double in a scene of Funston eating with a fork."

"On your way out," orders Barney, "present my distinguished compliments to the General and ask him if he'll wait on me."

I SPENDS the rest of the day on another set gagging up comedy relief for a tear-jerker called "Cold Ashes," my job being to frame a chest laugh in the brief time that elapses between the death of the child and the suicide of the mother, and another just after the old man goes blind on learning that the son, that he expected to arrive with the mortgage money, has been hanged for murder.

The next morning Barney calls me over for a look at Coddle's screen tests. They're a wow as far as likeness is concerned, it being practically impossible to tell the difference between the stills of the General and Elmer, but when it comes to registering the fifty-seven emotions, Coddle's a collapse.

"What's he supposed to be representing there?" I asks at a point where Elmer's got his pan all screwed up. "Sunrise in Secaucus?"

"Determination," explains Cole.

"Determination, eh?" I remarks. "He looks like a guy that has just bitten into a persimmon to get the taste of castor-oil out of his mouth. You never will get him to register that."

"Why not?" asks Barney.

"Because," says I, "Coddle's determination is all in his wife's name."

"You'll have plenty of chances to see what I can or can't do with Elmer," remarks Cole. "I've had you assigned to his picture, and you start right now. I want you to sort of look after Coddle off the lot, too."

That's kayo by me—not that I'm hipped on warming over gags about camp cooks and corn willie and wet-nursing a yokel on the side, but I'm certainly glad to be hauled away from "Cold Ashes." Wise-cracking on that set's been like editing Formaldehyde Fun for the Undertaker's Daily Crape. Besides, I like working with Barney, and Elmer strikes me as a bimbo who'll shed a laugh with every step he takes after Aguinaldo.

"I don't want to pry into the private affairs of your Aunt Eunice," says I, after the test is run off, "but what's your Funston story going to be and what are you calling it?"

"For a temp title," says Cole, "we're using 'America Faces East.' How d'you like it?"

"Not bad," I remarks, "except that it makes the young man going West, to grow up with the country, cock-eyed."

"Bill Hardy," continues Barney, "has turned in a pretty good treatment. We start with the Battle of Manila Bay—"

"Gosh," I cuts in, "you like a little cost in your production, don't you?"

"Why," growls Cole, "you don't think I'm going to stage the scrap, do you? I show a flash of a Spanish flag sticking out of the water—that shows the fleet's been sunk; then another of a newspaper headline reading, 'Spanish Armada Destroyed by Dewey,' and a third of folks in the street celebrating the victory. I got a peach of a mob strip, taken when the Queen of Roumania was over here last year."

"Be yourself," says I. "How are the knee-high skirts in your mob going to fit into 1898? You got to remember, feller, that stockings in those days were thought of as underwear."

"This is a long shot," explains Barney, "and all you see is a mess of noisy dots."

"That's all I ever see around here," I comments, "but go on with the story. I can't hold my breath much longer."

"The real action," goes on the director, "starts in Frisco, where the Kansas troops with Funston are in camp. By the way, there ought to be a good gag in the gals

begging buttons off the soldiers—get the slant: the comedy character gives away all he's got on his coat; then he rips off the ones holding his suspenders. Just as he lets go of his very last button, an officer comes along and he's got to salute. Sure fire, eh?"

"It always has been," says I, "but maybe we can dumb up something new on the buttons. Go on."

"There are two lads in camp," continues Cole, "and both are kicked in on the same native daughter. Just as the boys are about to sail, the filly gets jerry to a plot, in which the heavy is mixed up, to dynamite the transport. The skirt puts on a uniform, climbs on the boat just as it leaves and makes a bum out of the plot."

"Which plot?" I asks.

"The one to blow up the ship, simple," growls Barney. "Aren't you listening?"

"I don't have to listen," says I. "That plot's a heritage of the race."

"Well," resumes Cole, "in the Philippines a bunch of Yanks are surrounded in a blockhouse. All are killed except the hero and the fluff. He's got only one cartridge left. 'Kill me with the last shot,' begs the doll, 'and save me from a fate that's worse than death—'"

"—and taxes," I adds. "What's Elmer doing all this time? Getting in the wash?"

"In the meantime," proceeds Barney coldly, "Funston is dashing to the rescue. Just as the hero shoots the squab, the American troops arrive. The chick's only wounded, and while fixing her up it's discovered for the first time that she's a girl."

"What!" I yelps. "Wasn't she just begging to be saved from a fate worse than—"

"That's right," mutters Cole. "Well, we'll take care of that. Anyways, just before the clinch it's discovered that the heavy was the guy who brought Funston to the rescue. It develops he wasn't a plotter at all."

"Of course not," says I, indignant. "He was Jabez Doaks of the Secret Service. Gosh, but that's a new twist! I don't believe it's been used around here since late yesterday afternoon. All you need now to jazz up your plot with novelties is a will in which the hero is left a million dollars on condition—"

"The situations may be a trifle mature," admits Barney, "but I'm looking to the laugh-maker of Longacre Square to gag new gimp into 'em. In the meantime," he suggests, "suppose you go out into the California sunshine and round up Elmer before he breaks up his home. The last time I saw him, a couple of extra Effies were hanging onto his whiskers, and we can't spare 'em."

"The extras?" I asks.

"The whiskers," returns Cole.

BARNEY begins shooting next morning—interior tent stuff which belongs in the fourth or fifth reel—on a set left standing from "Cissy of the Circus" and "Appomattox," one of 'em being a war-play. But economy isn't Cole's reason for starting where he does.

"I'm anxious to get through Elmer's trick quick," he explains. "I'm taking no chances of having his old lady descend suddenly into the jungles of Luzon and drag Coddle back to the wash tub."

In the scene Elmer's sitting at a table, poring over a blueprint of the new freight depot at San Diego—working for us as a military map of the Philippines—when a shavetail enters with a holler about something.

"Now," says Barney to Coddle, "you say fiercely: 'Take ten men and wipe out that nest of sharpshooters.'"

"What sharpshooters?" inquires Elmer.

"Never mind what sharpshooters," barks Cole. "Just sharpshooters."

"Yeh," says Coddle, "but where are they?"

"Never mind that, either," yelps Barney. "They're all over Hollywood, if you must know."

"But suppose," argues Elmer, "the lieutenant



LOVELY SOFT-WHITE NECK and SHOULDERS *You too...might have them*

SOFT, graceful neck. Shoulders ivory-white and smooth as satin! Nothing so lovely, so appealing! The newest evening gowns demand this.

You no longer need expensive beauty treatments to have loveliness. More than a million beautiful women last year—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—proved this with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Many write us they have used nothing else for 10, 20 years or more.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream alone—applied in your own home as we show you how—is all you need. Skin blem-

ishes actually disappear—often in two short weeks. Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your neck and shoulders constant care.

And here's the best way—the easiest and quickest.

Read first the five common-sense beauty rules given here. They are simple, workable rules, easy to follow. Then buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and start your treatments now. The booklet in each jar tells you how.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Bst. 1885, 446 Tenth Street,
Detroit, Mich., also Windsor,
Ont., Canada.



Five simple ways to improve your skin—Now!

Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven.
Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you).
Use sweets sparingly.
You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

You can do your own facials—beauty treatments—at home.
—We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
See the jar—\$1. size more economical—Theatrical size \$1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge • Hand Made • One Shade • For Any Maid • 50c

BOURJOIS

Paris 28, Rue de la Paix France



Subtly Alluring

In the chiffon fineness and clinging persistency of Manon Lescaut Powder, Bourjois interprets the subtle charm of lovely worldliness. And a loyal line of artisans has cherished in its blending the unchanging tradition of delicate skill—the exquisite heritage of fastidious purity.

Thus is the fascinating woman of the world serenely assured of her loveliness! She completes the rare perfection of her presence with the luxurious distinction of fragrant Manon Lescaut Powder.

Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges—including Mandarin and Ashes of Rose*—suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

BOURJOIS, Inc.
Paris and New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MANON LESCAUT

Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Oorée, Mauve.
Peaches Powder, Peaches-and-Cream Powder.

here asks me where he's going to find them?"

"If he does," snaps the director, "he'll meet his job going in the other direction. Now, please," he begs, "read that line without any more questions. I give you my word it doesn't commit you to a thing."

"Take ten shooters," mumbles Coddle, stifling a yawn, "and wipe out that nest of sharps. They're all over Hollywood."

"Never mind where they are," snarls Barney, "and raise your voice angrily, keeping awake at the same time. You're boiling mad. These Filipinos have killed your wife, and—"

"Cheese!" I whispers to Cole. "You'll never get him sore with a thought like that. Let me have a try at him."

"Make believe," says I to Elmer, "that you and a couple of hundred other patriots are ordering a half-dozen Chinese vegetable-peddlers out of town. Now do your stuff."

It works. After six or seven rehearsals in which I progressively increase the number of patriots and decrease the number of Chinese vegetable-peddlers, I gets Coddle to the pitch of fervor where Barney's ready to shout "Camera!"

"What's the vegetable-peddler gag?" asks Cole, when we're at lunch.

"I gave Elmer the rap the first time I saw him," I explains. "He's the type that makes up mobs in this country—heroic only when the odds are about a hundred to one in their favor. Coddle bragged to me up in Milkvale about him and fifty other tramps driving a Chink truck-gardener out of the county. Fine bird," I sneers, "to play the character of a high-class citizen and a great soldier!"

"That's the movies," shrugs Barney. "Nothing counts but looks. If the boss wasn't so hot for Elmer's phiz," he goes on, "I'd give him the exit even now."

"Why don't you?" I comes back. "Tell the Old Man he doesn't stack up right before the camera, or that he's cross-eyed or something."

"Too late," says Cole. "He's seen the test and is wild over it. You know him and realism."

"I don't know him and realism now," I returns, "but I did know something of him and realism once. Remember that picture he made of John Smith and Pocahontas about three years ago?"

"No," says Barney. "That was before I was sold down the river to Rulen."

"Well," says I, "he had John Smith on horseback being chased by Indians down a road that was lined with telegraph-poles, and you could see the tread-marks of the tires on the automobile that carried the camera. About the only period touch missing from this piece of realism was a portable radio set."

"I'll bet," grins Cole, "the Old Man saw to it that the telegraph-poles were real, though."

THE weather being bright and clear the next day, we all pile into machines and goes out to Rulen's ranch for exteriors even though the interior stuff's unfinished. It's the rainy season, and we're not letting any guilty sunshine escape.

The first piece of outside action calls for Coddle, on horseback, to dash up to the bank of a river, dismount and plunge in. The actual swimming of the stream is to be done by a double, but even at that I foresees trouble with Elmer; and there is—plenty.

To begin with, he's afraid to go near the horse, and it takes all the salve we got finally to get him lifted into the saddle. No sooner is the bridle let go when the steed pulls a plunge and over its head goes Coddle. A second attempt, and the same thing happens.

"Better have the script changed," I suggests to Barney, "and bring Funston to the river in a rocking-chair."

"A baby-buggy," growls Cole, "would be better. I guess I'll have to use a double for this too."

Elmer picks himself up, pulls some grass and weeds out of his whiskers and starts walking away. I follows and stops him.

"I'm quitting," whines Coddle. "Seems like you can't go anywhere around here without falling off a horse."

WE placates Elmer by compromising the scene, shooting him standing beside his favorite charger and taking care of the wild ride through the jungle with a subtitle, "A thrilling night ride—and dawn found Funston at the Rio Frio."

"Now," says Barney, "you jump into the river."

"You must be funning," comes back Coddle. "I can't swim."

"You don't have to swim," explains the director. "You just jump in. I'll have a couple of men to stand by and pull you out."

"I didn't bring no bathing-suit," protests Elmer, "and besides—"

"Neither did Funston," cuts in Cole. "Now just walk right into the water—"

"I wont," says Coddle. "I aint going to get this here new uniform all wet, and I aint catching no colds for nobody." And he walks sullenly away.

"Looks like another job for that there now double," I remarks.

"I can't use a double here," barks Barney. "I got to have a close-up of him in the water yelling back an order to the men on the shore."

"That's all right," says I. "I'll change that title to read, 'A night ride—a swim—and Funston was across the Rio Frio.'"

"While you're about it," growls Cole, "you might write this one, 'The Battle of Manila Bay—lots of action—a few laughs—and Jennie was safe in the arms of her sweetheart.' Then we can all go home. . . . Hello," he exclaims suddenly, "who's your lady friend?"

I looks around and there's Mrs. Coddle, a few yards away, smiling frigidly in my direction.

"Well, well," says I, "when did you get here?"

"This morning," she answers. "I thought I'd run down and see Elmer making movies."

"I'm afraid," I tells her, "you wont see much. We can't get him to do anything." "I'm not surprised," says she, glaring at Elmer, who's standing under a tree, some distance away, looking at his Frau with spanked eyes. "What do you want the worm to do that he wont?"

I introduces Barney, and he explains the situation to Mrs. Coddle. She listens with tightening lips.

"Get ready to take your picture," she snaps, and walks over to Elmer. Grabbing the General by the ear, she leads him toward the water.

"Jump in!" she orders.

"But I'll drown," wails her husband.

"If this is my lucky day," says Mrs. Coddle. "Jump!"

And believe me, he jumps and keeps jumping in and out until Barney gets what he wants.

"Madam," says Cole, when the shooting's over, "I need an assistant director badly. Would a hundred dollars a week and my gratitude tempt you?"

They do, and Mrs. Coddle sticks with us throughout the picture, making Elmer do stunts that would sure have had him waking up in a cold sweat if he'd even dreamed of 'em previously. Toward the end he goes through sequences in which Cole had been all set to use a double. One frightened look at his Frau standing behind him and Elmer plunges into the most daring of dare-deviltry.

The weather holds out good, and it's a month before we gets back to the tent set on which we had started. There's a little more interior action following the order to

"clean out the nest of sharpshooters," after which Funston comes out to review the troops. Everything seems O. K. until the next day when we view the rough assemblage of the test stuff in the projection room. Coddle walks into the tent weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds; when he exits a minute later he weighs at least a hundred and forty-five, with the new fifteen pounds all bulging around his belt. That's what regular meals out on location had done for that underfed yokel.

"Let it stay," says I to Barney. "It's the best gag in the picture. Reminds me of a film mix-up I once saw where a girl walks into a room with a Pekingese and comes out in a couple of seconds with a pair of Great Danes."

"I thought," yelps Cole, "you were looking after Coddle?"

"What'd you expect me to do?" I comes back. "Count calories on him and weigh him after each meal?"

"You should have noticed he was getting fatter," growls Barney. "Now you got to run him around and sweat that bay window off him. If I get through this picture without catching a nervous breakdown I'll feel that I'm robbing a sanitarium."

Cole does look bad. Even with the help of Mrs. Coddle, handling that whiskered moron of a husband of hers has been no cinch, and besides Elmer, other things have gone wrong with the epic. I'm not so sad either that there are only a few more days' work on the picture.

In a week I gets Coddle nearly down to weight, though he kicks like a steer and threatens to quit every time his wife is out of sight.

"Cheer up," says I, when the reducing's done, "you'll be through by Saturday. All they need now is a flock of close-ups and some stills for advertising."

"You mean," comes back Elmer, "they're going to print my picture in the papers?"

"Sure fire," I tells him. "In a couple of weeks your name will be a household word like 'hell' and 'damn.'"

I'm in the office the next morning with Barney when Coddle walks in. One peek and I nearly faints.

"My God!" gasps Cole. "He's shaved off his beard!"

"Yeh," says Elmer, with a silly grin. "I thought I'd look better this way in them there now close-ups."

THAT'S all, but you might be interested in some of the newspaper criticisms of "America Faces East."

New York *Dispatch*: A mediocre picture only redeemed by the acting of Elmer Coddle as *Funston*. Coddle is a newcomer but his future is assured . . . did his work with rare intelligence—could have done even better if not hampered by too much direction—The gags were new and amusing.

St. Louis *Herald*: As General Funston, Coddle's work was natural and unaffected . . . the type that doesn't need direction . . . only a man of real courage could have done the things he does—the laughs came thick.

San Francisco *Gazette*: With an actor like Coddle, the director has an easy task. . . . Coddle swings through the picture with ease and naturalness—he is said to be a soldier of fortune who has fought under many flags and his work in the picture indicates as much. The gagging is excellent.

Newark *Journal*: The acting of Elmer Coddle proves that intelligence *does* have a place in the movies . . . hampered by too much direction . . . a free, independent spirit . . . the type of actor who succeeds in spite of unimaginative directors . . . we need more Elmer Coddles and fewer Barney Coles. . . . The gags and wise-cracks were the best this writer has seen in years.

Laugh those off.

You can keep the *sweet* *inviting* **MOUTH of YOUTH**



Merry laughter and brilliant smiles

These are yours when you have used Pebecco. For you know your teeth are charming, your breath pure and sweet

EVEN more important than brushing the teeth is caring for six little glands in your mouth.

If you keep them active, they pour out the fluids that counteract dangerous acids of decay. But soft food makes them lazy.

That is why Pebecco's formula was worked out especially to correct faltering mouth glands. An important ingredient restores for you the gay and lovely Mouth of Youth. A tingling sensation after brushing tells you that your whole mouth is refreshed, kept vigorous, young.

Made by Pebecco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

FREE OFFER

Send coupon today
for generous tube



PEBECO
keeps the
Mouth Glands
young

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. R-5, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free new large-size sample tube of Pebecco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST, 1938)

Copyright, 1937, by Lehn & Fink Products Company



While we are still young, soft foods gradually rob the little mouth glands of their youthful vigor. The numbers show them, three on each side. Pebecco's important ingredient restores their normal healthy action

FALLEN ANGELS

(Continued from page 97)

enough to think of winning the number off the door. Just a hand-out, and he'd be satisfied.

"I told him to try and make the marriage stand up. But he wouldn't see it my way, and I gave in to him, and said it was O. K. to bump the husband off as soon as the marriage was fixed up. But when I found out that he wanted to declare me out, was trying to make a triple-header out of last night's jam, I decided that if I got my mitts on you, we'd play the game my way. And you're in with me for fifty per cent of what we get. We'll do the dictating from now on. Johnson has the girl. He has the wife. All right, I have the husband. If he doesn't shoo us right in, we can blow the works. We have the law with us. They're unlawfully detaining your bride. Why, all you got to do is demand the girl you married."

"Aren't you forgetting that all they have to do is call for the police?" I asked.

"Say, if they start hollering police, I've got enough on Johnson to shut his mouth. But the police never did any good, anyway. We won't have to go that far. Now, are you in with me?"

"Whom else would I be in with?" I demanded.

Chapter Seventeen

WITH all his vanity—and my brief experience in the underworld has taught me that none are as conceited as crooks—Little Jack was no fool. He considered me a cut above the yegg that the conspirators had first assumed me to be, and believed that my actions subsequent to my escape from the house on Stuyvesant Terrace had been inspired by a desire to win and keep for myself the fortune of Ruth Van Leyden. Therefore, no matter how amenable I pretended to be now, he was not deceived.

"Who else?" His mouth drew down at one corner. "That's a question you'd better keep asking yourself right along. You busted away from Johnson—now why did you do that?"

I tried to assume a cunning expression. "I didn't have to be very wise to get hep to what they intended to do to me," I replied.

"And maybe you wanted it all for yourself, eh?" he suggested. "Well, you know that you can't play a lone hand. And you found out that Johnson's bunch are full of double-cross. So I guess the answer to your question is nobody but Little Jack. Now let's get down to cases. See what I'm doing?"

He thumbed the safety catch of his pistol. "I'm going to stick this gat right in my pocket. Now, a sap would figure that all he had to do was flash a gun on me and make his get-away."

"Why would I want to do a thing like that?" I meekly inquired.

"Well, before you do it, hear what I have to say. There are two men in the hall outside this door. If you don't believe me, peek out. But say your prayers before you do that, because if you stick your nose out of here before I do, they'll make a sieve of you. So I'm putting my gun away. If you're damn' fool enough to start something

now, then you're too much of a damn' fool to go through with the deal, and I might just as well find it out now as later."

The pistol was now concealed in his pocket. He looked inquiringly at me. I will say that Little Jack had courage. In fact, my experience with the underworld has taught me that a crook cannot go very far if he lacks physical courage.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked. To all intents and purposes he was now unarmed, though I believed that he was too cautious to put up his weapon unless he had henchmen outside. But even had he been alone I don't think that I'd have tried upon him the threats which I had tried upon Mannheim. For I was beginning to understand that I would learn all that I wished to know by merely encouraging Little Jack to talk. Oddly enough, there is hardly any record of a taciturn crook. Coupled with their vanity is great loquacity. In fact, conceit and silence rarely accompany each other in any walk of life.

"What more can I say? I'm with you. I may have thought I could play a lone hand yesterday, but I'm all over that now. But I'm not going ahead blindfolded any farther. Give me the lay-out."

"You've got it all. Johnson grabbed the girl. I don't know just how he did it. But after he got her, he found he'd bitten off something too big for him to chew. He started with a plain case of kidnaping."

"Why hasn't there been a roar in the newspapers?" I cut in.

He nodded approvingly. "Your head is out of water, all right. I'll tell you why: Because the minute they got hold of her, the word went to her guardians that if the papers printed a line about it, the girl would be killed."

"But," I objected, "if it's a plain case of kidnaping, how can you make a marriage stand up?"

His tight skin wrinkled in a cunning smile. "It will be their word against the words of other people. They haven't beefed to the police or to the papers. So when we claim it's a case of elopement, their silence, which they've kept to save the girl's skin, will work against them. It was that thing that put the elopement idea into my head."

"Then the marriage wasn't Johnson's idea?" I asked.

"That dumb-bell can't even think real dough," he said contemptuously. "He's not big enough to handle a thing like this. Petty larceny is about his size. I have known him two or three years, and he never learned how to walk."

I didn't quite believe this; my acquaintance with Johnson made me believe that in every way he was a more dangerous adversary than Little Jack. He lacked the full measure of Little Jack's vanity, and conceit would never lead him into needless disclosures. However, I didn't debate the merits of Johnson.

"Well," he continued, "the thing got too big for Johnson. So he declared me in. And I told him that he'd have to get the girl married. That would make it look as though everything she did had been done of her own accord. And I talked to her and saw that she was as simple as any guy that's done forty years in stir. Johnson agreed that this was the right dope. But he

wouldn't stand for declaring the husband in. Just a pickpocket, with no real big ideas in his dome. So the husband had to be bumped off. And the safest thing, when you're going to cook anyone, is to pick a man that aint got many friends. Now, I battled with him about getting rid of the husband. It looked to me like he'd earn whatever percentage we gave him. But Johnson put up a roar; the more that were in, the less we'd all get, was the only way he could see it. So I told him that I'd get a husband that wouldn't be in any position to put up a holler, so that in case there was some slip-up about settling him, he'd not be able to put up any squawk.

"Now, the best possible man was a man wanted by the police, so that, if he was killed, there'd be no come-back. Mantolini is right, the rightest judge on the bench. Several lads were coming up before him for sentence yesterday, and we picked on you as the best one for us. A flea whispered in Mannheim's ear. And that's all there was to it."

I STARED at him. "You mean to tell me that it was just accident that I was selected?"

"Why not?" he retorted. "You filled the bill. You had ten years looking you in the eye. So far as the police had been able to find out, you hadn't communicated with anyone since your arrest. You didn't have any pals who'd be looking you up or hollering if you never showed up. A friendless man, and there'd never be any questions asked about you. The minute you balked, it would be discovered that there'd been a mistake about you. Mantolini would find out that that officer who came to bat for you had identified the wrong man. And up you'd go to the stout-house on the Hudson. That is, if you balked when Johnson put his proposition to you. Afterward, if you married the girl, you'd be killed resisting arrest. Why,"—and his pop eyes beamed upon me,—"did you ever hear of a sweeter scheme?"

"Well, if I ever wanted to double-cross you," I assured him, "what you just told me would keep me on the square. I'd know that I was overmatched before the referee cleared the ring."

He nodded commendation of my attitude. "You just keep feeling the same way and you'll wear plenty diamonds. Now let's get down to tacks. I think you're safe enough here. Johnson hasn't found you yet; he aint got brains enough to know how to begin looking for you."

Again I felt that the cabaret-owner underestimated my fat friend, but who was I to tell him so? I merely nodded agreement.

"I'm going out and get in touch with Johnson," he declared. "I'll put it up to him proper. We're not out to win a small bet. We're out to get it all. And Mr. Johnson will have it drummed into his thick head that while he might do business if he bumped off both of us, nothing like that is going to happen. He'll have to make me believe that from now on he's going to be on the up-and-up, if he wants to do anything to the Van Leyden girl."

I assumed what I fondly hoped was an expression of angered virtue.

"By God," I stated, "just to think of that yellow rat cutting in for a nickel makes me want to pull right out of the whole thing."

In Little Jack's pop eyes was an expression of amused benevolence.

"Why, Roberts," he laughed, "you don't think for one second that when the pie is on the table Johnson will have a knife and fork, do you?"

"How are you going to push him off?" I asked.

The funniest farce ever filmed never was half as funny as the making of it—when described by Sam Hellman. Don't take any chance of missing his story "Borgia, Behave!" It will appear in the next, the September, issue.

Slowly he rose to his feet until he looked down at me from his great height.

"I never worry about the how when a bozo needs killing," he told me. "Don't do any fretting about that. Now I'm going."

I had been so engrossed in his recountal, so amazed at this exposition of the non-chalant manner in which the safety of decent people was plotted against, that the very existence of Tim Malloy had been forgotten by me. Now I realized that a long time had elapsed since my taxi-man and I had parted company, and that his telephone-call was overdue. An agony of fear swept over me. If Tim should telephone while Little Jack was in the room, the cabaret owner would insist on answering the call. Little Jack would instantly know that I had at least one friend, and if his suspicions had been lulled by my acquiescence in his orders, those suspicions would reawaken instantly.

I sometimes think that our fear of events advances their occurrence. For all I know, there may be something in telepathy, and our own thoughts, groping out through the ether, may inspire action in others. Still, if this theory had any basis of fact, Tim would have postponed his telephone call, having been warned by my fearful thoughts. As it was, the telephone rang just as Little Jack announced that he was leaving.

The cabaret owner cast a doubtful glance at me. "Now, who the hell would be phoning you?" he asked. "I guess I'd better answer it."

I dissembled my fright. "Probably the drug-store," I said carelessly. "I asked them to send me up a tube of one of those shaving creams that require no water or brush, and they said they didn't have any."

Little Jack made no answer, but picked up the telephone. And in one second I knew that I had guessed as correctly about the quick wit of Tim as I had about his courage and loyalty. For I could dimly hear and recognize his voice.

"Hello," said Little Jack.

TIM instantly realized that not I, but some one else, had answered. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hemenway, but I can't come to the hotel. I can meet you at the regular place."

"Who's this speaking?" asked Little Jack.

His back was half turned toward me, so that the hand which I dropped into my coat pocket was unseen by him. For if Tim made him suspicious, there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to shoot it out with him.

"Michael Mullane," said Tim. He had wit enough to realize that with his accent it was best for him to give an Irish name.

"I guess you have the wrong room. No, this isn't Mr. Hemenway's room."

I heard Tim sputter something about lazy telephone operators, and then Little Jack hung up. Both of my hands were in my lap again. My visitor dismissed the inconsequential matter instantly.

"Now, I'll want to be able to get my hands on you any minute," he said, "so you'd better stay right in your room until you hear from me."

"Not on your life," I said to him. "Didn't you tell me that you asked the house dick about me?"

"What of it?" he retorted. "I'll fix it up with him on my way out. He'll think I wanted to see you about some gambling matter."

I sneered at this. "Maybe you've got him in your vest pocket, as you say you have, but he can wiggle out, can't he? He reads the papers, doesn't he? The cops are looking for a man about my size for a killing in your cabaret. And you come down here making inquiries, describing me. You don't think I'm a yap, you've told me; but I'm beginning to think you're one. If it was telling the house detective to lay off somebody wanted for anything short of



The French secret of Smooth Skin in this new toilet soap at 10¢

AT LAST you can have a toilet soap as fine, as caressing as costly imported soap—but blessedly reasonable in price!

Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

It tends your skin the true French way—beauty-wise France discovered the secret of that incomparable loveliness—*Smooth Skin!*

Such instant caressing lather even in hard water! Firm, fine-textured, Lux Toilet Soap wears and wears to an exquisite wafer—and you do feel lovelier after the luxury of this delicately fragrant white toilet soap!

Instead of costing fifty cents or a dollar as imported soaps do, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold! America's genius for achievement makes it possible. Made by the makers of Lux, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX Toilet SOAP



murder, maybe your pull would be O. K. But they want me for the big thing, and I'm not going to take a chance on your vest pocket. Maybe there's a hole in the lining."

"Well, where do you want to go?" he asked. "If we show up together to talk to Johnson, there'll be a battle royal. He'll see a chance to get both of us together. And I'm telling you that guy is stupid. He'd start shooting right in the middle of the main corridor of Police Headquarters. He can't think of any way out of trouble but a gun."

For the third time I doubted his estimate of the acumen of Johnson, but again I let it pass.

"That's all right," I argued. "But just because you don't want us to go together to see him isn't any reason why I should stay right in this room. You don't trust Johnson, and that's all right with me. But don't ask me to trust the hotel bull, because that's not all right with me."

His ready suspicions awoke. "I had trouble enough locating you once. You think I'm going to let you slip away again?"

Now, I figured, was the time for me to be stubborn.

"What do you mean—slip away?" I jeered. "If I'd wanted to duck, yesterday, with ten grand in my pocket, was the time for me to pull that trick. But I stayed right here in New York. A little sugar didn't satisfy me. I wanted to get right close to the barrel, didn't I?"

"And that's one little thing that puzzled us," said Little Jack.

"But it doesn't puzzle you any more, does it? You aren't the only one that wants to try to win the number off the door. What's ten grand when there's maybe ten million around the corner? I know enough to be sure that I can't play it alone. If I thought I could," I went on boldly, "I'd throw you overboard right now. But I need you just as much as you need me. And if you want me, you'll not try and stick me in a hole where I can be cornered."

There is one thing that always impresses a crook, and that is courage or its appearance. Little Jack weakened.

"Well, where you going to go?" he asked.

"And suppose you change your mind? Suppose you decide this thing is too big for you?" I looked him straight in the eye. "Suppose you decide to throw in with the cops? Wouldn't I be a fat-head to let you know just where the cops can find me? You tell me where to find you, and I'll ring you up."

THE expression in Little Jack's eyes was warning, if I needed one, that on some future occasion when he thought me in his power, he would remember my present defiance. But I had little thought of the future.

And I had my way. Little Jack gave me the telephone number of his apartment, of his cabaret, and of a place which he called his "office." Then, having given me his oath that no one would follow me when I left this hotel, he departed.

I knew how little that oath was worth. So I took what I considered ample measures to avoid the espionage of his henchmen. For no one must see me when I met Tim Malloy.

And I knew just where to meet him. He had told Little Jack that he would meet Mr. Hemenway at the regular place. He had hoped that I would be near enough to the receiver to catch his words, and that I would be clever enough to understand their meaning. And both of his hopes were gratified.

I had met Tim this afternoon near the Mall in Central Park. There could be no other "regular place" but that.

Tim, as I had guessed and prayed, awaited me there. He uttered a sigh of relief as I stepped into his machine.

"Gee, boss, when somebody else answered the phone I got the scare of my life. I talked loud on the chance you'd hear. Then I came right over to this place, but I was just about to give you up. I was afraid it was a bull. Who was it?"

I told him, and interrupted his amazed ejaculations with a hasty recital of what had happened.

"And you?" I ended.

"No excitement in my end of it," he said regretfully. I think that the Irish in Tim was beginning to crave violent action. "But I found where the girl lives."

"Well, let's go there," I said.

Chapter Eighteen

WE left Central Park at the West Seventy-second Street exit, and I felt reasonably certain that we were not followed. This did not surprise me—I had taken the utmost precautions to avoid pursuit—nearly so much as the fact that I had been able to persuade Little Jack to let me part company with him. I remarked upon this to Tim.

"Little Jack is not exactly a fool," I said. "Why on earth did he let me talk him into giving me a chance to make a get-away?"

For, on reviewing the scene in my bedroom at the Fredonia, it did not seem to me that I had shown any great wit in imposing my wishes upon Little Jack. Rather, I had made a definite statement of my desires and he had acceded to them.

Over his shoulder Tim spoke sapiently. "Never forget one thing, boss: Those birds know that you held up Mannheim. They can never get back of that in their figuring about you. Once a yegg always a yegg is their motto. And a yegg has only one reason for anything he does: that's to get something for himself. Little Jack declared you in with him. He'd be on the lookout for the double-cross from you, because he'll cross you when the time comes. But he's looked at it from every crooked angle. Bet your roll on that. And it's never crept into his bean that there may be an angle that aint crooked. Looking at it the way Little Jack does, there aint a reason on earth why you shouldn't put in with him. You see, boss, while every so often they have an edge on you, you may be able to wriggle off. But you've got an edge on them, and it aint every so often; it's all the time. You're honest."

"Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just," I quoted.

"Something like that," he agreed. "But I aint bothering about Little Jack. I'm trying to put the tale he told you together in my dome, but I'm thick. I just can't see where that little lady you married fits in. She aint Ruth Van Leyden. She told you that. Then who the hell is she, and how does she come into this play?"

"Tim," I asked, "did you ever hear of the Einstein theory?"

"You mean that Switzer that went daffy counting the holes in cheese, and makes the front page by claiming that an inch aint an inch?"

"Well, he's just as easy to understand as to comprehend what my wife is doing in this affair. But we know that Einstein's right, and so we know that my wife is right."

Tim hastily disclaimed any opinion to the contrary. "Sure she is, but I'll be glad when the puzzle's put together. You'd better get out here, boss, and telephone Miss Dunning. It would be a dumb play to waltz in on her without giving her a tip-off."

He stopped the car before a Columbus Avenue drug-store, gave me the name of the hotel where Sally Dunning lived, and I went into a booth and rang her up.

I recognized her voice, and in a couple of words made my identity known to her.

"Julia's with you, isn't she?" I inquired. "How did you know that? But it doesn't matter. Want to talk to her?"

"I want to see her," I said.

"Come up here, then. Nobody's here that you wouldn't want to meet. Just Julia and me."

I returned to the taxi and told Tim to drop me at the corner before we came to the Corona, the theatrical hotel on Amsterdam Avenue, where Sally lived. I told him to wait until I came out again, and made arrangements, in the event that something untoward decided him to leave the neighborhood, to pick him up at Madison Square.

I gave him a bill of large denomination, overriding his faint protest, and walked swiftly to the Corona. The elevator man, who did double duty as telephone operator, told me to go right up to Apartment B on the fifth floor. A moment later I was in the tiny flat of Sally Dunning—a living-room with an alcove bedroom and a bath that did duty as a kitchenette also. The furnishings were mean.

The chorus-girl greeted me excitedly. "What a man you are!" she cried. "With every cop in the city on the lookout for you, and with Little Jack on the rampage—"

I grinned at her. "Little Jack paid me a visit this afternoon."

Julia spoke for the first time. "You mean that my husband has seen you?"

"We had a long talk together," I replied. Her eyes, that I had thought too bold last night, were shadowed with fear.

"But Rance, you—you aren't crooked! Just because the newspapers talk about you, I won't believe—"

"But Little Jack does believe I'm crooked," I interrupted.

Julia sat down upon a shabby divan. Upon the table was a half-eaten supper, and Sally pushed me into a chair before it. But I didn't want to eat now. I wanted to learn all that Julia could tell me, and had no appetite for anything else.

"Tell me all you can, all you know, Julia," I begged her. "Of course, Little Jack's your husband—"

"Couldn't you guess last night that I'd rather be his widow than his wife?" If ever hatred was in a woman's voice, it was in Julia's. "Wife? God, what sort of a wife is it that's been sent upon the streets that her husband may have money to gamble with, to spend on other women? He didn't always own a cabaret, wasn't always flush."

How could little Julia Randolph have ever sunk to this? Well, if I could answer that, I'd know all about human nature, and I've only thumbed the first page of the book of humanity.

"Do you know what his scheme is?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I've heard a word here and there. But if you've talked to him—"

I BEGAN to tell my story. Both the girls listened eagerly until I had finished. Then, as Sally gasped, Julia shook her head.

"He never dared tell me this. He knew that if he planned something in dirty politics, or had a feud with a bootlegger or another gangster, or arranged a crooked prize-fight, that I'd say nothing. He knew that as long as his operations were confined to people of his own sort, I'd not think it worth while to interfere. If I could interfere!" She laughed mirthlessly. "But, whatever he's made of me, he knows that I'd never stand for a thing like this. No, nothing that he dropped would have made me suspect this—though I knew that there was something big going on."

Sally burst into almost hysterical laughter.

"Don't scowl at me," she giggled as we both looked at her in surprise. "I know I'm out of tune. But when I think that the

grand you slipped me last night was part of the dough that Johnson gave you, it almost kills me. If that guy knew what heavy wages he was paying people to gum his little game, how pleased he'd be!"

"You can't tell me a thing, then?" I asked Julia.

"Good Lord, Rance, you know all there is to know. Except how the girl you married came into it."

"What a gamester she is!" said Sally admiringly. "I hate to think of a guy like you being married to anyone but me, but if it can't be little Sally, I'd say she was the one I'd choose. Say, do you suppose she's a detective?"

I'd thought of this before, and now I advanced my reasons against such a belief.

"We had a couple of minutes together last night while we danced. Of course, she didn't want Johnson to get wise. But she had time to tell me her name and address, and if she'd been employed by any detective agency, she'd surely have told me. Or if she had any friends who could help her out of her present plight, she'd have named them. But she didn't. She said it was too long a story, and that she took the Van Leyden girl's place to save her from being kidnapped."

"But—just the same, in a matter of life and death," shrewdly observed Sally, "you'd think she'd have taken any chances to put you hep."

"Perhaps she didn't trust me all the way," I reluctantly suggested.

Sally nodded. "It might be that. I don't think so, though. I gather that you and she kinda look forward, when this cruel war is over, to a bungalow built for two and all that sort of thing. And if a doll feels that way toward a gent, she usually trusts him plenty. No sir, she's playing some sort of a game. Mind, I don't say the game isn't on the level."

"But it's dangerous, and I want to pull her out of it," I said.

BUT we thrashed the matter out for half an hour, and were no nearer arriving at a method, whereby my wish could be gratified, at the end of our talk than we were at its beginning—though Julia did make one suggestion.

"If I could get my husband to turn the girl over to me for safekeeping, then I could let you get her away."

I didn't think much of this suggestion, though I encouraged her to try it, for I didn't believe that Johnson would part with the possession of his queen when Little Jack possessed the king, to use the cabaret owner's phraseology.

"I'll have to see Little Jack again," I finally said.

"Rance, you'll be taking the chance of your life," objected Julia. "He'll have got in touch with Johnson; and believe me, they aren't going to let you stay loose long. Keep away from him till I've found out what I can. Knowing what I know now, I'll be able to question him."

"I don't want you taking any chances. You've taken enough already, both you girls," I objected.

In Julia's eyes stood despair. "Next to being a widow, I'd like to have Little Jack a widower," she declared; "and it doesn't matter very much which of the two things comes to pass. I'm beyond being frightened of anything, Rance. Before you've endured the last possible shame, death is a scary proposition, but when you've been what I've been and done what I've done, life isn't so wonderful that you're anxious to hang onto it."

There wasn't much of an answer to be made to a hopeless philosophy like that, so I made none. Instead, I started for the door. "Where are you going?" asked Julia.

I admitted I hadn't the vestige of a plan.

at the sign of the first gray hair

NOTOX



HANS
FLATO

My—how the times have changed!

IT is hard to believe that a few short years back, women—perhaps you, yourself—looked on a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, as signs of skittishness, and a bobbed head as evidence of a freakish brain.

Times have changed—ideas too. If once it were considered unfair to turn back the years, today it is certainly a sign of bad taste to let mere years betray you. If once gray hair was an accepted misfortune—today, no woman will wantonly permit it to mar her youthful charm. Today, with the discovery of the natural corrective, Notox—gray hair swiftly surrenders to science.

Notox Follows Nature

Hair is a long, very tiny stem, with a lustrous outside covering. Beneath the covering, is a layer of fibres. In these fibres, Nature puts her color. Hair turns gray when Nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres.

Science calls gray hair a disease and names it "Canities". Notox furnishes the perfect corrective. It is useless to try to imitate Nature by coloring the *outside* of the hair; this is what the old-fashioned restorers did and *why they failed*.

Notox places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair—right where Nature used to put its own color. By following Nature, it duplicates her effects. That is why Notox defies detection—that is *why hundreds of thousands of women are "turning back the years" with Inecto Rapid Notox*.

Notox is Unique

Notox is the only coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture do not exist in any other product. They are fully protected by patents.



Notox is applied and sold in beauty shops; and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied. Communicate with us.

Manufactured by INECTO, INC., 33 W. 46th St., N. Y. C., and Notox Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can. (Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.)

© 1937

"Well, you've got to eat somewhere," said Sally, "and why not here? I can put another chop on, easy as not."

Despite the limited household accommodations, Sally cooked and served a delicious meal. I had interrupted the girls in the middle of their dinner, but soon caught up with them. We were sampling a chocolate soufflé when a peremptory knock sounded upon the door.

If I had thought that little Sally Dunning possessed a quick wit last night, she gave me added assurance of her presence of mind now. As I rose in alarm to my feet, she pointed with one hand to the bedroom. Her lips moved in an almost inaudible whisper.

"The fire-escape," she said.

Her other hand swung around the chair in which I had been sitting, so that its position by the table would afford no indication of the presence of a third person. The same hand swept up the dishes before my place and hers.

"Answer the door, Julia," she ordered loudly. "I got an armful of dishes."

AS I went through the window and out upon the fire-escape, I heard the dishes clatter in the hand washstand in the bathroom. Then, above their clatter, I heard the shrill voice of Little Jack.

"They told me at the flat that you were here," he said to Julia. "I suppose you had to get together and gas about last night. Goddame, if either of you two girls had crowned that yegg with a chair, you'd have saved me plenty sweat."

"The police haven't got him yet?" asked Julia.

"Who did the bulls ever get unless somebody squealed?" he retorted contemptuously. "It aint the bulls I'm afraid of. But I've split with Johnson. I was afraid that fat mug would get Roberts. Can you find a good hide?"

"I suppose you want me to hide your yegg friend Roberts?" suggested Julia.

"That wouldn't be such a poor idea, at that," said Little Jack. "He kinda fell for you last night. But it aint for him; it's for a girl. And if you, Miss Sally Dunning, ever let a yip out of you about anything you hear me say, you'll get the classiest funeral since Valentino."

Sally's voice was correctly sulky. "When did I turn stool?"

"Be sure you don't," advised Little Jack.

"What's your split with Johnson?" asked Julia.

"He double-crossed me; you didn't know it, but he tried to make it a triple-header last night, with me featured in the final. So, after sweating all day, I caught up with Roberts. I made that simple mug think that if he stuck to me I'd load him with jewelry. Well, after I've used him, I'll fill him with lead pearls; but before I do that, I'm going to grab a certain lady from Johnson. That's where you come in, Julia. You too, Sally. It might take two to keep her quiet. She's daffy, and you never know when a nut will crack."

I heard him move toward the door.

"Come along with me, Julia; I need you."

He paused and, I suppose, looked at Sally. Certainly he spoke to her.

"Don't forget. I can use you, so I slip you the tell. But don't get it in your head that you can use me. Understand?"

Sulkily Sally answered: "I understand."

Chapter Nineteen

SALLY waited until the rickety elevator rattled to a stop outside the door. Then she walked to the window and beckoned me inside.

"I only hope no one noticed you perched outside," she said.

"Too dark," I assured her.

She shrugged. "Anyway the kind of people that hang out in a place like this would only think you were a sweetie hiding from the real sugar daddy that had just dropped in. You bet when I get through with the year of study ahead of me, I'll not be living in a place like this, and I won't have to take what I've taken. I don't know that giving a girl like me a chance to keep straight is any wonderful act, but if it is, you get the credit."

"A girl like you would keep straight anyway," I told her.

But she turned my banal assurance aside.

"Don't fool yourself. When you knew Julia, in the old days, she was a sweet kid, wasn't she? It was a thousand to one that she'd go straight, wasn't it? Well, I'm no better than Julia was. If you knew the nights I've laid awake crying because I didn't see anything but the chorus ahead of me! Why, there've been times when I even envied Julia, and thought she had it soft."

"How—did she happen—" I paused. Asking questions about Julia wasn't exactly playing the game.

"Like lots of other girls that come from small towns and are fooled by a flash. In small towns only the nice people have any money, so when they come to New York and meet a guy with dough, they naturally think he's nice. And if they're ambitious and the man pretends he can help them in the theater, and comes through with a wedding-ring, why wouldn't they think he was O. K.? Little Jack wouldn't fool you, and he wouldn't fool me now, but a couple of years ago, when I first hit this town, it might have been different. He may not look it, but he's got a way with the girls. He's a wise-cracker, in the know, and a free spender. Julia went daffy over him. He started her drinking, and the rest was easy. He's done her dirt a thousand different ways."

"Why hasn't she left him?" I asked.

"Why don't half the wives in the world walk out on their husbands? It aint fear of being broke always. It's just that lots of women hate like the devil to admit, even to themselves, that they've made a mistake. But you and I haven't got time to waste talking the whys of life."

I agreed with this. "The sooner I get out of here, the better."

"And where you going?"

HER pertinent question staggered me, and before I could make any sort of reply, Sally went on: "If you had any idea that Little Jack could be on the square with a partner, what you overheard him saying ought to have changed your mind. So you're not going to look him up, are you? And the other side of it, that man Johnson is another rattlesnake. So you can't go to him. Looks to me as though all you do is run around in circles. And a person running around in circles isn't hard to locate. Some one watches him go by, knows he'll come back, and has the blackjack ready. Why don't you try to get to Ruth Van Leyden?"

"Do you think Johnson will let me have a quiet interview with her?" I jeered.

"I'm not talking about your wife. I'm talking about the real Ruth Van Leyden. You don't know how your wife got tangled up in this affair. Now, Ruth Van Leyden may be simple, but she probably knows something about this racket. If she doesn't, her trustees or guardians do. You don't know how long your wife has been fooling Johnson and the rest. But it's certainly a couple of days. Now, even if they wanted her married before they made any demand on her trustees, they've had twenty-four hours since her marriage to do that. I don't know that either the girl or her guardians could do anything more than holler to the police, and you wouldn't want that

done. But men who are trustees for fifty million dollars usually know something. Certainly you'd have a better chance of getting somewhere with them than getting on the bicycle and doing another lap around the circle. Then, there's the minister—though from what you tell me, that egg would be the hardest of all to open up. He did a crooked thing, but he probably asked no questions, and made it as safe for himself as he could. No, the trustees, or the girl herself, are the ones you're looking for."

THIS was sound enough reasoning, but as I studied her proposal, I found an obvious flaw in it.

"Of course," I told her, "the minute I begin telling my tale to her trustees, one of them will send for the police. After all, everyone I meet isn't going to be as charitable as you two girls and my taxi-man who's waiting outside for me. Don't forget that I'm a yeggman out on suspended sentence, and that that suspension was gained by fraud on the part of Judge Mantolini. Those trustees we're talking about aren't going to assume that I'll be decent the rest of my life. When men like that meet a man like me, their first instinct is to summon the police."

"You mustn't forget one thing," said Sally: "Your taxi-man didn't put in with you just because you gave him a couple of yards. Julia would have tried to get you clear, no matter what you were, because she couldn't stand for murder. But no matter what her memories were of schoolgirl days, or how much she hated Little Jack, those things wouldn't put her on your side once she'd got you clear from the trouble at the restaurant. And don't think that I'm any young heroine out to battle for the right when it's none of my business, just because somebody gave me a thousand dollars."

"I don't know what you're driving at," I interrupted her.

"You're a gentleman, Rance," she said. "Anybody can get that right off. And when those trustees see you, and hear you talk, they'll get that fact just as quickly as the rest of us got it. And, good Lord, suppose they don't? You've got to take the chance that they'll toss you into the hoosegow. It may help the girl you married. And you can't help her on your own; you found that out. You've risked your life against Johnson and Little Jack. Are you afraid to risk your liberty?"

I shook my head. "You're right, Sally. I don't see exactly what the Van Leyden trustees can do, except tell the police that Pat is in danger, but as you say, they might be able to think of something. And God knows I can't think of a thing, except to break into the house on Stuyvesant Terrace and shoot it out with Johnson. And that seems insane."

"Of course it's insane," she said.

"But where will I find out who are the Van Leyden trustees?" I asked.

"Couldn't a newspaper office tell you?"

I didn't know much about newspapers, but the suggestion didn't seem feasible.

"If I knew somebody on a paper—" I began.

Sally's black eyes sparkled. "Thank Heaven, I can help there. I guess I was born a busybody. I like to horn in and mess things up. I was afraid that I was completely out of it when I did my little stunt last night. Newspaper men? Gosh, when Little Jack opened up this cabaret of his, his publicity man did plenty for us ladies of the ensemble. And didn't one nice young lad on the *Press* fall for my black eyes and Tanagra figure—that's what he called it—like a ton of coal going down a chute? And doesn't he take me out to dinner two or three times a week, and talk honest matrimony to his little choline? I'll say he does,

and when that boy gets his first play produced, who knows but what Sally Dunning will murmur 'Yes'? Fred Pearsall is one darn' nice lad, and if I ever, in an agony of embarrassment, try to hide the lovelight in my eyes, bet the bankroll it'll be on Freddie's broad chest. He'll do anything for me."

She didn't wait for my approval, but danced—Sally always danced; a walk was too slow and clumsy to express her vitality—to the telephone, called up the *Press*, and asked for Mr. Pearsall.

"That my own hero-man?" she asked in a moment. "This is his bad little girl."

I smothered a chuckle. The little girl who had cursed out Little Jack last night, who had shown courage and wit, and a savage vulgarity when it was necessary, cooed like a little schoolgirl in the throes of her first love-affair. Women, I decided, were pretty much alike when they loved.

Then she was silent a moment, and I think I was correct in assuming that her tender mockery was returned in kind.

"Maybe, after the show tonight, for a minute or so. But a boy that's holding down a job ought not to be staying up late at night to play around with actresses. But if you'll do something for me, I'll let you buy me a sandwich at Reuben's when I'm through work. Nothing much. Just a friend of mine wants to look up something in the old numbers of your newspaper. . . . The morgue? Is that what you call it? Cheerful name. . . . Yes, in about half an hour. . . . His name? Rogers, Mr. Rance Rogers."

She hung up with a gasp. Her face was white as she turned it to me.

"My God, wouldn't you know I'd boob it? Spilling your real name! I *must* be in love with that boy. I just blurt out everything."

Chagrined though I was, I reassured her, told her that it didn't matter.

"Julia got confidential with me today," said Sally. "We've been friendly right along; she's taken an interest in me, tried to show me steps and things like that, and had me share her dressing-room. I helped keep Little Jack out of it. But this afternoon she unbuckled a lot of talk about when she was a little girl, and how your folks lived in the big house in Wrenham, and how popular Rance Rogers was in the old days, and I got your name, your real name, so fixed in the bean that it came out before I realized."

Once again I assured her that it was of no importance.

"Unless he thinks you look something like the pictures, in some of the afternoon papers, of Roberts," she said self-reproachfully. "If he should happen to notice a resemblance, and then figured that a girl who worked for Little Jack sent you to him—"

"Don't worry," I ordered. "Before he turns me over to the police, he'll call you up and tell you his suspicions, and you can get him to lay off for a little while. Anyway, we have to take the chance."

I LEFT her a trifle tearful, bless her heart!

Because I seemed all right to her, she took that dreadful chance which those take who shelter wanted criminals. My idea of what constitutes breeding is different from what it was before I first plunged headlong into devious ways, and perhaps my judgment is no longer sound. But if courage and brains and loyalty have anything to do with breeding, then I don't want to meet a better-bred girl than little Sally Dunning.

A block away from the Corona I found Tim Malloy. He was standing by his taxi, quite frankly using a toothpick. But make no mistake about Tim; he had qualities that made his vulgarities shrink to less than nothing by comparison.

"Every time I let you go in a place," he grinned, "somebody follows you. I almost

SUMMER!

yet your
POWDER
clings,
rouge stays on
and you look
ALWAYS
LOVELY

SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat Beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven-Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.



And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge,

powder, lip stick and lip rouge.

The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Stick and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and thus learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Get This Week End Set!



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1208, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....



Miss Dorothy Seastrom, First Nat'l Star

This most natural of all make-up—

WATERPROOF—SUNPROOF

THE brilliance of the sun cannot fade a Tangee make-up. Nor can the bold, bad waves wash it off! . . . For Tangee is sun-proof, waterproof and permanent.

You put on your Tangee in the morning—You see its orange magic turn to Blush-Rose as it touches your skin. You see it blend instantly with your complexion, giving you the loveliness of Youth's own glow . . . and you rest assured that this loveliness will stay on, all day without fading or rubbing off.

Ask for Tangee today . . . and be sure to see the name on the package!

Tangee Lipstick \$1; Tangee Rouge Compact 75c; Tangee Crème Rouge \$1; Prices 25c higher in Canada.

Dept. 52
THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send your trial "Tangee Beauty Set" including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Rouge Compact, Face Powder, Day Cream and Night Cream. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

It's EZ

WITH A

BUESCHER

True Tone

Like music? Learn to play a Buescher Saxophone. Easy. Sweetest music. Only the Buescher (original American Saxophone) has simplified keys, perfect tone, easy blowing. 3 lessons given on request with each new Sax. Teach scales in an hour. Play tunes first week. Many join Band or Orchestra in 90 days. Make real money. Travel. Work is all play. 6 days' trial. Easy terms. Send postal for Beautiful Free Book. Explains everything. Write Today.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2027 Buescher Block (17) Elkhart, Ind. Free Book

Ben Lindsey's NEW BOOK The COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH
WAINWRIGHT EVANS
WILL BE PUBLISHED
IN EARLY FALL—ORDERS
MAY BE PLACED WITH
YOUR BOOKSELLERS OR
WITH THE PUBLISHERS.



PRICE (\$3.00)
GOOD BOOKS
BONI LIVERIGHT
W 48th STREET, N. Y.

had a fit when I saw Little Jack breeze in there. I'd have telephoned if I'd thought there was any chance of beating him to it. Then I figured that you'd conned your way out of a meeting with him this afternoon, and that this time, if you had to, you'd treat him like you treated his waiter last night. Then when I saw him and his wife come out, I guessed everything was jake. So I ducked into a lunch-room, where I could keep an eye on the Corona, and packed away a meal. What happened?"

I STEPPED into the cab and told him to drive me to the Press building, and on the long ride downtown I brought him up to date on the situation.

"The morgue, eh? Sure, I was office-boy on a newspaper when I was a kid. It's where they keep envelopes stuffed with clippings about folks. You'll have the Van Leydens from the cradle to the grave half an hour after you've stepped in there—unless this Pearsall gent gets hep. But that aint likely."

I didn't think it was likely, either, so it was without trepidation that I stepped into the elevator of the Press building and got off at the twelfth floor. An office-boy took my name, Mr. Rogers, in to the reporter, and a moment later he came out to greet me.

A pleasant-faced young fellow, about twenty-six, he was nobody's fool. His green eyes took me in from head to foot as we shook hands. But if my appearance touched any chord of recognition, I didn't know it. "You want to look at the morgue? Why, of course. Come this way." He led me through a room filled with men writing on typewriters, or, around a long desk, examining and marking manuscript pages, to a much smaller room, presided over by a gray-bearded old chap with a green eyeshade. He introduced me, but I didn't catch the old fellow's name.

"Anything else I can do for you?" he inquired.

I thanked him but assured him that there was nothing else, and he left me, to attend to work of his own, I suppose.

The librarian—I imagine that would be his title—asked me what I wished to see, and I told him that I wanted to look over the clippings about the Van Leydens.

He gestured at a section of the wall. All the walls were lined with shelves, alphabetically marked, and these shelves were stuffed with envelopes.

"That's a large order, young man," he smiled. "The Van Leydens occupy a dozen big envelopes. Any particular period?"

"Let me see the last one," I asked him.

He gave me a stout envelope, stuffed almost to bursting with clippings, and led me to a table where I could peruse them at my leisure.

The envelope contained more than enough for my purposes. The oldest clipping dated back two years, and was one of those double-page, gossip Sunday stories that occupy a lot of space and say nothing. It had been inspired by the then recent sixteenth birthday of Ruth Van Leyden, and gave a brief résumé of her distinguished ancestors, told of her wealth, and her secluded upbringing. It stated that she was at a certain select school for girls on the Hudson.

A clipping a year later told about her seventeenth birthday. Aside from the fact that it said that she was no longer at the Ovington school, but lived, and was being educated by private tutors, in the magnificent country home of the Van Leydens at Rye, it added nothing.

I picked out the larger clippings first, and the third and last of these Sunday stories was of a quite recent date. Ruth Van Leyden, heiress to the undivided ownership of more millions than any other young girl in America, had come of age. There was speculation as to when she would make her

appearance in society, as to whether she would marry an Astor, or a Vanderbilt, or even the Prince of Wales. Also it hinted that her trustees, Senator Golden, former Ambassador to France Rickey, and Thomas Damonier, would have to say about any prospective husband. For it was estimated that these gentlemen, between them, were in receipt of nearly a million dollars a year as recompense for their arduous labors in investing and reinvesting her income. That income amounted to nearly six million a year, according to the newspaper biographer.

It was hinted that even such independently wealthy men as her three trustees would not relish the prospect of parting with such fees as they received. But upon her marriage, now that she had come of legal age, their income ceased. It was to be assumed, wrote the reporter, that the trustees would oppose, as strongly as possible, the pretensions of any suitor who might press his claims during the next few years.

The article contained the addresses of all the trustees, incidentally stating that Ex-ambassador Rickey was at present in Europe, and that Senator Golden was visiting Mexico as a special commissioner for the President. Only the lawyer, Thomas Damonier, remained in New York.

I read it with avidity, writing down on my pad of paper the names of the trustees and the address of Damonier.

I handed back the envelope and the clippings to the librarian. I thanked him and left the room. And as I went out, I wondered that the newspapers had never been able to get a photograph of the heiress. The article had mentioned that, but stated that it was reported she was very beautiful. Well, if the girl was feeble-minded, and my Pat's impersonation of her had been correct even to her mentality, no wonder that her relations and trustees did not want her picture printed. For even a photograph, badly reproduced, might show her simplicity. This seemed a feeble explanation. However, it was the only one I could think of.

Chapter Twenty

YOUNG Pearsall looked up from the typewriter before which he sat and hailed me as I passed by.

"Get what you wanted?" he asked.

"Thank you, I did," I replied.

I would have preferred passing him with that. The room was filled with keen-looking men, any one of whom, I instinctively felt, might prove more dangerous to me than a dozen of the cleverest detectives from Police Headquarters. Perhaps one or more of them were even now engaged in writing a record of today's police activities concerning me. The sooner I was out of this building the easier I'd breathe. But Pearsall detained me with a gesture.

"Anything else I can do for you?" he inquired. "Miss Dunning made it pretty strong; I was to turn the office upside down if you wanted me to, and what she says goes with me."

Now, unless Sally had telephoned him a second time—and I didn't believe she had—I had overheard her end of the conversation with him, and she had not made any such request as this.

For a moment I suspected him of a sinister motive in detaining me, but suddenly I understood. He simply wanted to talk about Sally. But tonight I couldn't spare him much time.

"Awfully sweet of her and mighty kind of you," I said.

Then I quickly shook hands with him and started off.

In the street below I found Tim Malloy. "The cat came back," he grinned. "But you're using up a lot of your nine lives, aren't you?"

I shrugged a bit hopelessly. "I *do* seem to have a cat's luck so far, don't I? I go into places where I'm wanted and up to now the luck has been good. But I'm not so sure that it's going to continue."

"What's happened?" demanded Tim.

I shook my head. "Nothing has happened; it's what *will* happen that's bothering me. I've found out the names of the Van Leyden trustees. Two of them are abroad, but one of them, Thomas Damonier, lives on East Eighty-third Street, and I guess it's up to me to pay him a visit."

"Does the Van Leyden girl live with him?" he asked.

Again I shook my head. "According to the papers, she's with some aunts at the Van Leyden place in Rye."

"That's quite a ride, but we could make it in an hour," said Tim.

"She's a half-witted girl," I objected. "Even if we could get to her, I'm not sure she could tell us anything. And I don't want to be *told* anything. I want some one to *do* something. The trustee of the Van Leyden estate looks the most likely source of action."

"Too likely," protested Tim. "A swell, respectable lawyer like that aint going to put in with James Roberts, the guy that hooked Mannheim on the chin and kissed Rags Kennedy with a six-shooter. That kind of a mouthpiece aint like the Criminal Courts lads that take half what you stole as their fees. When you tell your tale to Damonier, he'll swell up his chest and puff out his cheeks and scream for a copper. And then where'll you be?"

"It doesn't matter so much about me as it does about my wife," I answered.

"Why not go to the bulls yourself and get it done with?" he pertinently inquired.

"Because that would mean my absolute finish," I said. "I'd be clapped into a cell right away."

"And worse than that," asserted Tim. "If Mantolini took a chance when he suspended your sentence, you can be dead sure that he'll take no more chances with a guy that's picked up as much information as you have. That judge is a big finger on the hand of Tammany. And Tammany don't like amputations. Better to have you hang yourself in a cell, than to have you screaming about corruption on the bench."

I couldn't believe that Tim's prophecy could be correct, but a judge and a minister and an outraged jeweler had proved amenable to suggestion, and whether that suggestion came from a political source or not, the source was powerful.

"At least, you agree with me, then, that I'll have a better chance of getting away from Damonier."

"Sure you will," he asserted. "Only, whatever you do, it seems to me we're about at the end of the string, and I'm praying the end won't be a noose. Of course, there's no argument about it. I been thinking heavy while you were up in the newspaper office. Those bandits are playing in a big game. You bust into that house on Stuyvesant Terrace, and it's a million to one that they'll kill your wife as well as you. They aint going to leave any witnesses around. So I guess it's Damonier."

HE had chosen an East Side route up-town, and beneath the Bowery's L structure I leaned back and pondered the situation. And the more I thought of it, the more I thought that Tim and I were becoming jumpy from nerves.

Damonier would not be expecting me. Therefore he would not be on his guard. I had a pistol in my pocket with which I had been prepared, if necessary, to kill the gangsters against whom I had found myself opposed. It was too late for me to be squeamish now.

Of course, Damonier would summon the



The sportswoman finds in Resinol Soap an invaluable toilet accessory

Its special Resinol properties make it singularly refreshing and protective to the skin.

THE keen exhilaration of the great outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness and softness of the skin through sun, wind and dust.

A fitting supplement to the exercise of the sportswoman is the regular use of Resinol Soap. Enjoy the outdoors—swim, motor, play golf or tennis—but safeguard your complexion with this delightful soap whose particular Resinol ingredients protect the delicate natural oil in your skin, thus helping to offset the parching effect of salt water, sun or wind.

Get a cake or a box of Resinol Soap from your druggist and begin its beneficial use today. You will like its distinctive Resinol fragrance, its thorough yet gentle cleansing and the velvety softness it gives your skin. In hot weather a Resinol bath is especially refreshing and helps one to avoid chafing, prickly heat and unpleasant perspiration odors.

Resinol Ointment, prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating serious skin troubles, is now widely used for clearing away pimples, and other minor blemishes. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, etc.

Now the new and larger box of samples is ready for you. Send 10c with the coupon below and we will mail your box at once.



Send 10c for the new Resinol Combination

Resinol, Dept. 7-G, Baltimore, Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

THE GREAT ESSENTIAL

ENTHUSIASM is the quality which enables one to go forward to meet life confidently instead of accepting what chance brings. It is the motive force which makes us masters of life instead of mendicants. It is the reward of those who keep in contact with the affairs of the world and who journey forth to seek new interests beyond their own immediate spheres.

The margin between success and failure is often a very narrow one. Many individuals who seem to have all the equipment necessary for success miss it for lack of this essential quality of enthusiasm. The man of average ability who possesses the gift of boundless enthusiasm is far better equipped to succeed than the man of greater gifts who lacks the genuine eagerness which comes from a deep interest in and zest for life. Otherwise strong personalities fail of accomplishment, in business and in personal relations, because this vital spark is lacking. They are like well-gearred machines which function imperfectly for want of a central driving power.

Enthusiasm is the spontaneous accompaniment of youth. Too often, responsibilities and routine tend to destroy it, but this is not the inevitable result of experience. Genuine enthusiasm knows no bounds of age or season. This dynamic force, so vital to achievement, can be fostered and renewed by keeping horizons constantly extended in an effort to seek out the new and the untried.

To the man who fears he is growing stale, who feels something lacking in his response to life, travel affords an easy and profitable means of regaining the spirit and attitude of success. New sights and sounds stimulate his jaded senses. A whole panorama of man's achievements and Nature's grandeur is spread out before him. He savours the inexhaustible riches of life and its myriad possibilities. For one who travels with open eyes and responsive mind, there is no boredom or satiety. His enthusiasm will know no waning, and he will greet each day as a fresh adventure, a step forward toward genuine achievement.

Modern methods of transportation have made it easy and pleasant to see the world. Comfort and luxury have replaced old-time hardship and inconvenience. The up-to-date traveler can leave cares and responsibilities behind him and journey forth to find the true zest for living which always spells success.

police, but, not until after I had left his house, I grimly assured myself. And after I had left the house, what then?

This was a question I couldn't answer. Since last night's dance at Little Jack's, when I had held my wife in my arms, the present had been cloudy, but the future had seemed all serene. In some way or other I would outwit or overcome the Johnsons, the Little Jacks, and the rest, and would flee to some remote spot, where my wife and I would settle down to happiness. Ridiculous though my dream is when set down in black and white, it didn't seem silly to me at the time. It had seemed practical and not too difficult of realization.

But now I had to give that up. If I should go to Damonier, I would put the fat right in the middle of the fire.

Had my dream come to pass, the police would look for the yeggman who had killed Rags Kennedy. But I could have hoped to evade that pursuit. Johnson would quickly learn that the girl who had fled with me was not the real Ruth Van Leyden, and beyond a smoldering hatred in his breast—provided I hadn't killed him—and a similar emotion in the hearts of his allies, there'd be nothing for which I need be concerned.

But once I had spoken to Damonier, and the police had been openly called in, the newspapers would necessarily be informed of the plot against Ruth Van Leyden and her fortune. The police, having rescued Pat, would watch her for years, if need be, thinking that perhaps she would seek me out and thus lead them to my hiding-place. And when they traced her to me, they might make some charge against her, might even imprison her for aiding me to lie low.

So my present action inevitably meant that I must give up Pat forever—unless, of course, Damonier could think of some way to effect her rescue without the interposition of the police. But—I didn't see how he could.

I cast a backward glance at Tim and the taxicab. The reassuring purr of his engine comforted me, and I told the servant that I wished to see his master on a matter of vital business. He demurred, said that Mr. Damonier never discussed business at his house, and that he was now reading in his library, and had left strict orders that he be not disturbed.

Argument would have been a waste of time. I simply handed the man twenty dollars, and three minutes later I was in the presence of the eminent attorney.

HE was not as distinguished in appearance as he was in reputation. Save for the fact that he wore an iron-gray Van Dyke beard, and that his mustache was a trifle ragged, there was nothing, at first glance, at all noteworthy about him. His manner was sternly cold.

"William," he referred to the departing servant, "tells me that it is a matter of life or death. Otherwise I should not have received you."

"It is," I told him. "A matter that concerns your ward."

He almost leaped from his chair at my words. I saw, now, that he was a highly nervous man.

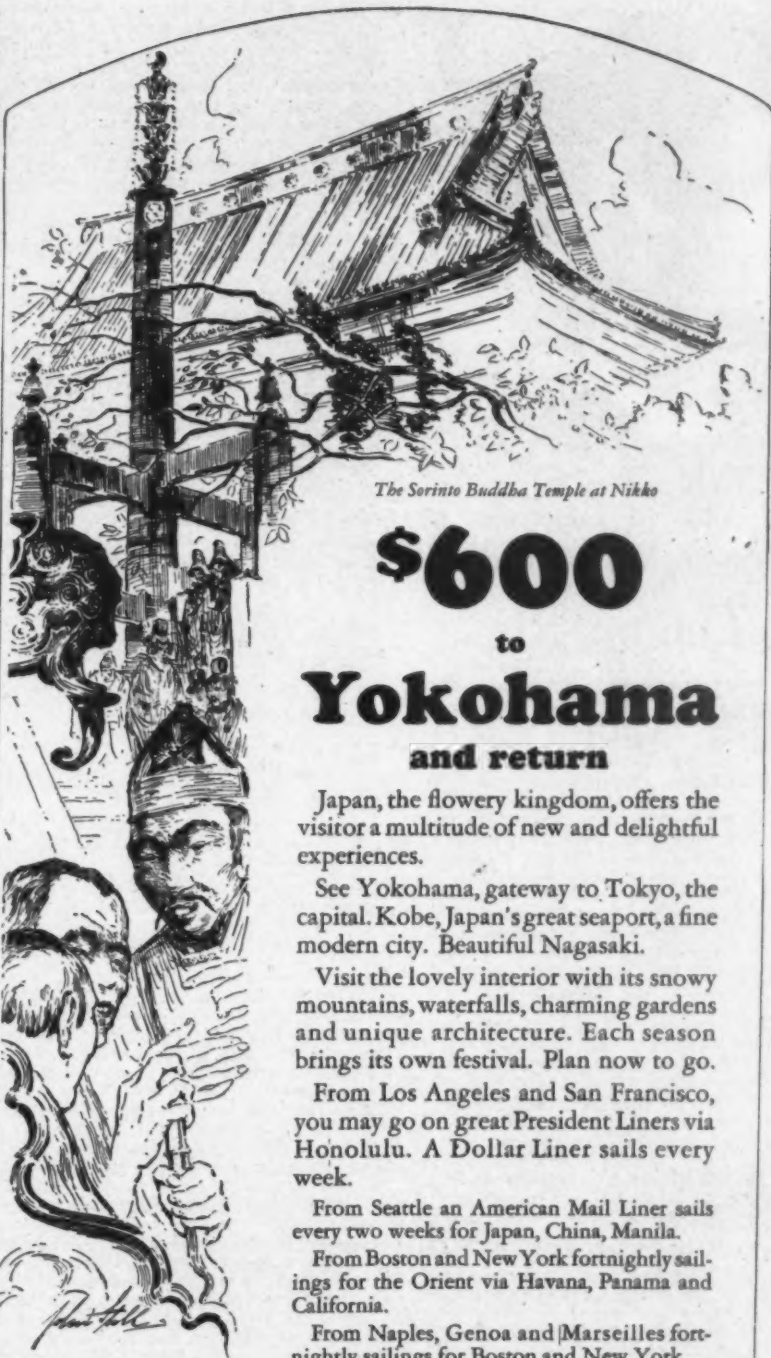
"What do you mean?" he cried.

"No demand has been made on you for ransom?" I asked.

"What are you talking about?" Considering that I hadn't yet told him anything, his excitement was only explicable to me on the ground that he was not well. Such nervousness as his could hardly accompany good health.

But, regretful though I was to subject a man whom I suspected of semi-invalidism to an acute nervous strain, the need of the occasion forbade much consideration for him.

"In Stuyvesant Terrace, yesterday after-



The Sorinto Buddha Temple at Nikko

\$600
to
Yokohama
and return

Japan, the flowery kingdom, offers the visitor a multitude of new and delightful experiences.

See Yokohama, gateway to Tokyo, the capital. Kobe, Japan's great seaport, a fine modern city. Beautiful Nagasaki.

Visit the lovely interior with its snowy mountains, waterfalls, charming gardens and unique architecture. Each season brings its own festival. Plan now to go.

From Los Angeles and San Francisco, you may go on great President Liners via Honolulu. A Dollar Liner sails every week.

From Seattle an American Mail Liner sails every two weeks for Japan, China, Manila.

From Boston and New York fortnightly sailings for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California.

From Naples, Genoa and Marseilles fortnightly sailings for Boston and New York.

You will enjoy the luxury and comfort of these great ships. Commodious outside rooms. Spacious decks for rest or play. World travelers commend the cuisine. Liberal stopovers; spend one week, two weeks or longer at any port you choose.

For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or

Dollar Steamship Line American Mail Line

32 Broadway . . . New York
604 Fifth Ave and 25 Broadway, New York
1018 Bessemer Bldg. . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
177 State Street . . . Boston, Mass.
1519 Railroad Ave. So. . . Seattle, Wash.

101 Bourse Building . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
514 W. Sixth Street . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
Dime Bank Building . . . Detroit
110 South Dearborn Street . . . Chicago, Ill.
Robert Dollar Bldg. . . San Francisco, Calif.



Have Lustrous, Clean Hair with Lemon Rinse

THE mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water, assuring you of that absolute cleanliness that means truly beautiful hair. That's why thousands of women today are using this natural aid to complete hair beauty. They know it means that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

Try this shampoo accessory next time. See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note its silky lustre, its soft, fluffy texture, the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results first wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one best way to insure the full beauty of your hair—to make all its loveliness apparent—whether you wear it bobbed or long.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1208, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

noon, Dr. Warden, a minister, married me to a girl calling herself Ruth Van Leyden. She isn't Ruth Van Leyden, but the men who hold her prisoner think she is. By some mistake they kidnaped her instead of your ward. They plan to demand her estate in her behalf. It's up to you to call in the police and rescue her. If they discover their mistake, they might even make an attempt to capture your ward. You must act quickly."

I gave him the number, Sixteen, of the house on Stuyvesant Terrace.

"You say," he gasped, "that you married the girl?"

"I was forced to," I told him.

He seemed to master his nervousness. His lips curled in unbelief.

"How could they force you?" he sneered.

I could have struck him. He was a great lawyer, a man of even international reputation, and yet he had not acumen enough to see that I told the truth. For, melodramatic though my statements were, the dullest person should have been convinced of my sincerity.

For a moment I had hoped that I could leave his house without informing him of my identity, but his disbelief compelled me to say things that would banish his doubt, dispel any idea that I was a madman or crank.

"By threatening to toss me back into the jail from which they'd let me out," I explained. "You've read the papers today? I'm Roberts, the yegg that's wanted for killing Rags Kennedy. Now, if I weren't telling the truth, I wouldn't admit that, would I?"

NO man could have achieved his success in life without possessing the ability to control his nerves when the exigencies of the moment demanded self-control.

"You're taking a chance admitting that, aren't you? I believe you. Now what do you want me to do?"

"Do? Don't you suppose I've tried to think? All I can suggest is that you call in the police."

He nodded thoughtfully. "That means there'll be a hue and cry for you, even greater than the one now. And my ward will be involved in scandalous publicity, which will put the idea of kidnaping her into the minds of other criminals. I want to protect her from that possibility. And while it is not my habit to connive at the escape of men charged with murder, I can guess that you have behaved well in this matter, Mr. Roberts, and I should hate to be instrumental in doing you a harm. Why wouldn't a private detective agency do the work?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. Such an idea hadn't occurred to me because I couldn't approach private detectives. But a man of Damonier's position could not only do so, but could assure their discreet silence.

The lawyer looked at his watch. "Be back here in one hour. In that time I'll have the Greenways, with old Sam Greenway himself, up here in this house. I'll also telephone to Rye and be sure that my ward is safe."

"Be back here?" I stared at him. "Why should I come back? What good can I do?"

"Good Lord, man!" he exclaimed. "The Greenways will think I've gone insane if I tell them such a story as this and have no one to corroborate me. You must come back. I'll see that the Greenways forget any sense of duty that they may feel. They'll not arrest you. But I certainly will not order them to act unless you are here."

"I'll come back," I promised.

HE was calling up Rye when I left his library. I felt elated as I stepped into Tim's taxicab. But his reaction, as we drove away, was not like mine.

Going Strong



Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
for 20¢
Extremely Mild



TENNIS

GOLF—fishing—sports galore during the day at the Royal Hawaiian. In the evening luxurious comfort—quiet—and rest. For information, address Matson Navigation Company, 215 Market St., San Francisco; 510 W. 6th St., Los Angeles; 1319 4th Avenue, Seattle; 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York. Or write—

Royal Hawaiian
Hotel 400 rooms with
private baths

A. BENAGLIA, General Manager
Honolulu, Hawaii

20 acres of gardens. Game fishing unexcelled.
Land and water polo. Horseback riding. Swimming and surf riding.



The
Sign
of a
Good
Hotel

**UNITED
HOTELS
COMPANY
OF AMERICA**
25 W. 45TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY



Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn \$30-\$35 a Week

Every woman should learn. We train beginners, practical nurses, mothers and religious workers by fascinating home-study method. Endorsed by physicians.

EARN WHILE LEARNING
Thousands of successful graduates. If you are over 16 write for free catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages. Money-back agreement. Nurses' full equipment included. Established 27 years.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 748 421 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Clark's Famous Cruises
By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil-burners; rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees

65 days, \$600 to \$1700
THE MEDITERRANEAN
ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise, including Madeira, Lisbon, (Madrid) Spain, (Granada) Algiers, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, the Riviera, Havre, (Paris) Europe stop-over.

8th World Cruise (Westward)
Jan. 16; 125 days, \$1250 to \$3000.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

"You say he sent you out, away from his house?" Tim asked. "I don't get that." I mentally reviewed Damonier's words.

"He didn't tell me to go, he simply said for me to come back."

"It's the same thing, aint it? You a yegg, wanted by the bulls for murder, telling him the damndest story he'd ever listened to in all his life, and he let you go?" Tim shook his head. "It don't sound good. Boss, he's going to double-cross you."

"How?" I impatiently asked.

"He got you out of the house because he didn't want you to hear him calling up the police," declared Tim. "A guy in his position aint going to help a yegg go free. Don't kid yourself. He believed your yarn, but that don't mean he's going to let ten or twenty Greenway men know that he helped a murderer get away. Boss, don't go back there. Beat it while the beating's good. You write to me when you have a good hide. I'll get in touch with the little girl you married after this has all blown over. That's the only sensible thing."

There seemed sanity in what Tim suggested. But I couldn't believe that a man like Damonier would lie, even to the sort of person he had every right to think me to be. I said as much to Tim.

"Well, let's wait at the corner and watch who goes to his house," said Tim. "We haven't anything to do for an hour but kill time. Let's kill it here. I can tell a bull, no matter what kind of clothes he has on, and I know old Sam Greenway by sight. That old bird likes his night clubs as well as anyone else, and time and again I've driven him. If Greenway arrives, I'll say that Damonier is on the square. But if any flat-footed Headquarters men show up, I'll spot them like I was the inspector that took them off the traffic squad."

Well, there was no reason why I should refuse to follow this advice. So Tim drew up his taxi at the corner of Park Avenue, and we waited for Damonier's call for aid to be answered. Fifteen minutes we sat there, and then an automobile drew up before the lawyer's door, twenty yards down the street.

THEN I knew why Damonier had been nervous, why he had wanted me out of his house while he telephoned. For no Headquarters men, no operatives from the Greenway Agency alighted from the big limousine.

It was Johnson, followed by Criney and Mehaffey, who ran hurriedly across the sidewalk! Even then, had they rung the bell, I might have been deceived, might have thought their arrival a coincidence, might have believed that they had come to demand ransom.

But Johnson was illumined by an arc light near Damonier's house. I could see him produce a key and unlock the door. Such familiar acquaintance could argue only one thing, and Tim Malloy voiced it.

"Well, for the love of Mike, the lawyer's in on it too!"

But I paid no attention to his words. "Stuyvesant Terrace, as fast as you can, Tim," I cried. "She's there, she must be there, she has to be there! And there'll be three less guarding her than there were ten minutes ago. I only saw three other men when I was there. One to three are not bad odds."

Tim turned his head, and I could see his mouth twisting in a grin.

"One to three? How do you get that way? Two to three, boss! I don't wait on any corner this time. When you bust in that door, I'll be right at your elbow!"

The conclusion of Mr. Roche's remarkable novel maintains to the end the swift pace he has thus far set. Watch for it in the next, the September, issue.

V Vacation days on the Great Lakes



Visit
MACKINAC ISLAND
NIAGARA FALLS
CHICAGO DETROIT
CLEVELAND BUFFALO

CRUISE on the swiftest and most luxurious steamers on the Great Lakes; see MACKINAC ISLAND, "The Summer Wonderland" with its historic points of interest, and marvelous climate; fish at "The Snows" near Mackinac. Riding, swimming, tennis and every outdoor recreation. All these are included in a D & C lake tour. Stop over as long as you like at any port.

Good Times Aboard

Radio and movies on Buffalo and Mackinac divisions; also dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, teas, golf and deck games on the Mackinac Division boats. Tickets on this division limited to sleeping accommodations.

Overnight Service

between Cleveland and Detroit; between Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit; and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

ROUND TRIP FARES (Including Berth and Meals)

Between		
CHICAGO and DETROIT		\$60
MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT		\$30
BUFFALO and CHICAGO		\$79
	One Way	Round Trip
CLEVELAND and DETROIT	\$3.50	\$6.00
Berth and meals extra		
BUFFALO and DETROIT	\$6.00	\$11.00
Berth and meals extra		

No Surcharge

For further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. Dept. 19 at Detroit, Mich.

**DETROIT & CLEVELAND
NAVIGATION COMPANY**





FREE TRIAL!
TRIUMPH! Illinois "Sportsman"—the 2-in-1 Strap Watch—for DRESS-Wear, for SPORTS-Wear. Has remarkable SHOCK-PROOF Movement, RESILIO wheels, plates, escapement, secret process tempered. Genuine Ruby Jewels—not 1 or 3—but 17 jewels for PRECISION! Created by ILLINOIS WATCH CO., Springfield, Illinois. The U. S. Government, during the World War, requested their entire output of Military Watches because they proved best.

AMAZED at Its Accuracy!
BUSINESS MEN, Professional Men, Executives, Sportsmen are ASTOUNDED at its splendid performance under action! Terrific drives down the fairway, crashes on the tennis court, winter sports, motoring, office use, intense heat or cold, do not affect its timekeeping! It's SHOCK-PROOF! WEATHER-PROOF! Case is DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Straps Green or White. Handsome enough for "dressiest" affairs, RADIUM dial GLOWS time BRIGHTLY in darkness! For Red-blooded Men! \$20 List. Our price for \$9.95! LIMITED TIME to advertise our Direct-to-User value... **33**

Our Plan is Different!
 It is arousing nation-wide comment. We ask for NO Money advance! NOTHING on Delivery! See Your Wear! Watch for 10-Days! **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

If pleased you may pay on Budget plan:
 \$6 MONTHLY
 or, if you prefer to pay Cash within 10 DAYS, deduct \$2.75 and send Check or Money Order for \$31.25. Otherwise return it. Order now at this Special Price!

SEAEVER-WILLIAMS CO.
 Importers, Exporters, International Mail-Order House
 "4 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
 345 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
 Sole Distributors of SHOCK-PROOF "Sportsman."
 Gentlemen—Please send \$3.35 Illinois "Sportsman" watch for 10 Days FREE Trial on your "No Money in Advance—No Money on Delivery" Plan.
☐ Green. ☐ White. (Check order.)
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 Clip and mail this Adv. NOW. If a new customer, please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU! R.S. 8-27

High School Course in 2 Years
 This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.
 Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.
20 Other Courses
American School
 Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
 Dept. HC-81 Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied
 American School, Dept HC-81 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
 Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| —Architect | —Electrical Engineer |
| —Building Contractor | —General Education |
| —Automobile Engineer | —Lawyer |
| —Civil Engineer | —Mach. Shop Practice |
| —Structural Engineer | —Mechanical Engineer |
| —Business Manager | —Steam Engineer |
| —C. P. A. & Auditor | —Sanitary & Heating |
| —Bookkeeper | —Surveyor & Mapping |
| —Draftsman & Designer | —High School Graduate |

Name _____
 Address _____

THE BROOM OF LIFE

(Continued from page 85)

with a few dollars a couple of times. Then I took a kind of likin' to her, and after that started in to study her, and after a while I saw there was a lot of good in her—underneath—and maybe if she'd started out different, she'd 've stayed straight."

"Maybe," Jason agreed. "But what are you goin' to do, Tom—marry her?"

"That's just it. She's willing, and I guess I am. We figure we could pull together and get along fine. But there's Eddy—"

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, I took him up to see her once or twice," Coe explained, "and she treated him fine. Didn't say the least thing out o' the way—acted just like your missus would—ladylike. But Eddy didn't take to her. And then he commenced findin' out things 'bout her—see? He didn't know I had in mind to marry her, but when I let it out—careful-like, just to see how he'd take it—he near hit the ceiling. 'You goin' to hitch up to that?' he says. 'Nothin' doin', Dad!' 'Why not?' I asks. 'She's alone and I'm alone, and there's many a worse gal in the world than Lily Drake, I'll tell you that!' 'With me marryin' Anne Wursley!' he comes back at me. 'You're out o' your mind! But marry her if you like!' 'And what'll you do?' I asks. 'You can go your own way,' he says, and he laughs. 'You don't think I'm gonna have Anne 'sociate with a woman like her? It wouldn't be right. She's a decent girl clean through'! . . . Well, we had it out hot and heavy, and I been thinkin' about it ever since. Eddy and me's been 'bout as close as two peas ever since his mother died when he was a kid of five, and if I marry Lily, I'll lose him—see? He's got his ma's nature. When he says somethin', he means it. . . . What'd you do, Jay?"

"What's this you got?" she asked in a metallic voice that grated upon Jason, taking the parcel from Coe.

"Gin," he told her.

"Well, open it up, and we'll have a round. May do my head good. Sit down," she bade Jason, "and make yourself at home. You must excuse the looks of this place, but honest to goodness, I was feeling so bum I couldn't do a thing."

"Oh, that's all right," Jason replied politely. "I can only stay a couple of minutes."

She excused herself and went in search of glasses. While she was gone, Coe looked at Jason and jerked his head, as much as to say:

"She's all right—huh?"

And Jason jerked his head as though to say:

"She's all right, Tom."

And she was, in a way, he thought—but he could not help comparing her with Kate, and he tried to imagine himself married to Miss Drake. He couldn't. How shamed he would be! Imagine introducing her to Mary or Anne—or to Kate! Yet for Tom she was better than nobody.

She came back with the glasses, and they sat around and talked. Jason was eager to get away, but he was granted no opportunity. Now and then he looked at his watch, and when the hands neared five, he summoned the courage to break through Miss Drake's loquaciousness, and got up.

"I got to go," he said.

Then the door-bell rang.

"Just a minute," Lily said, "till I see who that is. Give Mr. Wursley a drink, Tom."

"You think she's all right?" Coe said in a whisper as Lily hurried into the hall. "Tell me the truth, Jay—and shame the devil!"

"I think she's all right," Jason said slowly, "but I'd cut out the drink, Tom—for both of you."

Coe looked at him, and his eyes dropped before Jason's gaze.

"Maybe it was drink that started her on the wrong road," Jason went on. "I used to know a girl—oh, a long time ago—like that; if it hadn't been for drink, she'd of been—" He broke off abruptly, startled by the sound of a shrill, familiar voice; it was like the voice of the dead, like a ghost's voice; he turned quickly, and at the sight of her, he spoke her name:

"Flora!"

"Hello, Jay," she said with amazing ease. "Didn't expect to run into you." But he noticed that she went quite white beneath her paint.

KATE'S letter was written; it lay in a sealed envelope beneath that old letter from Flora Kelley on the dining-room table. She stood outside the door of the apartment, conscious that she had closed it behind her—for the last time.

She stood there breathing hard, listening to the short heavy beat of her heart. Her

drinkin'. Who's this you got along?" she said in the same breath as she admitted them.

Coe introduced his friend.

"Pleased to meet you," she said. "Come this way." She led the way down a dark little hall and into an untidy parlor; through a drab pair of portières, one could see the more untidy alcove bedroom.

She belonged to the untidiness. Jason was more than a little shocked because she was not properly dressed. Going on four o'clock, he thought, and still in her wrapper! Her blonde hair, however, was flamboyantly arranged; and she was "made up"—some kind of black stuff smeared on her eyelids, her plump cheeks rouged, her mouth, which sagged at the corners, painted a vivid carmine. She had had a headache all day, she explained, and was just getting fixed up.

"What's this you got?" she asked in a metallic voice that grated upon Jason, taking the parcel from Coe.

"Gin," he told her.

"Well, open it up, and we'll have a round. May do my head good. Sit down," she bade Jason, "and make yourself at home. You must excuse the looks of this place, but honest to goodness, I was feeling so bum I couldn't do a thing."

"Oh, that's all right," Jason replied politely. "I can only stay a couple of minutes."

She excused herself and went in search of glasses. While she was gone, Coe looked at Jason and jerked his head, as much as to say:

"She's all right—huh?"

And Jason jerked his head as though to say:

"She's all right, Tom."

And she was, in a way, he thought—but he could not help comparing her with Kate, and he tried to imagine himself married to Miss Drake. He couldn't. How shamed he would be! Imagine introducing her to Mary or Anne—or to Kate! Yet for Tom she was better than nobody.

She came back with the glasses, and they sat around and talked. Jason was eager to get away, but he was granted no opportunity. Now and then he looked at his watch, and when the hands neared five, he summoned the courage to break through Miss Drake's loquaciousness, and got up.

"I got to go," he said.

Then the door-bell rang.

"Just a minute," Lily said, "till I see who that is. Give Mr. Wursley a drink, Tom."

"You think she's all right?" Coe said in a whisper as Lily hurried into the hall. "Tell me the truth, Jay—and shame the devil!"

"I think she's all right," Jason said slowly, "but I'd cut out the drink, Tom—for both of you."

Coe looked at him, and his eyes dropped before Jason's gaze.

"Maybe it was drink that started her on the wrong road," Jason went on. "I used to know a girl—oh, a long time ago—like that; if it hadn't been for drink, she'd of been—" He broke off abruptly, startled by the sound of a shrill, familiar voice; it was like the voice of the dead, like a ghost's voice; he turned quickly, and at the sight of her, he spoke her name:

"Flora!"

"Hello, Jay," she said with amazing ease. "Didn't expect to run into you." But he noticed that she went quite white beneath her paint.

KATE'S letter was written; it lay in a sealed envelope beneath that old letter from Flora Kelley on the dining-room table. She stood outside the door of the apartment, conscious that she had closed it behind her—for the last time.

She stood there breathing hard, listening to the short heavy beat of her heart. Her

suitcase was a leaden weight in her hand; she set it down on the carpeted stair for a moment, and then picked it up again.

She lugged it down the stairs and out to the street where Willy, the janitor's nine-year-old son, said:

"Kin I carry yer bag fer yer, Mis' Wursley? Yer don't have to gimme nothin'."

"No thanks," she said shortly, hurrying on to the corner of Eighth Avenue. Almost at once an empty taxi crawled by. She wanted to hail it, but the words died in her throat; she waited for the next, but that too went by—she didn't call loud enough; but the third driver saw her and drew up by the curb. "Where to?" he demanded, opening the door.

"The station," she said weakly. "Grand Central."

Her only sensation at first, as she sank into one corner of the cab, was that the man was going too fast, whirling her up the avenue as though she were going to a fire—he ought to be arrested; she was suddenly angry with him, whizzing her so swiftly from all that was dear to her.

At Twenty-third Street traffic forced the man to slow down, and Kate's thoughts winged back to Jason.

In a little while he would be home from work. He'd open the door of the apartment with his key and call to her.

"Kate!"
But today he'd get no reply. He'd go looking for her—in the bedroom, down the hall, into the dining-room; he might not see the letter at first; he might go into the kitchen and sit down for a while with his paper. But after a bit he'd get uneasy; he'd go looking for her again—and then maybe he'd find the letter.

WHAT would he do? It'd be supper-time by then, and he'd be hungry. He'd have to eat. Maybe he'd cook himself something. There was some cold meat in the icebox and a few cans of things on the shelf. Or maybe he'd go out to a restaurant. . . . No, he'd stay home by himself. And after a while he'd go to bed.

He'd be awfully lonely by himself. He'd go to bed early most likely, but he wouldn't sleep. He'd lie awake—fretting. Well, that's what he deserved. In the morning he'd fix his own breakfast, and go to work.

But who would get him up? The thought struck her as the taxi turned east on Fortieth Street and then up Broadway. Ever since they had been married, she had wakened him. She always awoke at seven, rain or shine; but Jason, as he often said, could sleep the clock round!

The thought troubled her. He would lie awake fretting and fall to sleep late most likely, and in the morning he would sleep on. She ought to have bought him an alarm clock and put it by the bed with a note telling him to be sure to set it.

The cab drew up at the station; the driver opened the door. She glanced at the meter and got out; a red-cap took her bag.

"What train, ma'am?"

She told him, paid the taxi, and followed the porter down the incline and into the concourse—with the thought of Jason oversleeping and not getting to work in the morning uppermost in her mind. . . .

Jason was most uncomfortable. After a very trying hour he had managed to take his leave of Tom and Miss Drake, but Flora had insisted upon accompanying him.

"I'll come along with you," she had said in her easy way.

They were walking down Eighth Avenue. "It's only five or six blocks," Flora said for the third time, "and I think you owe me that much, Jason Wursley. I can't say what I want to, walking on the street, and I won't keep you long."

"But I can't, I tell you," he repeated. "I'm late now."

His emotions were myriad. To begin with, he was ashamed of walking beside Flora Kelley with her painted face and her flashy clothes. She hadn't looked so cheap in the old days, he kept thinking. Still, he felt rather a beast for refusing her this one request: she wanted to talk to him—something to do with a letter he had never received.

Once he had been weak, terribly weak; Flora had tempted him when she had worked in the office of the packing company; and he had fallen—but not for long! He had learned his lesson, and he had had the strength to snap out of it; he had had the sense to see that "good times" didn't get you anywhere, that a pretty face and a laugh and a drink and a few stolen kisses and, above all, breaking faith with Kate, made a man mean and cheap and worthless.

It came back to him very vividly. Kate had the kids and very little time for him. Often she was cross just because her health was bad and she had too much to do. And she had lost her looks. Flora was something new, something very warm and exciting, with a pretty little head that had nothing in it but laughter and fun. Her laughter made her careless, because she laughed at everything—at life, at responsibilities, at men, at love and at kids. Kate was just the opposite. She laughed very seldom, and when she did it was with the kids.

And he had thought he had been in love with Flora! Even after he had vowed never to see her again, for a wearisome six months he had yearned for her. How impossible it seemed now—all eagerness to get rid of her and go home!

"Why can't you tell me here?" he argued. "It's only by chance that we met again, and it can't be so important. Suppose we hadn't met—"

"But we did. It's Fate that's brought us together, and you did like me once, Jay."

"Sure I did."

"Well, then—" she said pathetically, and broke off. "I want to tell you about that letter. You say you never got it. If you had, you'd have come back."

"No."

"Yes, you would, Jay."

He did not reply; he did not want to argue with her; he knew so positively that he would not have gone back to her.

"Will you come round some evening and see me?" she asked. "Just for old times' sake?"

"I can't," he said. "I don't want to." He stopped, determined to take the car at the corner.

"Thanks," she said ironically.

"I mean that, Flora," he told her earnestly. "It couldn't happen now."

A curious little smile quirked the corners of her painted mouth. "But you're scared just the same," she challenged him, "to come round some evening!"

"Well—maybe," he gave in to her, "but just the same I'm not coming."

Then he bade her good-by, hailed a car and boarded it, smiling to himself at the thought of being scared of Flora Kelley.

FIFTEEN minutes later, he mounted the stairs to his apartment and let himself in. "Kate!"

He got no response. He did not call again; he hung his hat in the hall, looked into the bedroom, passed down the hall, through the dining-room and into the kitchen.

Kate was sitting at the table, staring out through the window.

"Didn't you hear me call, Kitty?"

She looked around at him. "You're late."

"Yes, I know."

She looked at him more sharply. "You've been drinking!"

"Tom and I stopped in and had one or two!"

"Where's the paper?"

"I—I forgot it."

HOME-STUDY COURSES

THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

DO YOU WANT an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our salary-increasing plan enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our salary-increasing plan. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the salary-increasing plan starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
Dept. 866-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your salary-increasing plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice | |

Name _____
Present Position _____
Address _____

Make \$12 a Day
SELL PIONEER
50 All Wool
23 Tailoring
Full or Part Time
Make \$12 a Day from Start
Parttime men 15 an hour selling
famous Pioneer tailored-to-measure all-wool suits at \$22.50.
Commission paid in advance. Striking leather brief case containing 100 large swatch samples furnished—and \$2.50. We train the inexperienced. Men with determination and willingness to work for success write for this big money making opportunity today.
Pioneer Tailoring Co., 150 W. Harrison St., Dept. 8-1129, Chicago

Learn Cartooning
Simple Home Method
Steady Demand for good cartoonists. Big salaries—wonderful opportunities. Miss Morley writes: "I was offered more money for one week's writing than the entire course cost me." Send coupon for FREE BOOK and Offer to New Students. Write Miss Morley, State Ave. and Webster St., Mrs. W. W. Morley. (No salesman will call.)
WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 322-E. 1113-15th St., N.W., Washington D. C.

Of Interest to Parents
"A Guide to Private Schools"
This booklet will be sent free on request to Department of Education.
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
429 Lexington Avenue New York City

"DON'T SHOUT"
"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."
"How?"
MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The
Morley Phone
for the
DEAF
is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 10 S. 19th St., Phila.



Their hair defies summer's breezes!

Outdoors-Indoors —Hair in place!

Try, free, the hair dressing that has pleased more people than any other

No more need for your hair to get ruffled by the first breeze!

And no more need to experiment with your hair—trying to plaster it down now with water, now with this, now with that—with who knows what harmful consequences!

To keep the hair in perfect order—indoors, outdoors, and all day long—more men and women now rely on Stacomb than on any other dressing for the hair! Let us send you, free, a sample of this delightful modern dressing.

Stacomb never leaves your hair gummy looking. It actually helps to keep it in condition and to counteract dandruff.

Stacomb now comes not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE
OFFER

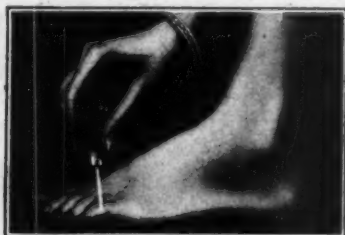
Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. P-43, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....



How Corns Calluses are ended now

*This new way stops
pain in 3 seconds*

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns and callus spots. No more paring. That is temporary; that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with this amazing liquid which acts like a local anesthetic. The pain stops in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort... instantly!

Then soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" World's
Fastest Way

She looked at him still more sharply. It was the first time he had forgotten to bring home the evening paper. But she said nothing.

"Well, sit down and I'll get a bite to eat. There's not much. Only cold meat and some beans—"

"And coffee?"

"Yes, I'll make coffee if you want it. I'm going to have tea."

He sat down and lighted his pipe. In a few minutes the kitchen was filled with the pungent aroma of coffee and beans. It was wonderful how quick Kitty could do things, he thought, as he watched her through loving eyes.

Then he noticed that she was setting the kitchen table and not the one in the dining-room.

"We gonna eat out here, Kitty?"

"We might as well—seeing there's only us two now."

They were both strangely silent during supper. Kate had her thoughts, and Jason had his—and they were quite different except along one vein.

Kate thought of her hurried return from the station, in time to unpack her suitcase and burn those letters, hers and Flora Kelley's. What a day it had been! A good thing that Jason had been late; otherwise she would have had to explain. Now he would never know. . . . What a funny thing life was! Here she was back with him, with the wounds she had kept green so long

all healed! Somehow it didn't seem to matter any more. It was almost as though it had never happened. And in the morning she'd wake him as usual.

Jason's thoughts drifted from Flora to Kate, back to Flora and returned to Kate. He wished he might tell her—everything, from the adventure of this afternoon to that far-away time when the impossible had happened. But no, he couldn't. That was his secret, and it would always remain his. It would hurt her to know—even after all these years; and she could never feel as he did, that somehow it hadn't really happened! What a funny thing life was! The years were like a great sweet-smelling broom that swept all the dust and dirt away and left the heart clean!

"Say, Kitty, old girl," Jason broke the silence, "what about taking a run up to the farm next Sunday? Now there's only us two, we can—quite easily."

"I was thinking of the farm only today," Kate returned, refilling his cup with coffee. "I'd like to set some seeds out this year, but I can't make up my mind what kind of flowers I want most."

"Wait till we're there all the time," he promised her. "We'll have every kind there is!"

She smiled up at him through soft eyes, and she remembered what Anne had said: "He's always been wonderful to you, hasn't he?" She was so glad now she had replied: "Yes, dear."

DEVICES OF DÉSIRÉE

(Continued from page 80)

"Very quaint," she continued, "that Persian servant in the veil. Goes everywhere with her, they tell me. Good idea! Much too attractive to go about alone. Watch William Wells this minute, looking at her as if he'd like to grab her and run up a tree!"

In which Miss Mitchell did William a grave injustice. Close analysis would have shown his attitude to be less that of the cave-man stalking a prospective victim than a young mother proudly watching baby's first step.

Delighted as he was at the magnitude of Désirée's success, it had its disadvantages. It seemed hours before he was able to claim even a moment of her attention.

"You were wonderful," he said. "You're always wonderful. See, I cried till my shirt-front's all polka-dotted! But at that, I'd rather hear you sing 'First Catch Your Canary' than all the rest of your repertory put together."

"Would you, really? It is rather an amusing little song, isn't it?"

There was nothing wrong with the words, but there was—or was there?—the very faintest suggestion of distance in the tone.

"Please don't be high-hatty with me," he pleaded. "You know what I told you the other night?"

"The other night?" Désirée's tone was very vague.

"When we were sitting on the rugs," prompted William.

"Oh, yes, when we were sitting on the rugs," she agreed, and then waited for him to go on.

"You know. About how different you seem sometimes." William went resolutely on, although uncomfortably conscious of Taifa standing as if on guard, not ten feet away. Whether or not she was listening, the inscrutable eyes did not betray. "Just now you sounded as if you hardly knew me and didn't want to improve the acquaintance," he finished bitterly.

"Oh, no," she said very gently.

"The other night I thought you—you liked me a little?" he went on, taking courage from her voice.

"When we were sitting on the rugs, I

suppose?" There was the slightest shade of mockery in her inquiry, but William was past considering anything except that their moments alone were necessarily numbered.

"Yes," he went on, "and that's why I've the nerve to ask you something. I know you never go about or see people outside the theater—"

"Never."

"But I want to come to see you. I want to ever so much."

Although William had never been a diffident young man, he addressed the latter part of his appeal entirely to a corpulent cupid embellishing the corner of the Aubusson carpet, and that is why he did not see Désirée look as if for instruction, into the eyes of the Persian woman, nor see the furtive nod which apparently gave her permission to say:

"For tea tomorrow, perhaps?"

NOR for Hobson had the evening been an unqualified success. Maneuver as he might, it had been impossible for him to secure even one moment alone with Désirée. It was only when the actual moment of her departure was imminent that he waylaid her upon the staircase.

"Let Taifa fetch your wrap," he begged. "I haven't had a word with you all evening."

Above her veil, the dark eyes of the servant met his. In them was no trace of servility, rather a speculative something that puzzled him.

"Taifa, please."

"Yes, mademoiselle," was all the girl answered as she turned to the stairs, but a keen observer might have heard in the words a trace of something like mockery—an echo of the tone Désirée herself had used not half an hour before.

"When am I going to see you again?" was Hobson's question as the maid disappeared.

"I don't see anybody," she demurred.

"You're going to see me!" Hobson's voice was entirely assured.

"I'm afraid not."

"Nonsense."

"I can't!" The words were so full of regret that he was immensely encouraged.

"Why not?"

"I mustn't."
Again he demanded, "Why not?"
She shook her head.
"When may I come?" he continued stubbornly.

"I oughtn't to let you!" Even Hobson, the unobservant, knew that when a woman says "I oughtn't," she is simply giving herself a cue to say, "I will."

"Tomorrow?" He asked the question hopefully.

"Oh, no, not tomorrow."

"The day after, then? Hurry—she's coming back."

She flung a troubled look up the staircase, and the sight of Taifa beginning the descent seemed to bring her to a sudden resolution. She even raised her voice a little defiantly so that the descending figure could not miss her answer.

"For tea, the day after tomorrow, perhaps?"

THE apartment where Désirée had established a home was an ultra-conservative one "over east," sufficiently far uptown to be smart and sufficiently far downtown to be convenient. It was a discreet combination of hotel and apartment-house, the question of service being so adequately answered that Désirée was enabled to dispense with any personal staff except Taifa.

Said William when he entered the drawing-room and saw its gay taffeta hangings, its cheerful prints, the decorative but unnecessary fire crackling on the hearth, and Désirée's violin lying ready to her hand on top of the miniature piano: "Now, this is absolutely the sort of room you'd have and I like."

He spoke earnestly—quite as earnestly as Hobson on the day following, when that worthy expressed himself as follows:

"Of course you furnished this yourself. It expresses you so wonderfully well."

The only difference was that when Hobson spoke, he was looking about the library, a room simple and a little somber in its furnishings; curtained and upholstered in dim old tapestry, and gay only in the parti-colored bindings that crowded the bookshelves. "Now, this is absolutely the sort of room I like," he continued.

And to each young man Désirée answered in exactly the same words:

"I'm glad you like it. It is a little like me, isn't it?"

BETWEEN William the Third and the erstwhile friend of his bosom, there was rising a wall of reserve. It cannot be said that they avoided each other, but at any rate they no longer sought each other out. What each felt for the other was not jealousy; neither felt that he had reason for it. The emotion of each was rather the regret of a generous victor that he must be the instrument of defeat for a worthy adversary. Heretofore each had enjoyed the complete confidence of the other. Now, when they met, the subject of Désirée was instinctively taboo; and although, after a precedent had been established, each appeared at Désirée's as often as she would permit, it was noteworthy that never once did their visits coincide.

"Don't you ever get sick of just going to the theater and coming home, and coming home and going to the theater?" asked William one afternoon when, after the Foibles matinee, he had brought her and the inevitable Taifa back to her apartment.

"Sick of it!" Désirée clenched her fists and shook them in the general direction of high heaven. "Nobody knows how sick I get of it!"

"And yet you won't go any place with me when I ask you," he continued reproachfully. She shook her head. "Why not?"

"It's not good business for me to be seen about." The words had all the effect of a

well-learned lesson. William caught their listless lack of spontaneity.

"Do you like to dance?"

"Love it!" she breathed ecstatically.

"Well, listen! There's a new place opened up out on the shore road—the Bellevista—fine restaurant and a floor built right out over the sound. Awfully nice. Now, suppose we were to run up there in my car for an early dinner. You don't have to be in the theater till late."

Her face lit up with eager anticipation. Then some second thought came to cloud it over. "I don't suppose we could take Taifa," she suggested hesitantly.

"What'd we do with her? Check her at the door?"

"I haven't gone anywhere without her in years."

"Then leaving her home'll have the charm of novelty. Anyway, so far as I'm concerned, the gooseberry is not the king of beasts! When'll we go?"

She cast a swift glance into the nether regions into which the maid had vanished. "I'll telephone you when I can get away," she said in a lowered voice, "if you don't mind going on short notice."

HOBSON thought Désirée's manner of living the apotheosis of good taste. Professionally, of course, she must be in the public eye. Her choosing to balance that part of her existence by an almost entire seclusion when she was away from the theater was one more of the many characteristics he found admirable. It was as a suitable exception to her rule that he suggested a symphony concert in his company.

"There's nothing in the world I'd enjoy more!" Désirée spoke with enthusiasm.

Taifa raised her head from the flowers she had just finished arranging and regarded her young mistress gravely. For the first time in his life Hobson found his attitude toward a servant a conciliatory one.

"It will do mademoiselle good, a little relaxation, eh, Taifa?"

The woman moved silently toward the door. There was a perceptible pause. "I can answer that better after mademoiselle goes—if she goes." She flung the words back into the room and closed the door gently behind her.

"I suppose you understand the Persian temperament," said Hobson, "but I don't mind saying, I'm never quite certain what she means."

Hobson took Désirée to Carnegie Hall and spent an enchanted afternoon alone with her, barring the incidental presence of several hundred other lovers of symphonic music. It was incredible how the enchantment persisted, even when they had left the hall and wandered across town in the early twilight. Even more time might have been consumed in the limited distance between the entrance to the apartment house and its elevator, if Désirée had not been intercepted by the telephone operator.

"Oh, Miss Désirée, they want you to call 'em up at the theater. They've been on the wire half a dozen times."

"Why didn't you ring my apartment? My maid could have told them anything they wanted to know."

"I did, but she don't answer. She musta gone out, though I didn't see her, and I been here all afternoon. They said something at the theater about an accident," she volunteered.

"An accident!"

"Yes ma'am. Shall I call 'em and connect upstairs?"

"Please. An accident!" Désirée repeated nervously.

"I don't think I ought to leave you till you find out if anything's really the matter—although of course there isn't," Hobson said. Her grateful look thanked him, and he followed her into the elevator.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 125 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop loud noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable and you can hear them. Write me and I will tell you a free story. How I got deaf and how I made you hear. Address **GEO. F. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)** 155 Madison Bldg., 1555 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 8-28



AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct. The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Paris Montreal London

35 Years 25c Use

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
108 N. State Street
Chicago, Ill.
Dept. C-241
Diamond Catalog
Free! Send now
for big 132-
page book

diamonds CASH OR CREDIT

GENUINE — GUARANTEED

Quality Gifts

No. 12 \$3.75 a week
No. 27 \$3.75 a week
No. 49 \$2.50 a week
No. 87 \$1.00 a week
No. 21 \$5.00 a week

The Quality Diamond Gift is the most prized of all jewelry articles. You will always get the best value from Loftis. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. The Diamond Rings shown here are all exquisite creations in solid 18-k white gold, set with sparkling blue white diamonds of fine radiance. Any ring sent for your free examination on request.

Credit Terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance in weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly terms at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON No. 992, 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 26-Year \$55
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND 21 Jewels, 5 adjustments, 26-Year, 14K white gold, winding \$55
ILLINOIS "BUS" SPECIAL 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 26-Year \$50
Case. Railroad Watches sold on our regular credit terms.

Wrist Watch No. 16—14-k white gold, high grade movement, \$14.50. \$1.45 a week and 6 months

Cuckoo Strap Watch, nickel, 6 Jewels—high grade. \$9.95

Wedding Rings
No. 626—The "Elite" \$750
14-k white gold . . . \$750
Set with 2 Diamonds, \$22.50
\$22.50 14K 10K 7 Diamonds \$42.50; 3 Diamonds \$22.50; 12 Diamonds \$67.50
All diamonds, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1200, 1400, 1600, 1800, 2000, 2200, 2400, 2600, 2800, 3000, 3200, 3400, 3600, 3800, 4000, 4200, 4400, 4600, 4800, 5000, 5200, 5400, 5600, 5800, 6000, 6200, 6400, 6600, 6800, 7000, 7200, 7400, 7600, 7800, 8000, 8200, 8400, 8600, 8800, 9000, 9200, 9400, 9600, 9800, 10000, 10200, 10400, 10600, 10800, 11000, 11200, 11400, 11600, 11800, 12000, 12200, 12400, 12600, 12800, 13000, 13200, 13400, 13600, 13800, 14000, 14200, 14400, 14600, 14800, 15000, 15200, 15400, 15600, 15800, 16000, 16200, 16400, 16600, 16800, 17000, 17200, 17400, 17600, 17800, 18000, 18200, 18400, 18600, 18800, 19000, 19200, 19400, 19600, 19800, 20000, 20200, 20400, 20600, 20800, 21000, 21200, 21400, 21600, 21800, 22000, 22200, 22400, 22600, 22800, 23000, 23200, 23400, 23600, 23800, 24000, 24200, 24400, 24600, 24800, 25000, 25200, 25400, 25600, 25800, 26000, 26200, 26400, 26600, 26800, 27000, 27200, 27400, 27600, 27800, 28000, 28200, 28400, 28600, 28800, 29000, 29200, 29400, 29600, 29800, 30000, 30200, 30400, 30600, 30800, 31000, 31200, 31400, 31600, 31800, 32000, 32200, 32400, 32600, 32800, 33000, 33200, 33400, 33600, 33800, 34000, 34200, 34400, 34600, 34800, 35000, 35200, 35400, 35600, 35800, 36000, 36200, 36400, 36600, 36800, 37000, 37200, 37400, 37600, 37800, 38000, 38200, 38400, 38600, 38800, 39000, 39200, 39400, 39600, 39800, 40000, 40200, 40400, 40600, 40800, 41000, 41200, 41400, 41600, 41800, 42000, 42200, 42400, 42600, 42800, 43000, 43200, 43400, 43600, 43800, 44000, 44200, 44400, 44600, 44800, 45000, 45200, 45400, 45600, 45800, 46000, 46200, 46400, 46600, 46800, 47000, 47200, 47400, 47600, 47800, 48000, 48200, 48400, 48600, 48800, 49000, 49200, 49400, 49600, 49800, 50000, 50200, 50400, 50600, 50800, 51000, 51200, 51400, 51600, 51800, 52000, 52200, 52400, 52600, 52800, 53000, 53200, 53400, 53600, 53800, 54000, 54200, 54400, 54600, 54800, 55000, 55200, 55400, 55600, 55800, 56000, 56200, 56400, 56600, 56800, 57000, 57200, 57400, 57600, 57800, 58000, 58200, 58400, 58600, 58800, 59000, 59200, 59400, 59600, 59800, 60000, 60200, 60400, 60600, 60800, 61000, 61200, 61400, 61600, 61800, 62000, 62200, 62400, 62600, 62800, 63000, 63200, 63400, 63600, 63800, 64000, 64200, 64400, 64600, 64800, 65000, 65200, 65400, 65600, 65800, 66000, 66200, 66400, 66600, 66800, 67000, 67200, 67400, 67600, 67800, 68000, 68200, 68400, 68600, 68800, 69000, 69200, 69400, 69600, 69800, 70000, 70200, 70400, 70600, 70800, 71000, 71200, 71400, 71600, 71800, 72000, 72200, 72400, 72600, 72800, 73000, 73200, 73400, 73600, 73800, 74000, 74200, 74400, 74600, 74800, 75000, 75200, 75400, 75600, 75800, 76000, 76200, 76400, 76600, 76800, 77000, 77200, 77400, 77600, 77800, 78000, 78200, 78400, 78600, 78800, 79000, 79200, 79400, 79600, 79800, 80000, 80200, 80400, 80600, 80800, 81000, 81200, 81400, 81600, 81800, 82000, 82200, 82400, 82600, 82800, 83000, 83200, 83400, 83600, 83800, 84000, 84200, 84400, 84600, 84800, 85000, 85200, 85400, 85600, 85800, 86000, 86200, 86400, 86600, 86800, 87000, 87200, 87400, 87600, 87800, 88000, 88200, 88400, 88600, 88800, 89000, 89200, 89400, 89600, 89800, 90000, 90200, 90400, 90600, 90800, 91000, 91200, 91400, 91600, 91800, 92000, 92200, 92400, 92600, 92800, 93000, 93200, 93400, 93600, 93800, 94000, 94200, 94400, 94600, 94800, 95000, 95200, 95400, 95600, 95800, 96000, 96200, 96400, 96600, 96800, 97000, 97200, 97400, 97600, 97800, 98000, 98200, 98400, 98600, 98800, 99000, 99200, 99400, 99600, 99800, 100000, 100200, 100400, 100600, 100800, 101000, 101200, 101400, 101600, 101800, 102000, 102200, 102400, 102600, 102800, 103000, 103200, 103400, 103600, 103800, 104000, 104200, 104400, 104600, 104800, 105000, 105200, 105400, 105600, 105800, 106000, 106200, 106400, 106600, 106800, 107000, 107200, 107400, 107600, 107800, 108000, 108200, 108400, 108600, 108800, 109000, 109200, 109400, 109600, 109800, 110000, 110200, 110400, 110600, 110800, 111000, 111200, 111400, 111600, 111800, 112000, 112200, 112400, 112600, 112800, 113000, 113200, 113400, 113600, 113800, 114000, 114200, 114400, 114600, 114800, 115000, 115200, 115400, 115600, 115800, 116000, 116200, 116400, 116600, 116800, 117000, 117200, 117400, 117600, 117800, 118000, 118200, 118400, 118600, 118800, 119000, 119200, 119400, 119600, 119800, 120000, 120200, 120400, 120600, 120800, 121000, 121200, 121400, 121600, 121800, 122000, 122200, 122400, 122600, 122800, 123000, 123200, 123400, 123600, 123800, 124000, 124200, 124400, 124600, 124800, 125000, 125200, 125400, 125600, 125800, 126000, 126200, 126400, 126600, 126800, 127000, 127200, 127400, 127600, 127800, 128000, 128200, 128400, 128600, 128800, 129000, 129200, 129400, 129600, 129800, 130000, 130200, 130400, 130600, 130800, 131000, 131200, 131400, 131600, 131800, 132000, 132200, 132400, 132600, 132800, 133000, 133200, 133400, 133600, 133800, 134000, 134200, 134400, 134600, 134800, 135000, 135200, 135400, 135600, 135800, 136000, 136200, 136400, 136600, 136800, 137000, 137200, 137400, 137600, 137800, 138000, 138200, 138400, 138600, 138800, 139000, 139200, 139400, 139600, 139800, 140000, 140200, 140400, 140600, 140800, 141000, 141200, 141400, 141600, 141800, 142000, 142200, 142400, 142600, 142800, 143000, 143200, 143400, 143600, 143800, 144000, 144200, 144400, 144600, 144800, 145000, 145200, 145400, 145600, 145800, 146000, 146200, 146400, 146600, 146800, 147000, 147200, 147400, 147600, 147800, 148000, 148200, 148400, 148600, 148800, 149000, 149200, 149400, 149600, 149800, 150000, 150200, 150400, 150600, 150800, 151000, 151200, 151400, 151600, 151800, 152000, 152200, 152400, 152600, 152800, 153000, 153200, 153400, 153600, 153800, 154000, 154200, 154400, 154600, 154800, 155000, 155200, 155400, 155600, 155800, 156000, 156200, 156400, 156600, 156800, 157000, 157200, 157400, 157600, 157800, 158000, 158200, 158400, 158600, 158800, 159000, 159200, 159400, 159600, 159800, 160000, 160200, 160400, 160600, 160800, 161000, 161200, 161400, 161600, 161800, 162000, 162200, 162400, 162600, 162800, 163000, 163200, 163400, 163600, 163800, 164000, 164200, 164400, 164600, 164800, 165000, 165200, 165400, 165600, 165800, 166000, 166200, 166400, 166600, 166800, 167000, 167200, 167400, 167600, 167800, 168000, 168200, 168400, 168600, 168800, 169000, 169200, 169400, 169600, 169800, 170000, 170200, 170400, 170600, 170800, 171000, 171200, 171400, 171600, 171800, 172000, 172200, 172400, 172600, 172800, 173000, 173200, 173400, 173600, 173800, 174000, 174200, 174400, 174600, 174800, 175000, 175200, 175400, 175600, 175800, 176000, 176200, 176400, 176600, 176800, 177000, 177200, 177400, 177600, 177800, 178000, 178200, 178400, 178600, 178800, 179000, 179200, 179400, 179600, 179800, 180000, 180200, 180400, 180600, 180800, 181000, 181200, 181400, 181600, 181800, 182000, 182200, 182400, 182600, 182800, 183000, 183200, 183400, 183600, 183800, 184000, 184200, 184400, 184600, 184800, 185000, 185200, 185400, 185600, 185800, 186000, 186200, 186400, 186600, 186800, 187000, 187200, 187400, 187600, 187800, 188000, 188200, 188400, 188600, 188800, 189000, 189200, 189400, 189600, 189800, 190000, 190200, 190400, 190600, 190800, 191000, 191200, 191400, 191600, 191800, 192000, 192200, 192400, 192600, 192800, 193000, 193200, 193400, 193600, 193800, 194000, 194200, 194400, 194600, 194800, 195000, 195200, 195400, 195600, 195800, 196000, 196200, 196400, 196600, 196800, 197000, 197200, 197400, 197600, 197800, 198000, 198200, 198400, 198600, 198800, 199000, 199200, 199400, 199600, 199800, 200000, 200200, 200400, 200600, 200800, 201000, 201200, 201400, 201600, 201800, 202000, 202200, 202400, 202600, 202800, 203000, 203200, 203400, 203600, 203800, 204000, 204200, 204400, 204600, 204800, 205000, 205200, 205400, 205600, 205800, 206000, 206200, 206400, 206600, 206800, 207000, 207200, 207400, 207600, 207800, 208000, 208200, 208400, 208600, 208800, 209000, 209200, 209400, 209600, 209800, 210000, 210200, 210400, 210600, 210800, 211000, 211200, 211400, 211600, 211800, 212000, 212200, 212400, 212600, 212800, 213000, 213200, 213400, 213600, 213800, 214000, 214200, 214400, 214600, 214800, 215000, 215200, 215400, 215600, 215800, 216000, 216200, 216400, 216600, 216800, 217000, 217200, 217400, 217600, 217800, 218000, 218200, 218400, 218600, 218800, 219000, 219200, 219400, 219600, 219800, 220000, 220200, 220400, 220600, 220800, 221000, 221200, 221400, 221600, 221800, 222000, 222200, 222400, 222600, 222800, 223000, 223200, 223400, 223600, 223800, 224000, 224200, 224400, 224600, 224800, 225000, 225200, 225400, 225600, 225800, 226000, 226200, 226400, 226600, 226800, 227000, 227200, 227400, 227600, 227800, 228000, 228200, 228400, 228600, 228800, 229000, 229200, 229400, 229600, 229800, 230000, 230200, 230400, 230600, 230800, 231000, 231200, 231400, 231600, 231800, 232000, 232200, 232400, 232600, 232800, 233000, 233200, 233400, 233600, 233800, 234000, 234200, 234400, 234600, 234800, 235000, 235200, 235400, 235600, 235800, 236000, 236200, 236400, 236600, 236800, 237000, 237200, 237400, 237600, 237800, 238000, 238200, 238400, 238600, 238800, 239000, 239200, 239400, 239600, 239800, 240000, 240200, 240400, 240600, 240800, 241000, 241200, 241400, 241600, 241800, 242000, 242200, 242400, 242600, 242800, 243000, 243200, 243400, 243600, 243800, 244000, 244200, 244400, 244600, 244800, 245000, 245200, 245400, 245600, 245800, 246000, 246200, 246400, 246600, 246800, 247000, 247200, 247400, 247600, 247800, 248000, 248200, 248400, 248600, 248800, 249000, 249200, 249400, 249600, 249800, 250000, 250200, 250400, 250600, 250800, 251000, 251200, 251400, 251600, 251800, 252000, 252200, 252400, 252600, 252800, 253000, 253200, 253400, 253600, 253800, 254000, 254200, 254400, 254600, 254800, 255000, 255200, 255400, 255600, 255800, 256000, 256200, 256400, 256600, 256800, 257000, 257200, 257400, 257600, 257800, 258000, 258200, 258400, 258600, 258800, 259000, 259200, 259400, 259600, 259800, 260000, 260200, 260400, 260600, 260800, 261000, 261200, 261400, 261600, 261800, 262000, 262200, 262400, 262600, 262800, 263000, 263200, 263400, 263600, 263800, 264000, 264200, 264400, 264600, 264800, 265000, 265200, 265400, 265600, 265800, 266000, 266200, 266400, 266600, 266800, 267000, 267200, 267400, 267600, 267800, 268000, 268200, 268400, 268600, 268800, 269000, 269200, 269400, 269600, 269800, 270000, 270200, 270400, 270600, 270800, 271000, 271200, 271400, 271600, 271800, 272000, 272200, 272400, 272600, 272800, 273000, 273200, 273400, 273600, 273800, 274000, 274200, 274400, 274600, 274800, 275000, 275200, 275400, 275600, 275800, 276000, 276200, 276400, 276600, 276800, 277000, 277200, 277400, 277600, 277800, 278000, 278200, 278400, 278600, 278800, 279000, 279200, 279400, 279600, 279800, 280000, 280200, 280400, 280600, 280800, 281000, 281200, 281400, 281600, 281800, 282000, 282200, 282400, 282600, 282800, 283000, 283200, 283400, 283600, 283800, 284000, 284200, 284400, 284600, 284800, 285000, 285200, 285400, 285600, 285800, 286000, 286200, 286400, 286600, 286800, 287000, 287200, 287400, 287600, 287800, 288000, 288200, 288400, 288600, 288800, 289000, 289200, 289400, 289600, 289800, 290000, 290200, 290400, 290600, 290800, 291000, 291200, 291400, 291600, 291800, 292000, 292200, 292400, 292600, 292800, 293000, 293200, 293400, 293600, 293800, 294000, 294200, 294400, 294600, 294800, 295000, 295200, 295400, 295600, 295800, 296000, 296200, 296400, 296600, 296800, 297000, 297200, 297400, 297600, 297800, 298000, 298200, 298400, 298600, 298800, 299000, 299200, 299400, 299600, 299800, 300000, 300200, 300400, 300600, 300800, 301000, 301200, 301400, 301600, 301800, 302000, 302200, 302400, 302600, 302800, 303000, 303200, 303400, 303600, 303800, 304000, 304200, 304400, 304600, 304800, 305000, 305

One glance at her showed him the utter uselessness of remonstrance. It would be a waste of time to remind her that she would be expected at the theater that evening, that there was a certain lack of dignity in rushing to the bedside of a man, who, after all, had been injured while on pleasure bent in company with another woman.

"You won't mind if I don't talk?" she said when they were speeding northward. "There's something I've got to think out. I'll explain everything later."

Silence was to Hobson an incalculable boon. What was there to say save that he had been an abysmal ass? He loved her. He faced the fact squarely. There was nothing to be ashamed of in that. It was the memory of his smug self-confidence that made him writhe. He had been so sure of her that he had been waiting only for a suitable setting in which to declare himself; and it had been the other man she cared for all along! No one could mistake the look on her face when he told her of the accident. The other man! Bill! The fatuous fool who, having won the pearl of great price, must leave her, to go and fall in the water with God-alone-knows-who-or-what!

THE little local hospital was simmering with excitement. Never in its entire career had it in one day opened its doors to twenty-six emergency cases. The fact that few, if any, of the twenty-six needed more drastic treatment than a thorough wringing out, made the occasion no less historic.

"Mr. Wells. Mr. William Wells?" demanded Hobson of a freshly starched but very fluttered probationer.

"Number Eleven—just down the hall. The door's open. The lady that saved his life—Jane Doe her name is—is getting ready to go home! They say she's an actress or something. Isn't it romantic!" Then suddenly realizing that the clam, rampant, appears on the coat of arms of every well-regulated hospital, she clapped a frightened probationary hand over her mouth and fled.

The inmate of Number Eleven was sitting up in bed, evidently on watch, for Hobson and Désirée had barely come within his line of vision when he trumpeted with joy. "Hob, old scout! I knew you'd come!" Then his eyes fell upon Désirée.

Hobson braced himself to hear what would be his rival's reaction to this proof of devotion. He expected William's face to glow with shame. He expected William's voice to falter and break with emotion. His mind was made up silently to close the door and leave the lovers alone. He might suffer, but he would suffer in the hall.

To his utter astonishment, William failed in every way to live up to expectations. His somewhat rotund countenance did glow when his eyes rested on Désirée's face—it glowed with affection, unmingled with either surprise or mortification; and all he said was: "Gee, honey, they certainly did a swell job to your black eye!"

For a moment Hobson stood petrified. Then the one possible explanation came to him. He took Désirée firmly by the arm.

"Come," he admonished her. "He isn't himself! When he went overboard he hit on his head!"

But Désirée paid not the slightest attention. She advanced to the foot of the bed and flung fiercely at its occupant the cryptic words:

"I'm not she! What have you done with her?"

For a fleeting second Hobson was thankful that he was in a hospital where if he must deal with two cases of dementia instead of one, at least he would not have to do so single-handed.

"Where is she?" Désirée repeated, shaking the bed for emphasis.

"Here I am!" The answer came in a

NOW the whole world
IT'S WHAT THE YOUNGER CROWD THINKS ABOUT IT!

talks the language of this
younger generation, follows
their fashions, plays their
flashing games—and obviously
takes their opinion on tobacco
matters very seriously, for
the younger set's most favored
brand is the largest selling
quality cigarette in the world!

FATIMA



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

voice so absolutely an echo of Désirée's that for Hobson it only added to the nightmarish quality of the scene. And that was not in any way lessened when he turned and beheld the extraordinary apparition that stood in the doorway. For there, clad in garments that were evidently the charitable contribution of several women of widely varying dimensions, with her bobbed hair clinging wetly to her head, stood another Désirée, regarding them more or less apprehensively with one eye, the other obscured by a generous portion of raw beefsteak.

For an appreciable fraction of a second not a word was spoken. William was the one to break the silence. Softly, reverently and with deep feeling he expressed himself in two words: "Holy cat!"

"You're not hurt! You're sure?" one Désirée pleaded.

"No chance," said the other. "They just brought me into the hospital to bail me out." Her unobstructed eye twinkled like a star as she continued: "It looks to me as if the beans were spilled."

"I beg your pardon," began Hobson, looking helplessly from one to the other. "Which one of you is Désirée?"

"Neither of us. I'm Daphne, and that's Delphine," stated the newcomer, gesturing with her beefsteak toward the other girl.

"Both of us are Désirée," amended her double. "You understand, don't you? It must be perfectly clear."

Hobson blinked.

"Désirée's a sort of trade-name," she went on. "You see, if people saw two women—twins—doing exactly what we do, it'd be just a first-class sister act. But when they think it's one woman doing all that variety of stuff, singing soprano and contralto, making what they think are quick changes—"

"It's a riot!" Her sister finished the sentence. "We've been doing it three years, and not a single soul has ever known."

"Except Taifa, of course," said Hobson.

QUICKLY the two girls exchanged glances. "There isn't any Taifa," said Désirée Number One.

"Sometimes one of us was Taifa and sometimes the other. We took turns!" continued Désirée Number Two.

"That's why she had to be a Persian," explained Number One.

"And always wear a veil." Number Two

FRECKLES



OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumers. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Company, 9223 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.

INVENTORS—Write for our guide book "How to Get Your Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of invention for inspection and instructions free. Terms reasonable. Randolph & Co., Dept. 35, Wash. D.C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. References. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 63 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, SONGS, POEMS, ETC.

EARN \$25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book "How to Write For Pay" FREE. Press Syndicate, 1634, St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE the words for a song. We compose music. Our composer wrote many song hits. Monarch Music Co., 235 West 55th St., (Near Broadway), Dept. 177, New York.

SONG POEM WRITERS—Get in touch with me immediately for a bona fide proposition. Don't hesitate but write today to Ray Hibbeler, D133, 2104 N. Kenosha Ave., Chicago, Ill.



No More GRAY HAIR

A NEW safe way has been found to bring back original shade to gray hair—to remove faded streaks and restore graying parts—to make the hair live looking and lustrous.

This way is clean and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Test free if you wish. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly.

Costs nothing if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1317 E. Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Send Free Outfit. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....light brown.....light red.....blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address

giggled gently. Evidently her impersonation of the mysterious servant had not been without its amusing side. Again she removed the beefsteak and heroically tried to open an eye obviously swollen shut. "No use! Darling, you've got to go on and do a single turn for a night or so! You'll have to tell 'em you've temporarily lost your upper register."

"You might as well tell 'em you expect to lose your upper register permanently," said William. Désirée Number Two edged rather sheepishly over to the side of the bed and slipped her unoccupied hand into his. "We're engaged," William continued fondly.

"Yes," said his fiancée. "That's why I went into the water after him!"

"I'd been expecting it," said her twin.

AT SEA

(Continued from page 47)

It was an hour later. The Captain's cabin was somewhat crowded with himself, the doctor and the purser. Outside the door Macey the steward waited in case they should have any more questions. From the deck below came the music of a jazz band. Captain Forsyth leaned back in his pivot-chair, and gestured to a small heap of papers on his table.

"Nothing much there. Just the ordinary stuff the ordinary man carries about with him, except for the automatic in the suitcase, which had not been fired. Nothing unusual in carrying that when going out East. I gather that Mr. Allan Sollas was bound to Bombay on business of some sort not specified. He seems to have been a wealthy man. There's that thousand pounds in notes, in addition to his letter of credit and a wad of traveler's checks, besides twenty pounds loose on his table—poor men don't carry around such sums. Robbery wasn't the motive. The twenty pounds were plainly in sight, and we found that fat packet of the thousand almost as soon as we looked in his suitcase."

"I can't imagine why he didn't hand them in to me for safe-custody," interposed the purser. "It's madness keeping so much money in one's cabin."

"Quite," agreed the Captain. "It's a point. But I don't see that it gets us anywhere. All it tells us is that robbery was not the motive for his death. —Well, Doc," he added, turning to the ship's doctor, "you're a scientific man. What do you make of it?"

"It beats me," said the doctor. "So far as I can see, any single one of the entire ship's company might have done it. And there's nothing to give us a hint why any single one should want to murder the man. There must be a motive to it, of course, and we've proved that the motive wasn't robbery. Had it been one of the Lascars, the cabin would have been turned inside out. Here notes, small-change, watch, pearl studs were left—everything, in fact. That seems to point to a first-class passenger—some one with a score to pay off. Who on this ship hated the poor devil? That's what we want to find out."

"That's just it, Doctor," put in the purser. "Who? Personally, I never saw him talk to a soul—let alone quarrel with anyone. He just sat and read books all day, some out of the ship's library, some he brought with him. He didn't show the slightest sign of previous acquaintance with anybody."

CAPTAIN FORSYTH had been sucking at his pipe, frowning at the clouds of smoke he blew from his mouth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in a little more than twelve hours we arrive at Bombay. Once we touch land, the murderer will be off and away. It isn't going to happen if I can help it. So just use your wits a little, both of you, and see if you can't suggest something useful."

"I—I'm so glad, dear!" There was no doubt of her sincerity, and yet the ear of love, notoriously keen, caught a betraying quiver in the tone.

Hobson had given considerable thought to the exact words in which his proposal would be couched. He had planned to have the setting an entirely suitable one, and it certainly was no idea of his to have an audience, however limited; and yet, when he heard that little forlorn sob, he simply opened his arms, and what had been half of the feature act of the current Foibles, walked into them. . . .

"Two such nice men!" observed her sister a little later. "What a mercy Désirée was twins! Just think if there hadn't been enough of her to go round!"

"We certainly can't have all the passengers up one by one and interrogate them," said the doctor. "The whole ship would be in a buzz with it in five minutes, and the murderer—whoever he is—would have plenty of warning to prepare himself for being questioned."

"Quite impossible," agreed the Captain. "I want to come alongside the dock tomorrow with the murderer safely under lock and key—and not a soul on the ship the wiser. And—by the Lord—somehow—I will!"

"Splendid, Captain!" smiled the doctor. "But how are we going even to start looking for the gentleman? It's a job for a Sherlock Holmes—and I think even Mr. Holmes would be hard put to it to pick out the murderer from this ship's company now so cheerfully dancing on the deck. There's not a hint of a clue."

"There's the knife," said the Captain. He jerked his hand to where the large hunting-knife lay on his table. "You are sure there are no fingerprints on it?"

"If there are, I can't see them," replied the doctor. "And I've done my best to find them. Of course, I have no proper apparatus. On the other hand, it is possible the murderer wore rubber gloves."

"H'm!" the Captain grunted disgustedly. "Well, for heaven's sake, suggest something. You two are supposed to be the clever ones on this ship. I'm only just a simple sailor-man—just some one for the owners to kick."

FOR a few minutes there was silence while the three men sat and smoked, their brows corrugated with thought.

"You can't suggest anything?" said the Captain, at last. "Well, heaven knows, I don't set up as a sleuth, but we must work on some hypothesis—and so we will assume that the murderer is a first-class passenger who killed Mr. Sollas from a motive of revenge. Do you agree?"

"All things considered," said the doctor, "that seems the most probable."

"Very good. Now, of course, it is just possible that the murderer met his enemy on this ship quite by chance, with no previous idea that he was also on board. Possible—but it involves a coincidence, and coincidences are mathematical improbabilities, if I remember rightly. We will commence at the simplest—and we will assume that the murderer did know his intended victim was on board, that he came also for the specific purpose of killing him, and that he proposed to commit the crime just before arriving at Bombay."

"One would have thought he'd have done it during the night, in that case, sir," said the purser critically.

"Quite. But for some reason of his own, he didn't. He chose the time just before dinner," replied the Captain, somewhat snappily. "Don't let's confuse this—do you agree that there's something in what I've said?"

"Undoubtedly," concurred the doctor.

"Then, Purser," said the Captain, "just look out from your list there all the passengers who booked for Bombay—and who booked after Mr. Sollas booked his passage."

"Splendid," said the doctor. "You've hit an idea."

The purser reached for his lists. "That's fairly easy, sir," he said. "Mr. Sollas booked his passage rather late—a week before sailing. The only other people who booked to Bombay after him are"—he ran his finger down the columns—"Mr. Osborn and Mr. Strong, the two young subalterns next door but one to him—they had a last-minute extension of leave, they told me, and transferred from a B. I. boat; Miss Brandon, the little spinster lady who's going out as a governess; Mr. Johnston—he's on the other side, Number 68, the clergyman, sir—if he got out of that porthole it must have been a tight fit, and I can't quite see him climbing up a rope to the deck or however the fellow managed it." The purser smiled at the thought, despite the seriousness of the subject. The Rev. Mr. Johnston weighed at least eighteen stone in his socks. "And that's all, sir."

"They certainly don't sound very probable, any of them," murmured the doctor. "What do you think, Captain?"

Captain Forsyth frowned irritably. He had absurdly hoped that his flash of deductive genius would have revealed some name plainly self-evident as that of the criminal.

"We'll have those young subalterns up, anyway," he said. "Who knows? This Mr. Sollas may be a moneylender who had one of them in his clutches. Call Macey in."

The purser brought the steward inside. "Find Mr. Osborn, steward," ordered the Captain. "Give him my compliments, and ask him if he would step up here for a moment. Say nothing to anyone else."

"Very good, sir." The man departed, and the three sat and waited.

"We'll just cover all this up," said the Captain, after a while, putting an outspread chart over the knife and the heap of the murdered man's papers. "No sense in giving our hand away."

THERE was a tap at the door, and the steward opened it at the Captain's shouted "Come in." The sound of jazz music entered with him.

"Mr. Osborn, sir," he said.

The young man, tall, good-looking, with an open honest freshness of countenance, neat in his evening clothes, stepped over the sill of the door. He was evidently in high spirits.

"Good evening, Captain," he said cheerily. "You've ruined me with the prettiest girl on the ship—I broke off a dance to obey your command."

Captain Forsyth looked at him shrewdly despite his urbane smile.

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Osborn. Have a drink." He pushed the whisky, the siphon and a glass toward him.

"I don't mind if I do, sir, thank you," said the young man, helping himself. He glanced round at the doctor and purser. "This is where you are hiding yourselves, is it?" he accused them, with a laugh. "The ladies are sending out search-parties for you."

Certainly this bright young man did not look like a murderer—still, one never knew. Captain Forsyth relit his pipe as a preliminary to questioning him.

"I asked you to come up, Mr. Osborn," he said, putting down his match, "because I thought you might possibly be able to help me. You know Mr. Sollas?"

The young man paused with the glass in his hand.

"Never heard of him, Captain."

"He had the cabin next but one to you, sir," said the purser. "Number 43."

"Oh, yes—you mean 'the melancholy crow'—

—the solitary bird? Yes—I know him—by sight. What about him? Don't tell me he's Charley Chaplin in disguise!"

"No." The Captain hesitated. What should he say? "The fact is, Mr. Sollas has been stricken down with a most dangerous and—er—infectious disease,"—he glanced at the young man to see whether he was affected by this possibly embarrassing intelligence; plainly, he was not,—and he is now in the sick-bay, I regret to say, delirious. We have been trying to find out a little about him so as to wireless his relatives, and it occurred to us that as you were his neighbor, you might have a little information."

"I'm sorry, Captain, but I never spoke to him in my life."

"Do you know anyone on board who did talk to him?"

"No. I can't say I do. That's why Strong and I christened him 'the crow'—because he always sat away alone. We often remarked that we had never seen him exchange a word with anyone except the steward."

"H'm. One more question, Mr. Osborn. By an extraordinary coincidence, some one—probably one of the Lascars—broke into Mr. Sollas' room tonight and—er—committed a robbery. It must have happened in the hour before dinner. You don't happen to have seen anyone in the corridor, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't. As a matter of fact, Strong and I weren't about just then. We dressed early, at six o'clock, after a go of deck-tennis, and were in the smoking-room having a cocktail and a yarn with old Johnston—the padre, you know—until a quarter of an hour after the bugle went."

"I see." The Captain nodded at him. "Thank you very much, Mr. Osborn. I'm sorry to have spoiled your dance. I hope your partner will not be too angry with me for having kept you away so long. And I need hardly say that I rely on you to say nothing of this to her or to anyone else. We don't want the passengers to get panicky—and there's the question of quarantine."

"Certainly, Captain. Naturally. Is that all you want me for?"

"That's all, Mr. Osborn, thank you. Good night."

When the young man had departed, the three looked at each other.

"So that's that," commented the Captain. "A perfect alibi for all three men—for I've no doubt that if we ask the bar-steward he will confirm it. Anyway, I feel sure young Osborn didn't do it."

"That leaves only Miss—Miss—" said the doctor.

"Little Miss Brandon, Doctor," the purser put in. "And it happens that I've an alibi for her also. I personally saw her playing bridge in the lounge at half-past six, again at seven, and again just as I was coming up to the Captain's room to tell him about the murder. I don't think she interrupted her game of bridge to slip down and murder Mr. Sollas, wriggle out of the porthole and climb up on deck again, and then sit down as if nothing had happened."

"Hardly," growled the Captain, biting on his pipestem. "That eliminates her."

"It also completes the elimination of all the people who booked for Bombay after the murdered man," said the doctor. "I'm afraid your idea has broken down, Captain."

"Rather more than twenty booked for Bombay before him," remarked the purser, looking at his list. "We can't very well have them all up here without causing a lot of talk."

AT that moment there was a tap on the door. It opened and young Osborn put his head in.

"It has just occurred to me, Purser," he said, "that you ought to disinfect your assistant if this fellow—what's his name—has anything really catching. Just before six

Thanks to
ZIP
hair-free skin

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

CAREFREE—and happy! You can be also when you learn to resort to **ZIP** to destroy every vestige of superfluous hair and roots. No caustics; no offensive sulphides; easy to apply; rapid; painless; fragrant and absolutely harmless, that is why **ZIP** is so popular. Remember, this dainty Epilator can be used to destroy a growth on the face, as well as on any part of the limbs or body. Use **ZIP** once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories. Money-back guarantee. Try it at my expense.

Sold everywhere. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon.

Madame Berthé, Specialist, Dept. 333
562 Fifth Ave., New York

I should like to receive, without charge, in plain envelope, a copy of your book "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling about **ZIP**. Also your book "Fashion Decrees."

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____



How to Obtain
A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 28 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only nose-shaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trielty, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist, Dept. 287, Binghamton, N.Y.



ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids
and for All Ages

Ends Pain
Instant Relief
for Weary Feet



After a day of much walking or standing—a long evening of dancing—or a hard game of golf—use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. All soreness, tenderness, throbbing, aching and burning vanishes. Swelling is soon gone. The cooling, refreshing sensation is delightful. At drug and shoe stores—35c.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Balm



Sweeps AWAY Constipation Safely

**Endorsed by Doctors Since 1844,
Saline That You Take Like Min-
eral Water Gives Prompt Relief**

Danger Signals that reveal the presence of constipation never flash after Tarrant's Seltzer-Aperient is taken. Totally different from habit-forming drugs and strong sedatives. This wonderful saline relieves quickly and gently—without harming health, without griping. It is a pure, safe blend of basic salts and other harmless ingredients.

154,627 Physicians' Letters in our files recommend this marvelous saline. If taken the first thing every morning it protects good health. For it keeps the system clean and the head clear. Doctors use it themselves. They give it to their families. They prescribe it for: *Constipation . . . Headache . . . Indigestion . . . Dyspepsia . . . Rheumatism . . . Upset Stomach during pregnancy.*

Drink Your Way to good health, pleasantly and easily. A little of Tarrant's in a glass of water makes a wonderful drink. As delightful a drink as the finest mineral water—as refreshing and sparkling, if you like it that way. Make it a regular morning drink. Get a bottle from your druggist, today. Just ask for Tarrant's.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

TARRANT'S Seltzer-Aperient

ASK FOR TARRANT'S

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Eckenweins' famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 86 Springfield, Mass.



IF you like to draw—develop your artistic talent—become a Commercial Artist. Enter this profession in which you are paid as much as a man of equal ability. With proper training women earn \$50, \$75, \$100 and even \$150 a week; many have made notable successes. Commercial Art is a necessity to modern business and advertising, and millions are paid yearly for illustrations and designs. The fascinating Federal home-study course contains lessons by leading artists, gives you personal criticism and leads rapidly to practical work. Your Art Ability Analyzed Free. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our Art Ability Questionnaire. It will show you if your natural talent is worth developing. You will be told your score frankly. Send today for this Art Ability Questionnaire.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS OF COMMERCIAL
DESIGNING
704 Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

o'clock tonight I went to your office to get my wallet out for tomorrow—and your Mr. Sollas came up to cash a check as I went away. I left him there talking to your chap. I thought I'd just speak of it, in case you didn't know—you weren't there at the moment."

"Thank you, Mr. Osborn; I didn't know," said the purser. "I'll see to it. —I didn't know," he added, to the Captain, after Osborn had again disappeared. "I wonder what he wanted to cash a check for, with all that money in his cabin? There are twenty fivers among his big notes." He went to the door, told the steward to find the assistant purser and bring him along. "We'll just look into this," he said as he returned.

They racked their brains for some other clue, or clue to a clue, while they waited, but in vain. The assistant purser arrived just as the Captain was irritably telling the purser not to put forward silly theories.

Questioned, the assistant purser stated that he had indeed cashed a "traveler's-check" for twenty pounds for Mr. Sollas that evening. Mr. Sollas had stated that he wanted the money for his wine-bill, the tips to the stewards, and to get off the ship with tomorrow. He had said that he made a habit of never carrying cash with him.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain incredulously. "What did he say?"

"He said that he made a rule never to have more than five pounds in cash with him, because once he had had his pocket picked, sir. I told him it was a very good rule."

"Did he say anything else?"

"No sir—only that he should be very glad to get off the ship. He's a strange sort of chap, sir. I haven't seen him speak a word to anyone on board. There's not a soul he'll have to say good-by to when he gets off tomorrow."

"Quite, quite," said the Captain, irritably cutting him short. "That'll do, thank you, Mr. Morris. Good night."

WHEN the assistant purser had closed the door after him, the Captain looked at his companions.

"Strange, isn't it? Call the steward in again, Purser."

Macey stood once more in the cabin. The Captain interrogated him.

"Steward—we're wondering about all that money in Mr. Sollas' cabin. Did you ever see any there—did he ever leave any lying about?"

"No sir. Never. I've been thinking about that money myself, sir—and it's very queer. Mr. Sollas asked me to repack his trunk and his suitcase, sir—all ready for tomorrow morning. He left everything open. And I didn't see any money at all. He came in to dress just as I was finishing, and he must have taken some out of his pocket—that would be the twenty pounds on his table, sir. But that fat wad of notes wasn't in his suitcase when I left him, sir, at about six-thirty—I'm sure of that. The more I think of it, the more sure I am."

"Thank you, steward," said the Captain. "All right. Wait outside in case I want you again." The steward went out, and Captain Forsyth blew heavily. "This beats cock-fighting," he said. "If the steward is right, then we have a murderer who not only comes in through the side of the ship and goes out again the same way—I defy anyone to climb out of a porthole with the wind-scuttle up—but leaves a present of a thousand pounds in cash for his victim!"

"That gives us a clue, though. Those notes have numbers and can be traced. The wads have evidently come straight from a bank. The bank can tell us who received them."

"That's true, Doctor—but how long will they be about it?"

"Wireless, sir?" suggested the purser ten-

tatively. He glanced at the clock on the cabin wall. "It's now half-past nine—that's about three o'clock in the morning in England. Not much use trying to get on to a bank at that hour, I'm afraid. We shall be at Bombay before we get a reply."

"Wait a bit," said the Captain, tapping his teeth with his pipestem. "People don't usually carry around that amount of notes. Supposing these are stolen—supposing we have the thief on board—what then? If we can spot him, we've got the murderer! There's surely some one on duty all night at Scotland Yard."

"It sounds a bit farfetched—" began the doctor dubitatively.

"We can but try," said the Captain. "Take the numbers of those notes, purser, and send off a message to Scotland Yard. Ask if they are known, and tell them a reply is urgently required. Tell them to wireless a description of any individual who may be wanted in connection with them. Mark it 'Priority' at special rates. At this hour of the night we ought to get an answer under the hour."

THE purser took a telegram-form from the Captain's desk and wrote out the message. "We're well in touch with the shore-station," he said, as he rose to take it to the wireless-room. "They'll get this in London inside of ten minutes."

The doctor refilled his pipe.

"Well, you may be on the right track after all, Captain," he said thoughtfully. "Let's hope so!"

"We will," said the Captain. "And in the meantime let's try to think of something else that may help."

They did try, and at the end of the next half-hour they had discussed every possibility they could think of—with equal futility.

At last there was a tap at the door. It was the junior wireless operator.

"Message, sir," he said.

The Captain took it, tore open the envelope, stared at the contents.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "Listen to this! 'Notes part of missing proceeds of robbery committed by bank-clerk Lawson sentenced nine months back to five years penal servitude.' That doesn't help us much," he added. "The fellow's in jail. But—how in the name of all that's wonderful did those notes get into that cabin between six-thirty and seven-thirty tonight?"

"Put there by the fellow who did the murder, evidently," said the doctor.

"By Mr. Lawson himself, I suppose?" replied the Captain scornfully. "He just willed himself all the way from Dartmoor and back again!" He was furious in his disappointment.

"No, Captain, but by somebody on the ship who knew Lawson—or who was connected with the robbery in some way."

"It looks as if this Mr. Sollas must have been connected with it," remarked the purser. "Otherwise why give him this precise wad of notes?"

"Well, we can't question him!" said the Captain irritably. "And this message gives us no clue at all. We might almost as well never have received it."

"It'll help the Indian police, though," mused the doctor. "That's something."

The Captain flared out at him.

"The Indian police are not going to come into this if I can help it. I'm not going to get held up at Bombay for a month of Sundays. We've got—somehow, somehow—to discover this murderer tonight. So, for heaven's sake, try to use what brains you've got, both of you!"

HE sat back, frowning savagely, filling the cabin with tobacco-smoke. There was a prolonged silence, in which the doctor and purser glanced at each other sympathetically. Suddenly the Captain leaned forward.



Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

FOR more than a century its purity has been cherished, and its lovely fragrance has added a note of elegance and refinement to the toilet.

After travel its mellow purifying lather is a delight to the skin; it refines and beautifies the complexion and preserves its youthful charm.

Obtainable at all good stores.

YARDLEY
8, New Bond Street
LONDON

NEW YORK
15-19, Madison Square, North

TORONTO
145, Adelaide Street, West



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

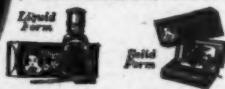
"The Luxury Soap
of the World"



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Sold in form of water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



her quizzically. It wanted more than a cantankerous old woman to abash him.

"Well," he said, "I admit to it. I smoke all day. It's a good conscience, I suppose. I never knew a man with a bad conscience who could smoke with satisfaction to himself."

"You are fortunate," she commented acidly. Her crow's-footed old eyes puckered up at him. "She's building up a good case for a nasty letter to the directors," thought the doctor. "What a fool the man is! Why doesn't he get rid of her before he makes matters worse!"

"Yes," continued the Captain, laughing boisterously like the great schoolboy he sometimes—for the benefit of passengers—pretended to be, "it's a splendid thing to have a good conscience—splendid! One's afraid of

Be a Dental Assistant

Earn \$20-\$35 a Week

MEET patients, help dentist, keep records. Study at home in spare time, and prepare for this newly opened profitable field for women. Hundreds of successful students. Practice outfit included. Money back agreement. Free fascinating booklet. Write for it today.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 23-R. 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your interesting book, "A Wonderful New Profession for Women."
Name
Address
City State

nothing in the world then. Nothing to jump out suddenly at one. No little murders to prevent one sleeping at night. By the way,"—he changed his tone suddenly to one of semi-seriousness,—“have you ever seen a weapon with which a murder was committed, Mrs. Laverstoke?”

She frowned at him.

"I cannot say that I have," she said.

"Well, here you are, then—catch!" He whipped from under the chart the hunting-knife it concealed, and tossed it toward her lap.

The old woman made a quick instinctive movement of her knees, and the weapon fell to the floor. She stared at it for a second, and started up—in genuine horror—from her seat.

"Captain Forsyth, if you have quite fin-

ished your little jests, I will retire. And it is but just to warn you I propose to write to your directors. I feel sure they will be interested to know that one at least of their captains fails to remain sober when at sea."

She moved with dignity toward the door, passing him. The Captain laughed foolishly. Was he indeed drunk? The doctor was embarrassed for him.

"I was at sea—all at sea, Mrs. Laverstoke—but I'm not so much at sea now. Permit me,"—he lurched toward her,—“your wig does not fit very well!”

"Sir!"

SIMULTANEOUS with the outraged ejaculation, the gray fluffy wig was in the Captain's hand, and before him stood—now plainly travestied in woman's clothes, his face grotesque in its paint—a quite young man with neatly smoothed down fair hair! The girl at the door, uttering a sharp little cry, turned to dash out.

"Hold her, Purser!" The Captain looked to see that the purser had her fast and turned again to the young man. "Out with it!" he said sharply. "Why did you murder the man Sollas?"

The young man glared at him, ludicrous in his get-up. It was impossible to be dignified in such circumstances.

"I don't now what you're talking about!"

"You don't—don't you? Then answer this: What relation are you to the man Lawson, now doing time for a bank-robbery?"

The young fellow stared incredulously, and then shrugged his shoulders under the absurd feminine cloak.

"That's pretty good," he said, as though prepared for this. "All right. I don't know how you found out, but you've got me. But she"—he indicated the girl in the purser's grasp—"knew nothing about—the killing. She's my sister, Lawson's wife."

"I see," said the Captain. "And where did Sollas come in?"

The young man took a little time.

"He's a crook. One of the flash gang. He planned the bank-robbery and worked a frame-up on my brother-in-law. He wanted him in jail."

"Why?"

"Lawson's sister. My brother-in-law kept too sharp an eye on her while I was away. She was engaged to me. The only thing in the world that kept me straight. That black-guard got hold of her. She—committed suicide—six months after."

"And the notes?"

"A share of the swag Sollas—Marshall is his real name—planted on Lawson's sister so as to terrorize her. She sent them to me—just before turning on the gas. I kept 'em to give back to him, with interest."

"What were you all doing on this ship?"

"Marshall was dodging me—he knew I was out for his blood. He thought he'd give me the slip in India—also he wasn't too popular with the police at home—it was time he tried a fresh climate. I happened to spot him going to the steamship office, and next day I booked the berth next to his. I took my sister because she was alone in the world except for me. We planned to go on from Singapore to some South Sea island—start fresh and make a home for my brother-in-law when he came out. Marshall had never set eyes on her—and I saw to it he didn't recognize me."

"A very creditable disguise, if I may say so, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Somers, my name is. Albert Somers."

"Well, Mr. Somers, I haven't the slightest doubt how you got into Mr. Marshall's cabin tonight—you merely tapped at the door; and thinking it was the steward, he opened to you. I can guess also why you didn't go in the middle of the night. You surmised he might be a light sleeper, and have an automatic under his pillow."

But I'm curious to know how you fastened the door on the inside after you had gone out."

The young man grinned.

"I thought that would puzzle you. I had a bit of wire to throw the latch up, if he didn't open. Afterward I thought it would be just as well to latch the door. I wish I'd thought of it first—I should have stabbed him in front, and it would have passed for certain suicide. Particularly as I used his own knife—I saw it on the table as he turned to get me the box of matches I asked for. I only thought of the door afterward."

"These second thoughts that come too late!" commented the Captain grimly. "But I still don't know how you did it."

"Quite easy. It just meant hooking the wire over the metal button, passing it through the crack of the door, and giving it a jerk. It's a big button and not stiff. Nothing to it."

"Professional, I see?" smiled the Captain.

"If you like, sir. Both ways. Small part on the stage once. But I've chucked the lock-picking game. Uncle in Australia died and left us a bit. We shouldn't have been able to afford this trip otherwise—we couldn't risk trying to pass those notes."

"I'm afraid it's a trip with a bad ending, Mr. Somers. As I told you when you came in, I shall have to change your cabin. Doctor, would you mind fetching the first officer?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a neat cop," he said after the doctor had gone. "Scotland Yard couldn't have done it better, Captain. And how you spotted it, beats me. . . . Could you spare me a drink?" He looked longingly at the bottle. "I'm a bit knocked."

"Certainly." The Captain poured out a whisky-and-soda, handed it to him.

"Thanks, Captain—you're a sport!" said the young man as he took the glass.

The next instant he had hurled it full in the Captain's face, had switched out the light. There was a sudden rush, a shout from the purser, a cry from the girl. When Captain Forsyth had wiped the fluid from his eyes and found the switch, the young man had disappeared. He had been too quick even for the steward outside. Macey had only a fragment of the lavender satin dress to show, snatched as the murderer leaped overboard.

A LITTLE later Captain Forsyth and the doctor sat over another drink and a recapitulatory discussion.

"Very smart of you, Captain," said the doctor. "He quite took me in. How did you tumble to it?"

"I don't know. It occurred to me—when I was desperate at the thought of that woman coming up—that just possibly she might be a man. It's a most effective disguise to make up as an old woman—I did it once myself in some theatricals when I was young—particularly an old woman who paints herself up. I knew I was in for trouble anyway if the old woman was genuine. So I thought I'd test her. She gave herself away when she said she didn't smoke, and I could see a cigarette-stain between her fingers. And I could see her getting uneasy when I started ragging about 'conscience' and 'murders.' Then I tried the little dodge with the knife—threw it—and 'she' put her legs together the way a man does instead of apart like a woman. Also he jumped with more than normal horror at the touch of the weapon with that blood still on the blade. So there it was. I just pulled his wig off."

"You weren't quite so clever at the last, though, Captain."

"No," agreed Captain Forsyth. "But perhaps it's just as well. I'll get you and the purser to countersign the affidavit for the directors. I think they'll find it just as well."

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please

Wear what you please

Do what you please

Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.



HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful!"

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

R.B.-8-37

Send me 3 full sized packages of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

THE EMERALDS OF BOGOTÁ

(Continued from page 67)

of the scene, the imminent dangers that hover over a ship, create extraordinary desires for friendships that, warm as they are, are often brief.

An unfathomable quality of this Russian woman puzzled me. I discerned a wound that distressed me. The mocking smiles that occasionally flitted about her mouth, her singular black-green eyes, the delicate lines of her body, the suppressed fire of her spirit became for me almost painfully alluring. And Vonderhorst I began to hate, not because he was ugly and mean, but because he was her husband and possessed her, at least in name and presence.

BASS did not share my compassion for Mrs. Vonderhorst. He seemed antagonistic whenever her name was mentioned. One afternoon, sitting alone with him in a corner of the smoking-room, I questioned him.

"You can buy a dozen like her in Shanghai, for board and lodging and a few frocks," he said scornfully. "For years the Russian aristocrats and loafers have been fleeing to Shanghai by way of Siberia and Manchuria. There are more than ten thousand Czarists there. Bums, most of them. The women are mostly in cafés, the handsome ones for company, and the older ones as waitresses. Actually I've seen them bought and sold like horses. They've no recourse. The Bolshevik ambassador takes no cognizance of them, for they're fierce anti-bolsheviks."

"And Mrs. Vonderhorst?" I asked.

"She was in a café, in Shanghai, before she captured Vonderhorst. Not as a waitress, but playing a piano. I talked with her often. She was a proud figure among a scramble of bewildered gold-diggers. I recognized her as a woman of culture. It seems her father was a famous musician, an aristocrat at the Czar's court. He was murdered by the Bolsheviks. She barely escaped after months of flight through Siberia. She was very young then; even now she's not over twenty-five, or six."

"She has a remarkable personality," I said. "And if you've heard her play, you know she's an astonishing musician. I can't understand her living with Vonderhorst."

"Love of luxury!" Bass exclaimed. "Look at the way she lives at Canton! They have a small palace, and a dozen servants. She has gowns, jewels—everything she craves."

"That's a natural thing for a woman from the Czar's court. She has suffered, and she evidently took the best she could get."

Bass frowned.

"She sold herself to a beast," he said cynically. "I was once almost on the point of asking her to marry me, but something made me distrust her. When she married Vonderhorst, I saw I was right."

"In what way? If she'd been willing to marry you, you'd have been damn' lucky."

"I don't know. There's something so foreign from an American viewpoint in such a woman. She fascinated me, but I was afraid of her. After all, I didn't know much about her life. Later I realized that in spite of her talk of wanting a career, all

she was really after was a good meal-ticket." Bass spoke angrily.

"That's absurd!" I exclaimed. "That woman has something great in her."

"No," Bass said emphatically. "I said that these Russian aristocrats have no recourse. That's not so with Natasha—Mrs. Vonderhorst. If she had been sincere in her desire to follow her career as a musician, she would never have married Vonderhorst, or at least she would have broken away from him long ago, if not in China, then in America, where he's been with her. She could find plenty to help her, without selling herself cheap."

"You believe she'll just drift along?" I questioned.

Bass shrugged his shoulders. "She can never get to the top in music. Something's lacking. Passion, technique she has, but the strength to face struggle, to make sacrifices, she lacks. After all, she's little more than a courtesan." He paused. "Yet, I'll admit she's damnably fascinating," he said grimly.

"I'm not at all sure you're right about her," I told him. Bass' attitude irritated me. After all, how could this conventional-minded man, who, for all his sympathies, conformed to the traditions of a social world, comprehend a complex woman of Natasha's heritage and temperament?

He smiled his slow, tolerant smile.

"So you believe in her?" he said. "Well, why not? I almost did myself, once. Soon you'll have a chance to see. Vonderhorst's drinking himself to death. He has many debts. Luxury such as she's had with him will end when he's gone. There might be enough left for a serious *artiste*,"—he emphasized the word ironically,—"but my opinion is that she'll pass to another man,—a man with plenty of money. She won't be equal to any struggle alone."

I ROSE unwilling to continue longer a conversation that offended me. Bass' cynicism could not prevail against my memory of the brief glimpse I had had into a passionate and superior spirit. She had spoken to me through her music. I needed no other evidence.

The bitter facts of Western civilization must have seemed nightmares of terror to a girl brought up, as Natasha had been, at a luxurious, corrupt court, and suddenly driven in desperate plight across thousands of miles of rude country, to be thrust down in a money-ruled mart of Chinese and Europeans, with other thousands of her own despoiled and despairing Russians. That she had kept pride and aloofness, that she still could find release for her pent-up spirit, and some comfort in the great dreams of emotion wrought in music, indicated to me reserves of strength and fineness still untouched by the sordid life about her.

Was Natasha's plight the result of a failure to find love or, as Bass said, a mere selling of herself for comfort? At least for musicians and poets, love is the well from which springs creation. When that well runs dry, the artist is dead. Bass had declared Natasha incapable of love. Her playing spoke otherwise.

I left the ship at Yokohama, saying a brief farewell to Natasha on deck. So earnest was my feeling for her, and strong my desire to aid her, in what seemed to me her distress, that I had to reason with myself to refrain from continuing to Hongkong, her port of debarkation. I promised myself that I would find her again, if only to watch the future course of her life.

I did not see her during the two days the liner stayed in ruined Yokohama, but twice saw Vonderhorst careening in a rickshaw toward the resort quarter, which had swiftly risen from the earthquake and fire destruc-

tion to meet the Occidental demand for pleasure, and the Japanese desire for gain.

I glimpsed Natasha on deck as, from the broken pier, I saw the ship depart for China. Seeing my eyes upon her, she smiled. And in that faint, fleeting smile, it seemed to me there passed between us a message of understanding.

CANTON, the liveliest city in China, contains more than eighteen million graves. China lives with death. The workers buy their coffins on time, and pawn them when hard up. Canton is a lair of myriads of humans, living, as for thousands of years, on the knife-edge of bare existence; ruled now by upstart soldiers, patriots, pirates, revolutionaries; in turmoil, blood and dirt, on the surface; and inside, as always, patient, philosophic, almost immutable.

Shameen, facing Canton, is a small island of forty acres, encircled by the narrow, leprous arm of the Pearl river, where live and die, in rowboats, hundreds of thousands of Chinese. You can toss a hand-grenade from Shameen into Canton—and, be it remembered, from Canton into Shameen. Yet the latter is as different from Canton as a New England village from the tropics. This bit of Canton soil, separated from the dreadful city by a creek not as wide as Fifth Avenue, a sandspit seized decades ago by Europe, became a handsome settlement of Europeans and Americans, under their own flags and laws, in their own kinds of houses and offices; merchants, bankers, consuls, missionaries, their wives and children, their Chinese servants. Gardens, tiny groves, athletic fields, playgrounds, clubs, churches—all the comforts, customs, complexes of Western civilization enforced by treaties, troops, torpedo-boats. By day, two slender, guarded bridges sifted Chinese who sought admittance to Shameen from Canton. By night, gates, guns and gas barred all.

I sat on Robert Cummings' veranda on Shameen, one afternoon in July. The American flag flew from a high pole on his lawn.

"We may be swept off this islet, like flies off a window-pane," Cummings said. "The yellow worm has turned. Only those gunboats give us any hold." He pointed to the destroyers, American and British, anchored in the broad way of the river, on the outer side of Shameen.

"How did it start?"

"I guess trouble between the East and the West began with Marco Polo," Cummings replied. "This crisis, they say, was aggravated by a mutiny on a steamer coming from Seattle. The Chinese crew were black-listed in Hongkong. A reprisal strike spread to all Chinese labor for whites. In Canton, it became a riot, and is now a political revolution."

The Christmas Eve scene of the Chinese boys' being driven into the icy night, came before me.

"I think I saw the start of the trouble," I said, and told the incident. I did not mention the name of the instigator of the strike. It had escaped me. The memory of Natasha was vivid; only her husband's name was lost, perhaps, as the psychologists say, through an unconscious desire to forget. During the months in Japan, I had often thought of the Russian woman, of her wondrous eyes, and her singular allure for me. "Anyhow," I concluded, "he must be hated. Captain Ericson said he was notorious for brutality towards Chinese."

Cummings got up from his chair, and walked out on the lawn. The July heat was scorching. I followed him onto the grass, which was a strange contrast in its greenness and freshness to the dun hues of the ancient city, the shouts of whose throngs,

A man wanted a wife who wanted children—and he won her; and then—I. A. R. WYLIE will tell a beautiful and significant story of the man and the wife in an early issue.

and the noise of whose river traffic came as a dull roar. Suddenly, I remembered.

"Vonderhorst! That was the name of the fool!"

"So you knew him?" Cummings said, sitting down on a bench under an acacia tree that embowered a space. "His house was just there towards the river. It was the one building destroyed on Shameen."

"What about Vonderhorst?" I inquired. It was his wife I really asked about.

"You didn't hear about him!"

"No. Has something happened to him?"

"Something and more. Let's stroll over to his compound, and I'll tell you as we go along."

WE put on our sun-helmets, and walked along the carefully clipped hedges of the sidewalk.

"The first day of the riot in Canton, we foreigners held a meeting here to decide on protective measures, if necessary. Vonderhorst was, as usual, noisy and all for rough handling of our own Chinese clerks and servants, as a preventive lesson. His kind has ruined China for the white man. Milder talk prevailed, however. The history of Shameen had been one of loyal natives."

"I was on duty at the main bridge on the second day. My watch was from four to six. It was Easter morning; market venders were streaking along the Bund, and there was a good deal of movement in market boats, and the early labor crowds ferrying down the river. Suddenly, a Chinese came running and shouting, 'Fire!' and I saw a blaze towards my house. I rang the fire bell and ran that way. It was Vonderhorst's house. Already the downstairs was a mass of flames. No one there could have been alive."

Listening, I became suddenly cold.

"Mrs. Vonderhorst wasn't there?"

Cummings stopped. We had arrived at the site. Only the foundations of the house remained; the debris had been cleared away.

"Yes, but she was saved. A neighbor, next door, an American, had already discovered the fire. He was awakened, he told me later, by a noise, and had seen a sampan beside the wall of the Vonderhorsts' house and had heard blows and cries in English and Chinese. The sampan shoved off while he got into his clothes, and as he ran towards the spot with a revolver, the house burst into flames on the water side, as if gasoline had exploded. He rushed in, and up the stairs, which were not yet afire. Mrs. Vonderhorst was in her bedroom. He seized her bodily and carried her out of the house, just in time, for the stairs were ablaze a moment later. We had all reached there by then. It was almost incredible that she had been saved, for the two seemed to emerge from a furnace."

"Was Vonderhorst killed?"

"Not by the fire. Not a servant of the eight or nine could be found. Vonderhorst slept downstairs. His wife knew nothing until the fire woke her. Then Vonderhorst was missing. The next morning his severed head was found on a paling among the smoldering ruins. A sign in Cantonese, under it, bore a Christian text: 'As he sowed, did he reap.' His enemies had again crossed the river to leave the evidence and the notice. We heard nothing directly, but it was current that he had been seized and taken to a temple in the older part of Canton, and there tried by a revolutionary court."

"I'm not surprised," I said.

"They say," Cummings went on, "that some of his former servants, and even one of the blacklisted steamship stewards who brought about the general strike, testified to his many acts of cruelty and his contempt for the Chinese. The sentence was death, and was carried out in the courtyard of the temple. You know what *linchee* is, the

Make Every Vacation Day Count!

Don't let a change in food and water rob you of one single glorious vacation hour.

When you pack for the "Vacationland Special" throw in a package of Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative.

No dull days, no "out of sorts" feeling with Feen-a-mint at hand. It is vacation insurance. It guarantees you a wonderful time.

No wonder Feen-a-mint is a favorite with travelers. It takes up little room and causes no trouble or embarrassment. You merely chew a tablet at your convenience.

Best of all you don't think of Feen-a-mint as a medicine but as a mint-flavored confection you enjoy. Yet thousands of physicians are recommending it as the world's finest laxative.

Ask your druggist about Feen-a-mint. He believes in it and sells it.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEWARK, N. J.

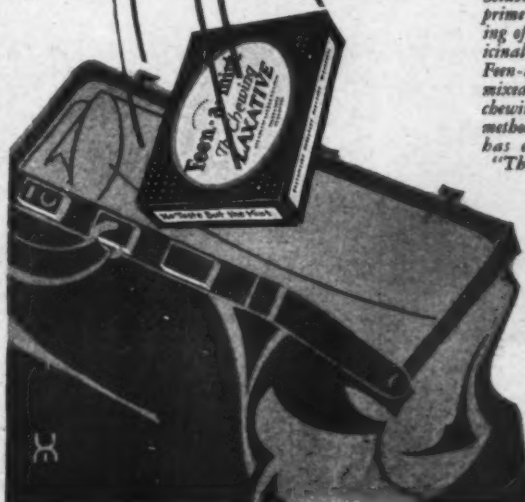
Canadian Depot:

70 Lombard Street, Toronto, Canada

Feen-a-mint The Chewing LAXATIVE

Solubility and diffusion are prime requisites in the taking of a laxative. The medicinal agent contained in Feen-a-mint is thoroughly mixed with the saliva in the chewing process. No surer method of securing laxation has ever been devised—

"The Chewing Does It."

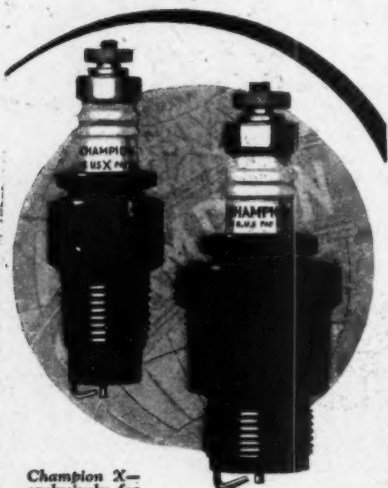


Install a Full Set!

When you need new spark plugs, install a full set—and be sure they are dependable Champions. Your garage man or dealer will tell you why Champion is the better spark plug. Their sillimanite insulators for strength, their two-piece construction for easy cleaning are important reasons why they are so dependable, and why two out of three motorists the world over invariably choose Champions.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.



Champion X—
exclusively for
Fords—packed
in the Red Box

60¢

Champion— for cars
other than Fords—
packed in the Blue Box

75¢

fate of parricides, and of certain offenders against the state?"

"Vaguely. It's translated 'the Thousand Cuts.' It must be a terrible death, prolonged for hours."

"Yes," said Cummings. "Vonderhorst suffered that fate. We buried his head. That was the only violent personal act against the whites. The political revolution ensued."

"Poor devil!" I said. "Alan Bass predicted he wouldn't live long. Where is Bass? He lives here on Shameen, doesn't he?"

"Very much so. His house is there. He saved Mrs. Vonderhorst. I'll never forget that scene. When Bass came plunging through the smoke with her, I thought her the loveliest armful I'd ever laid my eyes on. She'd no time to put on clothes. Bass, you know, is a big fellow. He might have been a Roman warrior carrying off one of the beautiful, half-naked Sabine women. He took Natasha to his own house, and gave her to the care of his Chinese *amah*. All the women were good to her, and in a week or two she sailed for Japan. Her burns were very slight."

"Did Vonderhorst leave her a fortune?" Cummings swore a square oath.

"No, the damn brute—yes, I know about speaking only good of the departed,—barely enough to support her. It's a pity! She's had enough trouble, and she needs a fine setting. She's adrift, now, with her own course to make."

So Natasha was free. I felt a pleasure in the fact. Perhaps I could now advise her. With her unusual talents, her personality, she had but to go to America, to make a fortune—to follow her career in earnest and to live the life of an artist.

I called on Bass the next day, but he had left Canton. It was with Natasha filling my thoughts that I sailed back to Japan. After all, I had come to Canton chiefly to see again this woman who had so interested me. Her situation, now, made my vague feeling for her take a more definite form.

NATASHA was coming down the path toward me, in the brilliant sunlight of the forenoon. In this Japanese mountain village is a famous shrine, a nook, led to by a slender bridge from the main road. Lofty bamboos and twisted pines embower a tiny grove to shield an ancient bronze of the Goddess of Love. Several hundred years ago it was erected by a man, in thanks for his finding a suitable woman. I sat in an odorous litter of pine-needles, awaiting Natasha. The summer hummed with the warm, lulling sounds of the cicadas, the courtship notes of the short-lived locusts; the air was sweet with the smells of tree and flower, of the rich earth itself. A tiny world of fashion and foreignness was hidden by a turn of the hillside. The whites came here from the broil of Tokyo, Shanghai, and other cities.

Natasha's step was lighter than on ship-board. She wore a dress of primrose chiffon; a small hat of mauve straw framed her face, and shadowed her great eyes. She was very vivid, a bright contrast from the ship; nor was there a trace of the Canton tragedy in her serene, now almost buoyant, expression.

I scrambled up as she reached me.

"Sit down," she said, giving me a cool ungloved hand. "We must rest, as do the natives here, on the earth."

She let herself down and leaned against a pine trunk. I regarded her with amazement. She was younger, unclouded, almost a girl in demeanor.

"You are all over your burns and shock," I said. "I was in Canton a fortnight ago, as I wrote you."

"I've almost forgotten them," she replied, with a momentary smile. "In this beautiful Hakoné country, Russia and China are far away."

I sensed in her a resolute intention to turn over a new leaf of life's book and to forget the pages she had written in sorrow. In my note to her, I had said that I recalled with delight my brief hour in the music room.

"You really remember me?" I asked to draw from her some pleasing assertion. The fascination she had had for me on the sea was multiplied by her added loveliness, and, it seemed, a novel radiance of friendliness.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "You were the one man on the ship who lightened the voyage for me, even though I spoke with you so little. I asked Mr. Bass about you after you left."

She turned her strange, impelling eyes full on me.

There is a directness, a firmness of gaze and address, that makes Russian women's attitude toward men different from that of women of other races. This look seems to imply that they know men's nature, and that they ask no softer judgment of themselves than of men. It is a comrade glance, usually—yet harder, more piercing than other women's; starker, and without ordinary coquetry; a challenge, but to a fair fight with no quarter asked.

Natasha's eyes I compared to the green-black gems of Bogotá. That simile may have originated in my mind at this minute, as I noticed a string of emeralds she wore about her flower-white throat. The stones were magnificent in size and hue, and in exact matching. I had not seen them before, and their extravagant rarity struck a sudden spark of jealous interest in me. Had the dead man given them to her? Who else? That contingency had a slight bitterness.

"What are you going to do with life now that you're free?" I asked, abruptly.

"There is music," she replied. "Music, and, now, time and energy to work and to think."

"I'll hear you in America, some day."

"Yes, I think so."

"You might have made a success there, before," I hazarded.

"Impossible! To be the wife of my husband was a profession that gave no time or strength for the public."

"But you might have gone to America straight from Russia, or from China."

Her eyes clouded.

"I might have been spared some years of hell," she said, caustically. "You don't know what I came into from Russia. I arrived in Shanghai with hundreds of others in rags after months of hardships crossing Siberia. Could I have gone to America? How? I had no money—not a ruble. When I made it in the Bubbling Well café, the American consul refused me a passport, a visa. I was an undesirable alien. I finally went as the wife of an American merchant."

"And then?"

"I could not play. Now I am myself an American. I can go when I want to."

"You will succeed," I said. "You have genius, and experience of life."

"More of the latter than you know."

SHE listened a long moment to the drowsy murmur of the grove. "I said that you were sympathetic," she said, finally. "And yet, I want no sympathy, but perhaps—understanding. I married to get out of an abyss of terror. I was young and beautiful, and I had gone through several years of war in Petrograd, witnessing daily assassinations and starvation. My family was destroyed, my religion forgotten. In that café in Shanghai, I had barely food and clothing. I was surrounded by vile men and unfortunate women. I was the prey of all men. I saw it was death by my own hand, or by illness, for I could not avert, ultimately, the pursuit of my youth by the

Europeans, and even rich Chinese. In Shanghai are thousands of men to whom life and decency mean nothing. They tried, every day, to buy me in order to sell me again for more money."

"Didn't you know Alan Bass at that time?"

Natasha's great eyes narrowed.

"Mr. Bass did not propose marriage to me," she said brusquely. "Carl Vonderhorst did."

"You paid for your safety," I could not help saying. I had hoped for a more heroic gesture.

"You don't understand," she said wearily.

"Yes—I paid, but it was that or destruction. At least, Vonderhorst, poor devil, was kind to me in a way, brutal as he was to others. I was to him something decorative and fragile. He cared for me as for one of his pieces of Chinese ivory, or porcelain. I was something to display, to look at, not to touch. Do you understand? That made life with him possible for me. If I sought the luxury he gave me, it was because I needed it, having nothing else in life."

"You loved no other man?"

"I once had a capacity for love. It seems dead now. At present, whatever emotion there is in me, is beyond my own life, a dream of something impossibly beautiful which, experience has taught me, I can never find. If you felt passion in my playing, it was that, nothing more."

I recalled a conversation with Alan Bass on the ship when he had spoken cynically of this woman. He had not understood her. My own judgment of her had proved more true.

A ray of sunlight touched the emeralds at her throat.

"Those stones are like your eyes," I said, "deep, and beautiful, filled with mystery."

She unclasped the chain and let it lie in the palms of her hands, the sunlight playing in the dark-green depths of the jewels.

"They once belonged to the Grand Duchess Olga," she said, "and were sold in China, probably by some one who had stolen them. They were given to me here in Japan."

RESSENTMENT, astonishment, flashed through me. I was silent.

"My friend," she said, "an artist, a woman like myself, cannot succeed alone. I am as others. For me to go on by myself is impossible. I could not endure poverty and struggle again. If I am going to America, now, and to the concert-stage, I need support, brilliancy. Some of the greatest artists have set me an example. Music is not within your laws, or Puritan ideals."

She gathered the necklace once more about her throat and rose.

"I must go," she said. "Perhaps you will dine with us tonight."

I accompanied her down the path, my thoughts struggling to reconcile this new view of Natasha with the image of her I had built up for myself. I felt no blame of her. I understood her, and her needs, but she became for me in that instant strangely remote, like some beautiful woman one views impersonally, from afar.

We were approaching her hotel.

"I read your thoughts," she said, quietly, "and I am grateful for them. Even for me there's comfort in the knowledge that some eyes still view me if only for a short while through a veil of illusion. I'm sorry to destroy that veil. Some day, perhaps, you will hear me in public, in New York, or Paris, and you may realize that I've chosen what is best for me."

The tall figure of a man appeared at a distance in the doorway of the hotel. Natasha's glance turned from him to me.

"It's Alan Bass, waiting for us," she said. She put her hand lightly on my arm. "I told him of your note. Remember, after all, he saved my life, at risk of his own."



"Two punctures and a blowout in less than a thousand miles, and all on that left front, too! Funny that that one tire seems to get all the trouble."

"No, because your other three tires are Kelly-Springfields."



Some men work in offices, others out of doors.

In consequence there are strong contrasts in skin textures and beards. The New Improved Gillette makes shaving comfortable and enjoyable to *every* man. It has **1** a shaving edge with ample space beneath to receive shaved

hair and lather without clogging; **2** an adjustability of shaving edge so precise as to suit any skin and beard; **3** a micrometric exactness of dimensions that makes it *the hand-tailored razor for your face* . . . Get a New Improved Gillette today and your shaving troubles are over.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

The New Improved

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons." On request we will gladly send you a copy, free.

Gillette

SAFETY  RAZOR

A family matter - it's
25¢



Head of family of 7 saves \$21 on tooth paste

Have you tried the perfect new dentifrice that is sweeping the country?

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. It contains a marvelous new polishing agent which enables it to clean teeth whiter in less time than ever before. Sixteen other ingredients meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums and mouth.

And the price is only 25c for a large tube.

So millions, having proved that this paste cleans better, discarded old and costlier favorites.

If you are single, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year, assuming that you use a tube a month. When there are several in a family, the saving is really remarkable.

Your druggist has this paste, and once you try it, we'll wager you'll like its delightful effects and its economy.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



\$500.00 stockings? There really are!

AND THIS IS THE EXTRA-CARE THEY
NEED, ACCORDING TO A FAMOUS SHOP

DO you actually *sell* any of these stockings?" we marveled as the manager of a famous Fifth Avenue shop recently showed us hosiery priced at \$150, \$250, \$500 a pair! "Do women actually *wear* them and *wash* them just like other stockings?"

"We *do* sell them," he affirmed. "And they are worn and washed too. Of course they need special care."

Those almost magically-sheer treasures—enriched with frost-like lace upon which patient French fingers had worked for nearly a year. So delicate—they seemed designed for fairy-tale princesses.

And the "special care?"

The gentlest handling, said the manager, and cleansing in the mildest possible cool suds. He suggested Ivory

Why was *Ivory* recommended for these rare stockings? Because Ivory is so pure and safe that doctors everywhere recommend it to bathe tiny new babies. Manufacturers and salespeople everywhere say, "Ivory for silk stockings," because whether stockings cost \$2 or \$500 their silk is amazingly sensitive. It is quickly injured by hot water, perspiration, and by soaps which are *not-quite-mild-enough*.

An Ivory cleansing after every wearing will make sure that your own stockings will wear their longest.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Ivory is kind to
everything it touches

IVORY FLAKES IS
PURE IVORY SOAP

